

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

February

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ndell

**GARBO and NOVARRO
TOGETHER!**

**Ronald Colman in "Arrowsmith"
from Sinclair Lewis' Novel**

THE MOST DANGEROUS SPY OF ALL TIME,
men worshipped her like a goddess, only to be
betrayed by a kiss!

For her exotic love men sold their souls, be-
trayed their country, gave up their lives! Here
is one of the truly great dramas that has
come out of the war—based on the incred-
ible adventures of Mata Hari—called the
most dangerous woman who ever lived.
Who but the supreme Greta Garbo
could bring to the screen this strange,
exciting personality! Who but
Ramon Novarro could play so well
the part of the lover who is willing
to sell his honor for a kiss! See these
two great stars in a picture you will
never forget.

Greta

*It was beyond the
powers of mortal
man to withstand
the lure of this
siren.*



*The lives of a
million men—
the destinies of
nations—these
were the stakes
she played for.*



GARBO
IN
MATA HARI
Ramon
NOVARRO

with
**LIONEL
BARRYMORE**
and
LEWIS STONE

Directed by
George FITZMAURICE

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

DANCE TEAM

with

JAMES DUNN SALLY EILERS

All dressed up and going places where Broadway lights are brightest. From dance hall hoofers to society's favorite night club, the stars of "Bad Girl" glide to fame in each other's arms...stepping to the rhythm of love in the season's smartest romance.



FOX

JAN 18 1932

SCREENLAND

The Smart Screen Magazine

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

February, 1932

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIV, No. 4

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Marlene Dietrich



CLIVE BROOK

"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

with CLIVE BROOK, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland and Eugene Pallette. Directed by Josef Von Sternberg

All men desired her, this ravishing, mysterious creature whose scarlet life held many men — whose Love only one had ever known! Parted, they meet again, on the Shanghai Express — seething with intrigue, desire, hatred — hurtling through the night with a dead man at the throttle . . . Marlene Dietrich in the year's greatest melodrama — another Paramount "best show in town!"

象形

Paramount



Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.

PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND



REVUETTES

SCREENLAND'S guide, so that he who reads may run—to the best pictures

John Gilbert and Natalie Moorehead in "The Phantom of Paris." Gilbert gives a good account of himself in a dual rôle. How do you like the mean monocle?

Class A:

- ★ **AMBASSADOR BILL.** *Fox.* Will Rogers does his stuff as an American Ambassador. Will is amusing. Not to be missed by Rogers fans.*
- ★ **AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES.** *United Artists.* Douglas Fairbanks presents the most interesting travelogue to date. Doug also supplies the film with clever chatter and descriptions. Don't miss this one.*
- ★ **OVER THE HILL.** *Fox.* Bring along plenty of hankies and have a good time. Mae Marsh makes a great come-back in this talker of the old silent classic. Sally Eilers and James Dunne are grand, too.*
- ★ **BLONDE CRAZY.** *Warner Brothers.* Formerly titled "Larceny Lane." We recommend a new scream team—Joan Blondell and James Cagney. The story is a fast-moving comedy-drama.
- ★ **DEVOTION.** *RKO-Pathé.* The story is pretty obvious but the splendid acting by Ann Harding and that very interesting Leslie Howard make every minute of it absorbing.
- ★ **POSSESSED.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Joan Crawford is splendid as a small town girl who makes good in a big way. Clark Gable not as exciting as usual. Blame the part.*
- ★ **STRICTLY DISHONORABLE.** *Universal.* Small town girl in big city speakeasies—operatic menace—happy ending. With Paul Lukas and Sidney Fox. Good light comedy.*
- ★ **SUSAN LENOX.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Must we tell you to see this? Greta Garbo and Clark Gable in a grand story, well directed.
- ★ **THE CHAMP.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* You'll be talking about this picture for a long time. Wallace Beery and little Jackie Cooper are superb in their father and son rôles.*
- ★ **THE GUARDSMAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* As intoxicating a show as the films have ever afforded. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne prove delightful. If you like wit, subtlety, and polished acting, this is your picture.
- ★ **THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-WALLINGFORD.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Gales of laughter supplied by William Haines, Jimmy Durante and Ernest Torrence as real estate swindlers who go "honest." Big-time comedy.

★ **THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Helen Hayes puts over this self-sacrifice mother-love drama with her marvelous acting.

★ **THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME.** *Universal.* Dedicated to the late Knute Rockne, this film delivers thrills and action from the real Notre Dame team. With Lew Ayres, J. Farrell McDonald and William Bakewell.

Class B:

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? *RKO.* Or sup-pressing flaming youth. Nice boy—bad company—wild parties. Eric Linden scores.*

BAD COMPANY. *RKO-Pathé.* Just another underworld drama. Ricardo Cortez steals the acting honors. Helen Twelvetrees is the girl.

COMPROMISED. *First National.* The rich man's son is parted by papa from the poor orphan girl, but—you guessed it. Nothing new about this. With Ben Lyon and Rose Hobart and Delmar Watson, a cute youngster.

CONSOLATION MARRIAGE. *RKO.* Marriage on the rebound. You've seen films on this order before but Irene Dunne and Robert Ames make it interesting.*

Let us pilot you to the worth-while films. Note particularly our Seal of Approval pictures. See Page 99 for casts of current films.

CORSAIR. *United Artists.* From football to racketeering—that's Chester Morris' career here. The picture keeps up a fast pace. Alison Lloyd (Thelma Todd) is the girl.*

EXPENSIVE WOMEN. *Warner Brothers.* Dolores Costello's screen "comeback"—but unfortunately the story doesn't equal the star's charm.

FANNY FOLEY HERSELF. *RKO.* Fairly interesting drama built around a mother who is also a vaudeville headliner, played by Edna Mae Oliver.

FREIGHTERS OF DESTINY. *RKO-Pathé.* A really intelligent Western that stands well above its type. Thrills, humor, music and fine direction.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS. *RKO.* A routine drama in which Adolphe Menjou saves Lily Damita from her wicked husband, Eric Von Stroheim. Damita over-acts.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN. *Paramount.* A sophisticated story concerning two sophisticated gold-diggers, and what happens when one falls in love. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman fascinate.*

HER MAJESTY, LOVE. *First National.* A charming musical film with Marilyn Miller and Ben Lyon. W. C. Fields and Leon Errol for comedy.*

MISBEHAVING LADIES. *First National.* A nice, innocuous little story, showing a lady's escape from the toils of scandal. Lila Lee and Ben Lyon are featured.

NECK AND NECK. *Sono-Art.* A comedy-drama with a horsey flavor. Glenn Tryon's comedy makes it bearable.

ONCE A LADY. *Paramount.* Ruth Chatterton holds up another mediocre story with the force of her unique talent. Jill Esmond does nice work.*

PLATINUM BLONDE. *Columbia.* Robert Williams' last picture, giving clear proof of his great talent. Jean Harlow and Loretta Young do good work in an entertaining story.

THE AGE FOR LOVE. *United Artists.* The subject—modern marriage and modern girls. The principals—gorgeous Billie Dove, Edward Everett Horton, Lois Wilson and Charles Starrett.*

THE CISCO KID. *Fox.* A colorful Great Outdoors film with Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe as the rivals. Conchita Montenegro is the incentive.*

THE MAD GENIUS. *Warner Brothers.* An interesting film with John Barrymore giving a realistic performance as a crippled genius. Marian Marsh is the heroine.*

THE PHANTOM OF PARIS. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* John Gilbert gives a good account of himself in this tragic drama. All ends well. Leila Hyams is the girl.

THE RULING VOICE. *First National.* The "inside" of the milk racket. With a weak story. Walter Huston, Loretta Young and Doris Kenyon make the best of it.*

THE SPECKLED BAND. *Warner Brothers.* A Sherlock Holmes thriller, one of the best ever made. Raymond Massey gives a fine performance as *Holmes*, with some up-to-date touches.

THE WOMAN BETWEEN. *RKO.* Lily Damita, O. P. Heggie and Anita Louise struggle gamely with an uninspiring yarn.

THE YELLOW TICKET. *Fox.* Elissa Landi at her best in this Russian war drama but Lionel Barrymore steals the show.*

TOUCHDOWN. *Paramount.* A grand football picture with an adult story. Well acted, particularly by Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie. Peggy Shannon is the girl.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval.

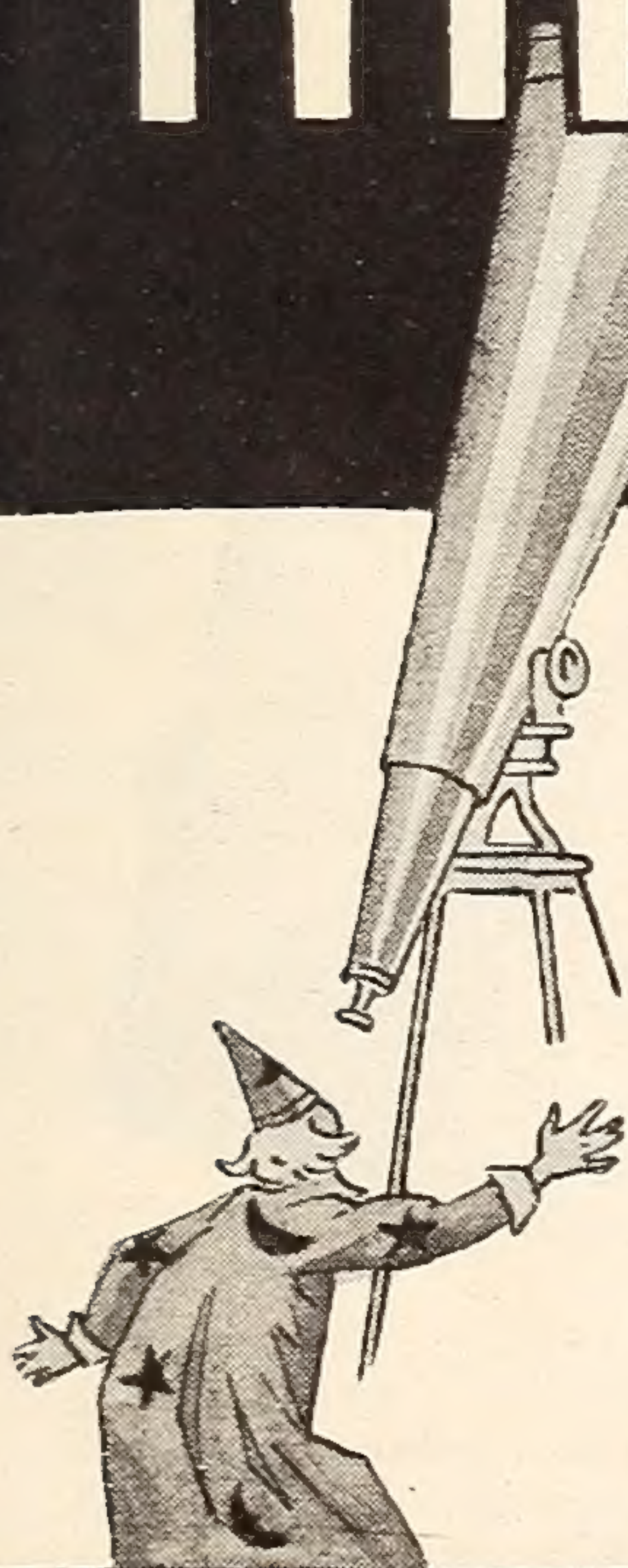
(Continued on page 122)

Introducing the First Star of 1932



MARIAN MARSH

in **"UNDER EIGHTEEN"**



"I see the first star . . . The first star sees me . . . she's under eighteen . . . amazingly lovely . . . a creature of fire and emotion . . . blonde . . . petite . . . talented . . . This beautiful girl stole your hearts as Trilby—thrilled you in "Five Star Final" . . . You made Marian Marsh a star . . . Now see her triumph in the perfect story of youth in love with love . . . Superb drama! Superbly acted!" » » » » »

Screen play and dialogue by Chas. Kenyon and Maude Fulton . . .
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO who directed Constance Bennett in "Bought"

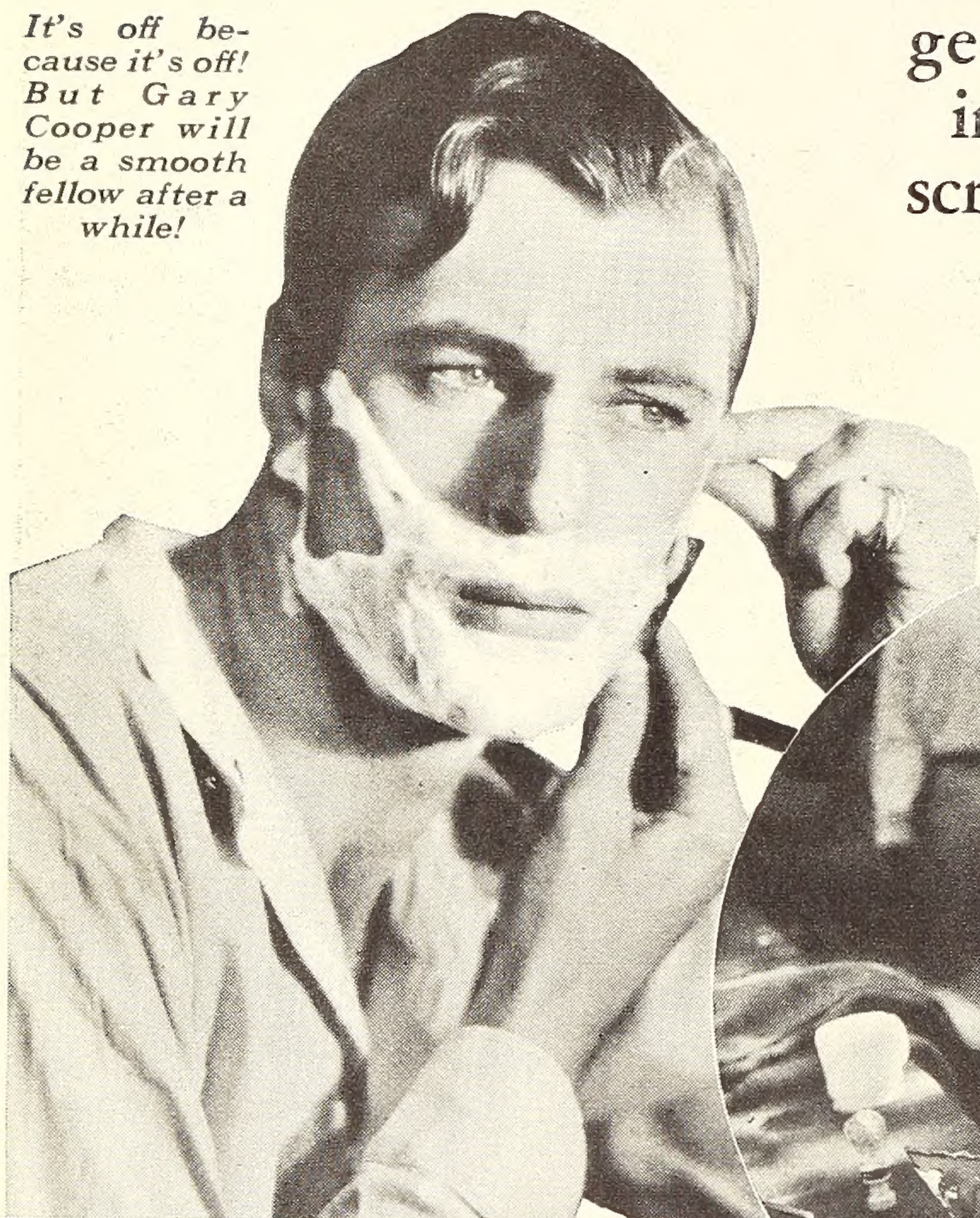


WARREN WILLIAM
REGIS TOOMEY
ANITA PAGE
NORMAN FOSTER
JOYCE COMPTON

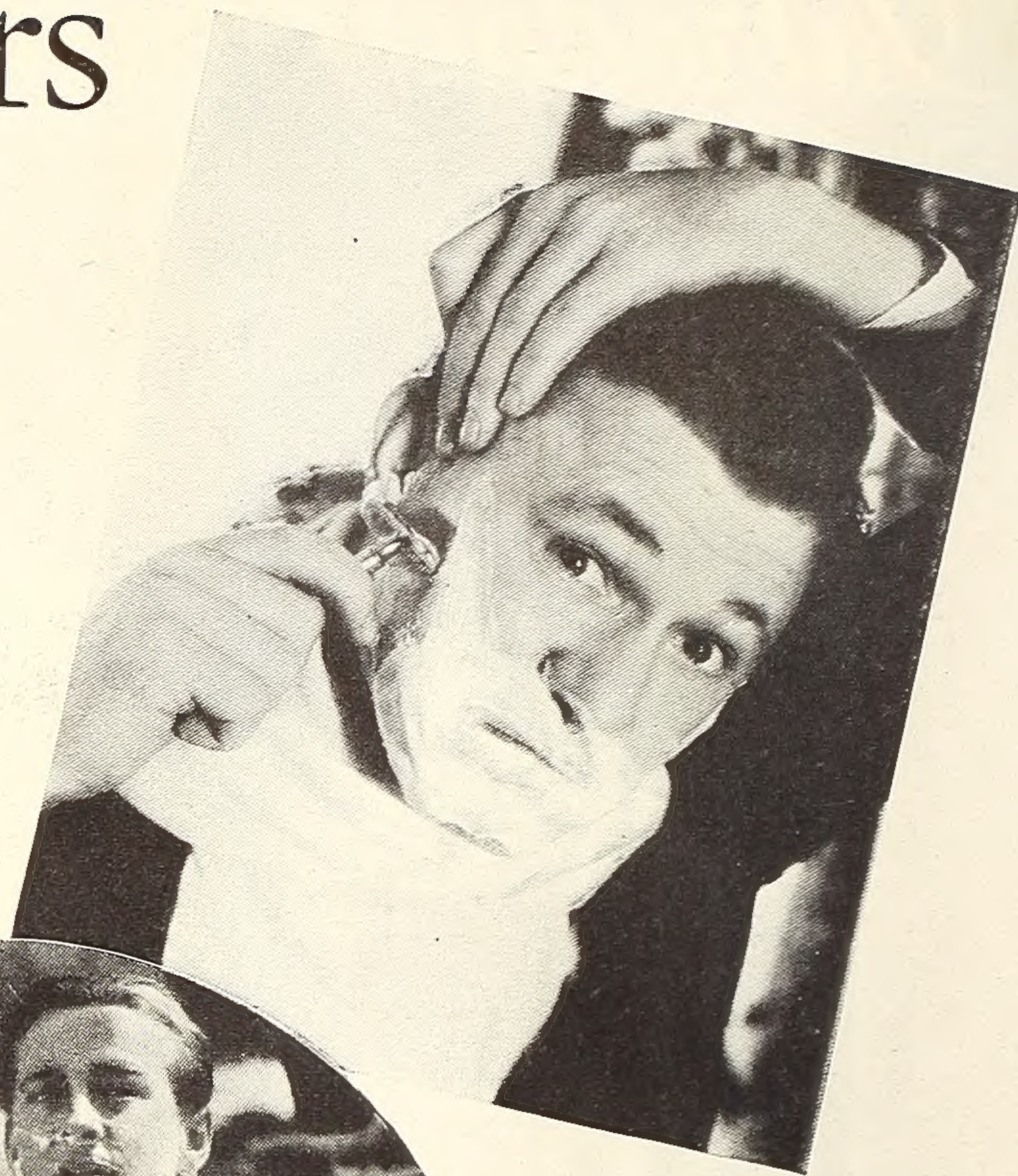
A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

The Big Shavers

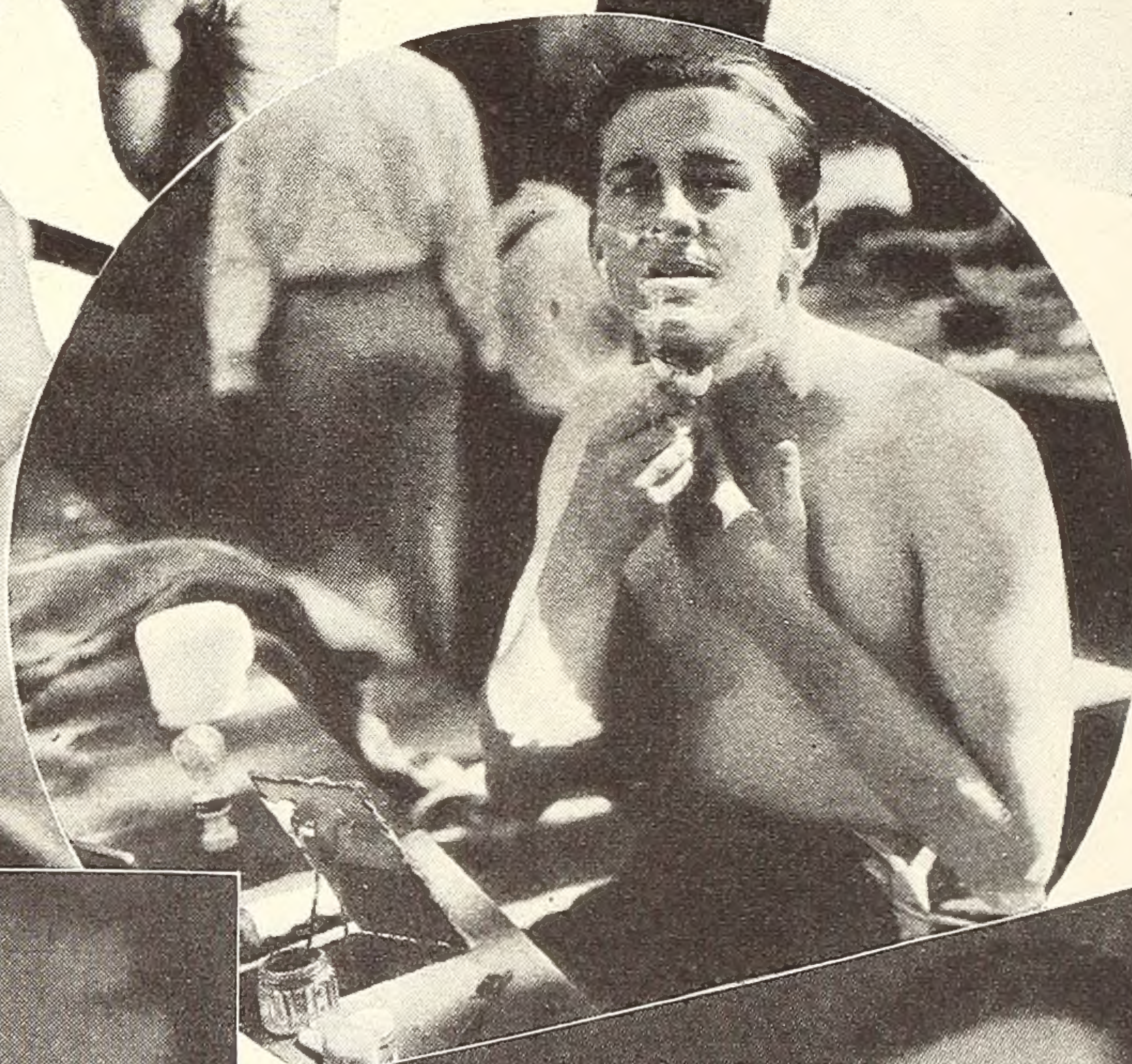
It's off because it's off! But Gary Cooper will be a smooth fellow after a while!



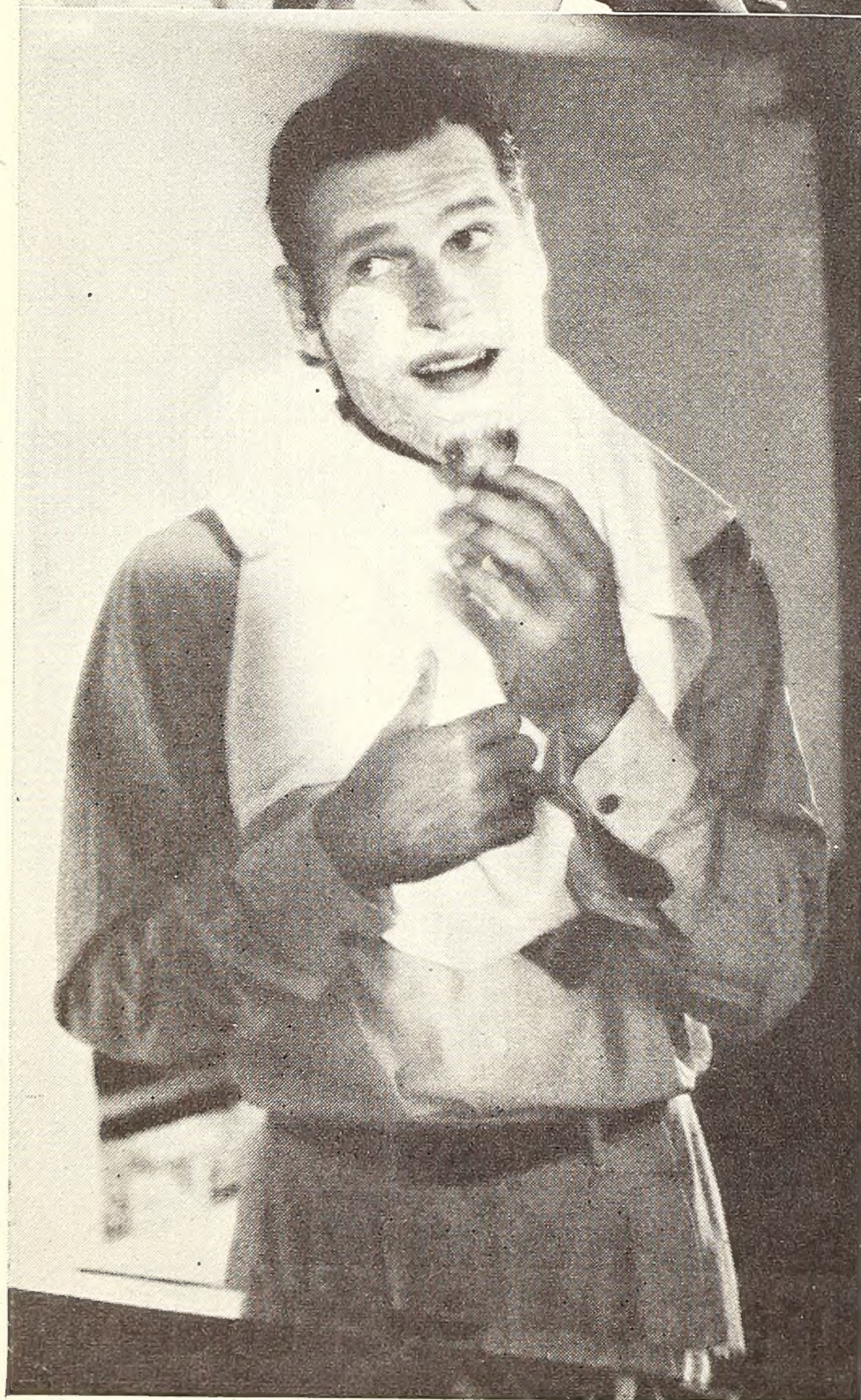
Always getting into scrapes!



Now you stop that! Stuart Erwin has lots of pull with his razor.

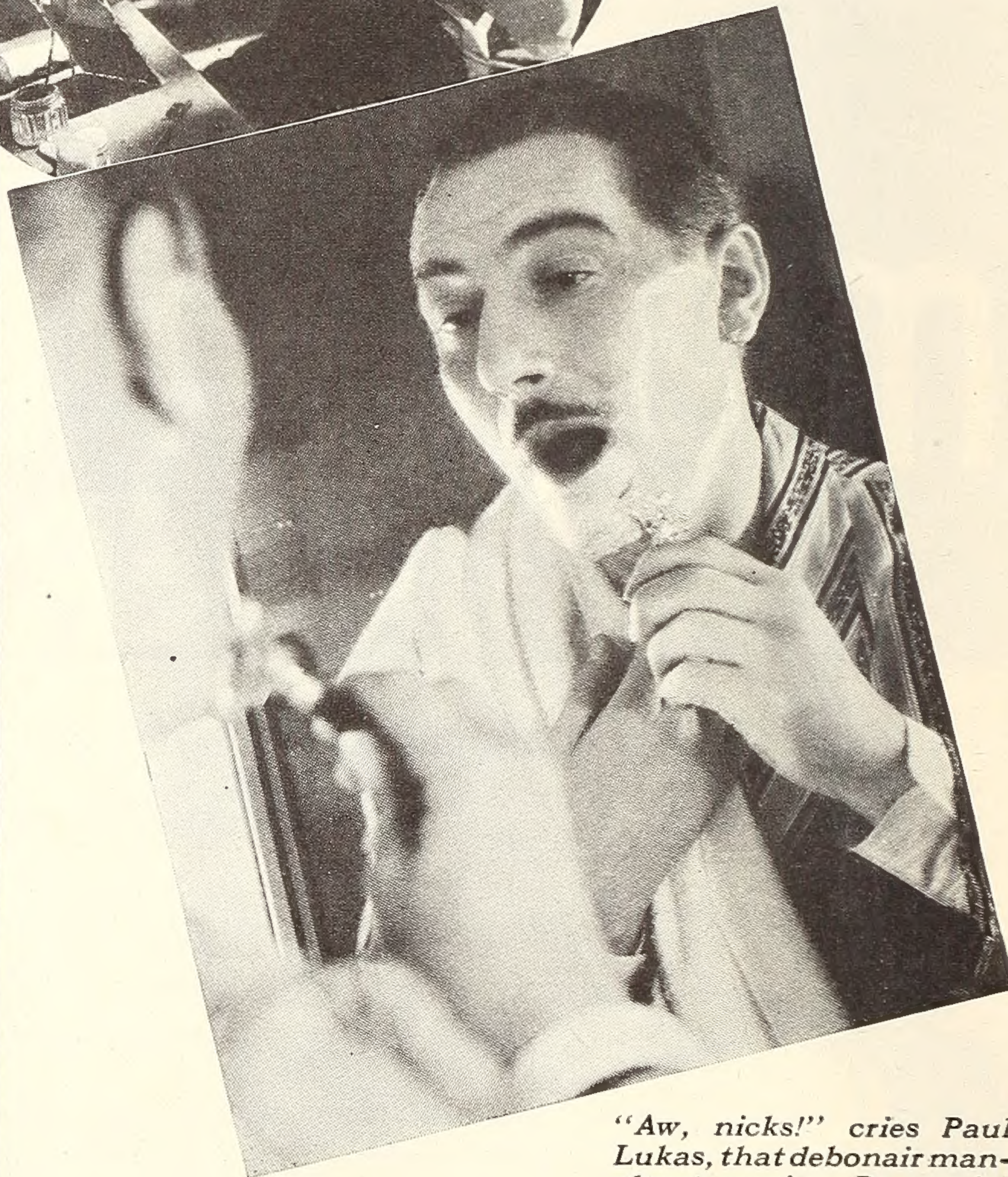


Jimmy Dunn shaves like an actor—at his dressing table. He's "on location."



"Aw, nicks!" cries Paul Lukas, that debonair man-about-movies. Be careful of that mustache!

"I'd lather be doing anything else but this," Dick Arlen confides to his reflection.



Write to the Stars As Follows:

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Phillips Holmes
William Austin	Miriam Hopkins
George Bancroft	Carole Lombard
Ralph Bellamy	Paul Lukas
Eleanor Boardman	Fredric March
Clive Brook	Georges Metaxa
Nancy Carroll	Rosita Moreno
Maurice Chevalier	Barry Norton
Claudette Colbert	Warner Oland
Jackie Coogan	Eugene Pallette
Robert Coogan	Gene Raymond
Gary Cooper	Charles Rogers
Frances Dee	Jackie Searl
Marlene Dietrich	Peggy Shannon
Leon Errol	Sylvia Sydney
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Skeets Gallagher	Lilyan Tashman
Wynne Gibson	Regis Toomey
Harry Green	Allen Vincent
Mitzi Green	Judith Wood

RKO-Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Alan Hale
Constance Bennett	Ann Harding
Bill Boyd	Eddie Quillan
James Gleason	Fred Scott
Russell Gleason	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lew Ayres	Dorothy Janis
Rex Bell	Myrna Kennedy
John Boles	Barbara Kent
John Mack Brown	Tom Mix
Mae Clarke	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Phillips
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Rose Hobart	John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	Al Jolson
William Boyd	Evelyn Laye
Eddie Cantor	Chester Morris
Charlie Chaplin	Pat O'Brien
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Douglas Fairbanks	Gilbert Roland
William Farnum	Gloria Swanson

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Ralph Graves
Mischa Auer	Hale Hamilton
Leo Carrillo	Lloyd Hughes
Helene Chadwick	Paul Hurst
Helen Chandler	Ralph Ince
Dorothy Christy	Wallace MacDonald
June Collyer	Ken Maynard
Claudia Dell	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett	Charlie Murray
Carmelita Geraghty	Jason Robards
Albert Gran	George Sidney
Bob Steele	

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Richard Cromwell	Joan Peers
Constance Cummings	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	Our Gang
Ed Kennedy	ZaSu Pitts
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Andy Clyde
Ann Christy	Bing Crosby



Hail the new Marquise de la Falaise de la, etc.! The wedding of Constance Bennett to the well-known Marquis Henri put at rest one of Hollywood's favorite topics of speculation.

Harry Gribbon
Eleanor Hunt
Patsy O'Leary

Daphne Pollard
Lincoln Stedman
Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett
Eddie Dowling	Horton

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Astrid Allwyn	Hedda Hopper
William Bakewell	Leila Hyams
Lionel Barrymore	Dorothy Jordan
Wallace Beery	Buster Keaton
Charles Bickford	Barbara Leonard
Edwina Booth	Alfred Lunt
Harry Carey	Joan Marsh
Jackie Cooper	Adolphe Menjou
Kathryn Crawford	Una Merkel
Joan Crawford	John Miljan
Marion Davies	Ray Milland
Reginald Denny	Grace Moore
Marie Dressler	Polly Moran
Cliff Edwards	Karen Morley
Madge Evans	Conrad Nagel
Lynn Fontanne	Ramon Novarro
Clark Gable	Ivor Novello
Greta Garbo	Edward Nugent
John Gilbert	Anita Page
Gavin Gordon	Marie Prevost
William Haines	Esther Ralston
Neil Hamilton	Duncan Renaldo

Send Birthday Wishes to These February Stars:

Clark Gable	February 1st.
Helen Chandler	February 1st.
Ramon Novarro	February 6th.
Ronald Colman	February 9th.
John Barrymore	February 15th.
Chester Morris	February 16th.
Mary Brian	February 17th.
Lew Cody	February 22nd.
Joan Bennett	February 27th.
Stuart Erwin	February 29th.

(Continued on page 128)



Greta once again! Since her matchless performance in "Susan Lenox," whole legions of readers are including the Scandinavian in their raves.

GOOD ADVICE! (First Prize Letter)

It seems, in my humble opinion, that many of our best and most talented stars (not the ones from the stage, curiously enough) have developed mannerisms which prevent their characters from being true-to-life. With such players, however polished their performances may be, one can never forget that one is seeing Sally Swell or Dorothy Delicious, no matter what part said star may be portraying.

There they are, surrounded by beautiful settings, wearing beautiful clothes, themselves the most beautiful of all—and yet, in the most dramatic scenes, one feels, "What's all the shouting for? It isn't real!"

I don't mean to be hard on these very clever stars. I would only like to suggest that they either develop such clever technique that we, the audience, cannot discern it as such, or that they forget themselves and be natural for a change.

Edith Chauncey,
32 Brunson Ave.,
Columbus, O.

CHARMS AND THE FAN (Second Prize Letter)

"The influence of motion pictures is robbing the American girls of their charm." This rather startling statement is being made by numerous people, particularly foreigners. "The American girls," they say, "have become artificial and affected, and are assuming ridiculous poses of boredom, gushing gayety, or sophisticated aloofness, as portrayed on the screen."

If the American girls are losing their

charm—something which I sincerely doubt—it is hardly the fault of motion pictures. On the contrary, movies help us to discover ourselves. They show us the importance of good grooming. They teach us to dress intelligently, to make the most of what we have. And they give us many, many happy hours.

What more can we ask?

Katherine Bryan,
732 Berkeley Ave.,
San Bernardino, Calif.

THE USHER'S VIEWPOINT (Third Prize Letter)

As an usher in a movie theatre I receive many comments by patrons which indicate that they are tired of seeing ultra-modern pictures and want more romance and action.

One interesting comment was made by an old man who spends all his time in going to the movies. He said he hoped that Will Hays would stop this gangster

What's the big idea? That idea you've been hatching about the films, we mean. Put it in a letter to Hoots and Hoorays, where the fans, the stars—and, yes, the producers—may read it. And you may win one of the four prizes—\$20, \$15, \$10 and \$5. Keep your letters within 150 words and mail them to reach us by the 10th of each month. Address Hoots and Hoorays, SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., New York City.

Hoots and Hoorays

Loads of pennies
for your thoughts
on the movies!

and jazz epidemic in the movies and start making pictures in the class of "The Big Parade" and "Ben Hur."

Many companies have been putting out mediocre pictures in great numbers with an eye to making money. But public opinion and the dropping off of crowds in theatres have forced them to adopt a new policy of making fewer but better pictures. This has been apparent by the production of such fine, sensitive pictures as "Daddy Long Legs" and "The Smiling Lieutenant."

J. Gulezian,
25 Arch Ave.,
Haverhill, Mass.

VALE ROBERT WILLIAMS! (Fourth Prize Letter)

This letter, written straight from the heart, is in memory of that actor, genius, and gentleman—Robert Williams.

Of all the men who have graced a Broadway stage, or faced a camera, never has one rendered such a fine piece of work as he did in "Devotion." Why was greater success denied him?

He found a deep spot in my heart from which Time, Space, and Death cannot erase him. I had the profoundest admiration for him, and my only regret is that this letter is being written too late. Too late for him to know what I think of him, but not too late to pay my respects to the actor.

"The world is poorer for his having gone, but greater for his having lived."

Lorraine Hay,
227 E. Ninth St.,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

OH, LET THE BOYS BE!

My ideal actor would have:
The physique of Robert Montgomery;
The voice of Charles Farrell;
The sex appeal of Conrad Nagel;
The boyishness of William Haines;
The reserve of John Barrymore;
The brutality of Charles Rogers;
The aristocratic air of James Cagney;
The ears of Clark Gable;
The coherence of Harpo Marx—
Put them all together, they spell
"MOTHER."

Janet Graves,
922 W. Lehigh Ave.,
Philadelphia, Pa.



She came, they saw, she conquered! Elissa Landi, that exquisite actress from England, is one of the month's favorites.

THAT CONTINENTAL COMPLEX

America doesn't realize the value of its own talent. It must import Garbos, Dietrichs, Chevaliers—for all of whom I am grateful. But it overlooks its own genius.

When I first saw Jeanette MacDonald in "The Love Parade," I decided that she was the most beautiful and most talented actress in the movies—greater in her field than even Garbo in hers. Oddly enough, my fellow citizens did not agree. Neither did the producers.

Then Europe acclaimed her! I have piles of clippings from the Paris and London papers, which eulogized her without limit. All Europe bowed at the feet of the beautiful lady of lyrics and lingerie.

I suggest that, since America cannot see her own talent, all Americans who would become movie stars go to Europe, become famous there, and then return to us, already crowned with laurels, and stamped with the approval of the Old World!

Pearl A. Katzman,
71-05 Polk Avenue,
Jackson Heights, N. Y.

WANTS HER NEWCOMERS CHAPERONED!

I have just read in a magazine that a certain producer is going to make "A Story of Modern Life," and is casting for type rather than for names. This means that the cast will contain scarcely a name known to the fans.

I think this is a mistake. For people with modest incomes, who can afford a limited number of shows, such a picture will hold little allure.

The world is full of such people right now, and they will choose their favorite stars' pictures every time. If I were a producer I should include a popular star in the cast when introducing a newcomer. That, in my opinion, would be giving a better break both to player and to public.

Frances Faith,
506 E. Main St.,
Denison, Texas.

THE NEW GARBO

Greta the Great has scored heavily in "Susan Lenox," her surprise picture. For when her many rivals and imitators seem determined to out-Garbo Garbo herself, she changes, in "Susan Lenox," to a Greta devoid of Garbo mystery. Her life is laid bare before us, stripped of all mystery from the moment of birth. A Greta minus exotic and glamorous surroundings, for what could there be of glamour in her bleak home life, the tawdry circus? A Greta young and appealingly innocent, instead of the usual woman with a past. But, withal, a Greta more alluring than ever.

And who said Greta had no sense of humor? Her comedy moments are simply delicious—so naïve!

Zelma Smith,
759 Third St.,
Beaumont, Texas.

GABLE IN THE DESERT?

Let's have more revivals of old films. There are dozens of splendid pictures that younger people, who were mere children at the time these productions were released, would like to see. And I am sure that the older generation would eagerly go to see them again.

The one I would particularly want to see is "The Sheik," with Clark Gable, of course. He is fascinating—a dynamic personality, a most excellent, versatile actor, and with the most expressive, magnetic eyes I've ever seen.

Gable would make a marvelous *Sheik*!

Sally Meyers,
Buffalo, N. Y.

LET THEM REST IN PEACE

Good pictures may come and go, but flops go on forever.

An author puts out a novel that flops, critics give it a few caustic moments, and it is promptly forgotten. But let a picture company put out one flop picture during the year, and you read about it for years afterward. The producers are roasted, directors are fired, contracts are not renewed, and extras probably starve to death.

Naturally the public does not like "flops," but neither do the ones who make them. When so many pictures have to be turned out annually it is impossible for them all

to be perfect. So let's forget all about the failures, and give the producers and all who help make such wonderful entertainment for the public, a great big hand!

Mary A. Camelio,
378 Main Street,
Randolph, Mass.

A BOUQUET FROM HOME

David Manners is the most delightful and appealing actor I have ever seen. I think that we of the Maritime Provinces are very fortunate in having such a fine person as David Manners to represent us in Hollywood. Could anyone truthfully say that he was not marvelous as the blind boy in "The Miracle Woman," and as the aviator in "The Last Flight"?

I hope, and I'm sure it is the hope of practically all of Canada as well as of the United States, that David will be starred many times in pictures worthy of his talent, and that in the future his successes will be even greater than those of the past.

Lena M. Earle,
2 St. James St.,
St. John, New Brunswick, Canada.

ELEGANT ELISSA

I have just returned from seeing an actress whom I consider one of the most wonderful in the world. She's so real, so beautiful, so altogether sweet—that describes Elissa Landi!

I have had many favorites, but from now on Elissa Landi is the only one for me. And I am sure millions will feel the same way when they see this gorgeous creature in "Wicked" and "The Yellow Ticket."

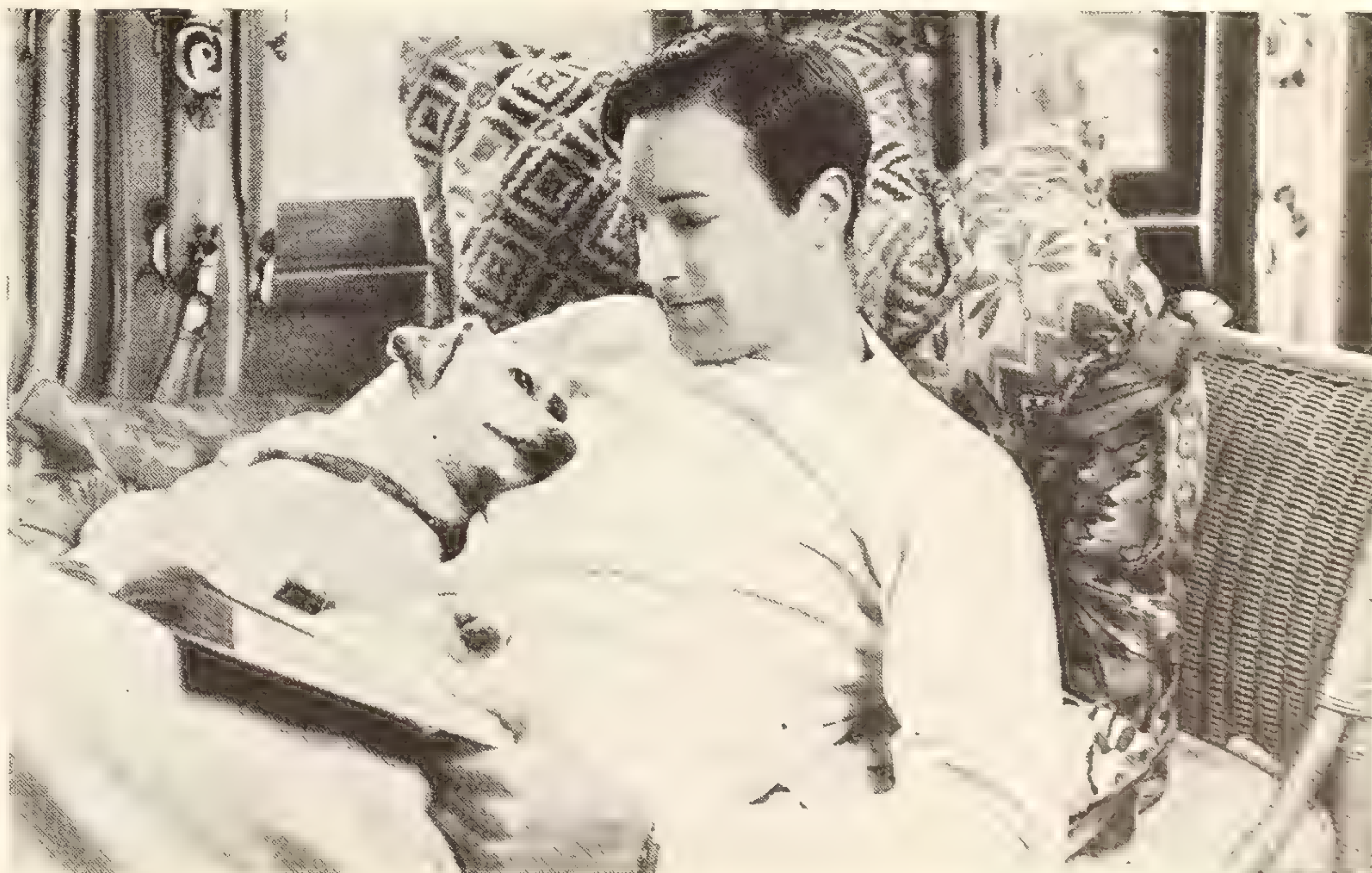
Here's hoping for bigger and better pictures for Elissa Landi.

Catherine Louise DeLong,
Coral Gables, Florida.

FOR BETTER OR VOICE?

What's the matter with Ramon Novarro—is he afraid of his voice? He has the best singing voice on the screen, and I think the rest of the fans would enjoy his singing as much as I would.

Ramon did well in "Daybreak" and "A Son of India," but without his singing his pictures seem comparatively dull. Why
(Continued on page 121)



Unanimous! The adoring look which David Manners is receiving just about sums up the contents of many of this month's letters to Hoots and Hoorays. David, judging from his work in recent pictures, is headed for Big Things.

Here are the winners!

The following are the winners of the Star Shadow Contest which appeared in the July, August, September and October issues of SCREENLAND.

1ST PRIZE — \$1000

Clever and ingenious *Doll's House*, with the correct Star Shadows pasted in the windows. By Helena Culion, 63 Hopper Street, Prospect Park, N. J.

2ND PRIZE — \$500

Coffee Table, with each tile a correct shadow, carefully drawn. By Jane Langley, 3013 N. Fitzhugh, Dallas, Texas.

4TH PRIZE — \$100

French Doll with hand-made dress and bag of taffeta. By Ruby R. Lockwood, 346 Scenic Drive, Monrovia, California.

3RD PRIZE — \$200

Beautiful *Tallyho* with hand-carved wooden horses and the Star Shadows attached. By Mrs. Charles F. Ward, Apt. 306, 6320 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

5TH PRIZE — \$75.00

Silver Theatre, all hand-carved. The stage shows all the Shadows which revolve when a handle is turned. By Mildred Damush, 1488 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, New York.

TEN PRIZES OF \$50.00 EACH:

Lighthouse—hand-made jewelled lighthouse with the correct Shadows pasted in the windows. By Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Mitchell, 304 Wallis Ave., Farrell, Pa.

Jewel Case—bronze case containing bright gems and the Shadows. By Margaret Reis, 117 Bank Street, New York City.

Old-Fashioned Album—a quaint gold-clasped book which dates back to 1856. The correct Shadows are pasted on the pages. By Claire Ross, 63½ West Broadway, Butte, Montana.

Train—clever train of cars with the Shadows in the car windows. By Mrs. W. A. Reisser, 949 Kney Street, Memphis, Tennessee.

Cottage—a charming cottage with electric lights at the gate and doorway, and a hedge of the correct Shadows. By C. W. Threlkeld, Marion, Kentucky.

Cabin—interior of a log cabin with fireplace, table, lamp and a figure seated in a chair holding a book containing the Star Shadows. By E. G. Payne, Jr., 921 Rose Avenue, Clifton Forge, Virginia.

Small Leather Album—hand-tooled, simple and lovely, with the correct Shadows pasted on the pages. Pary Hambly, 1121½ London Road, Duluth, Minnesota.

Easel with Portraits—silver easel with original drawings of the stars and also the correct Shadows. By Mrs. Mildred Luppatt, 2907 East 115th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Ship—miniature sailing ship with the correct Shadows pasted on the sails. By Kathryn Schmidt, 1329 N. Parkway, Memphis, Tennessee.

Stage of Theatre—an elaborately made set with dolls standing on steps bearing banners of the Star Shadows. By Mrs. A. Lauritzen, 2968 Date Street, San Diego, California.

FIVE PRIZES OF \$25.00 EACH:

Red Velvet Chest—especially made for the contest. With square peep-hole through which Star Shadows pass when handle is turned. By Mr. and Mrs. Henry Herring, 1425 E. Gonzalez Street, Pensacola, Florida.

Newspaper—novel idea, called "SCREENLAND NEWS" with headlines and stories about all the Star Shadow people. By Mrs. Ida Sissman, Arlington Apts., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Telephone—large model of telephone and index book, with the correct Shadows on the pages of the index book. By Mrs. Alfred Glockler, 3808 W. 64th Place, Chicago, Illinois.

Hand-Painted Album—beautiful velvet, hand-painted album with the correct Shadows in different colored settings. By Sarah Rhein, 2326 Highland Avenue, Birmingham, Alabama.

Silk Easel—large artist's easel with cleverly embroidered heads of the stars and a palette with the real Shadows on it. By Margaret Dolan, 400 Brown's Avenue, Portland, Oregon.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

You're asking about Dolores Del Rio this time. You'll be seeing the lovely lady in "The Dove."

The Answer Girl is here to answer your questions on this page. Please be patient and await your turn—and consult Page 99 for the casts of current films, and Page 9 for stars' addresses, before asking your questions. Address Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City

featuring Jackie Coogan, Jackie Searle and Mitzi Green.

Rita C. I've been called many times and many things but here's a new one—Miss (Correct Answer) Vee Dee and it almost hits the nail on my head at that. Sorry I can't give you the private life of Dwight Frye but he is an actor from the Broadway stage. He has been playing in "Dracula" and "Frankenstein," for Universal. You can reach him there.

Queenie. So you wouldn't buy SCREENLAND if it wasn't for my department. Say that louder, please! Wynne Gibson plays in "The Road to Reno" with Lilyan Tashman, Peggy Shannon, Charles (Buddy) Rogers and Tom Douglas, who is one of the best juveniles the legitimate stage has presented to the screen in a long time.

Eloise A. Thank you for giving me time out for your answer—it really wouldn't surprise me at all if that thoughtfulness hasn't some bearing on this speedy reply. Billie Dove played opposite Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. in his silent film, "The Black Pirate," in 1926. Billie's new picture is "The Age for Love" with Charles Starrett, Lois Wilson, Mary Duncan and Edward Everett Horton. Joan Crawford was born March 23, 1908; and Sue Carol on Oct. 30, 1908. Ann Harding isn't interested in ages and Kay Francis says Friday, January the 13th is her birthday but neglects to tell the year.

C. E. F. Winning a state beauty contest, started the run up the ladder to fame for Thelma Todd. She was *Miss Massachusetts* and that led to her selection by Paramount for its school of acting, while she was teaching school in Lawrence, Mass. Thelma was born July 29, but doesn't divulge the year. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and grey eyes. She has a long-term contract with Hal Roach but is often loaned to other

(Continued on page 100)

U. R. Wise. You or I? But we haven't time to go into that at the head of this column, for Dolores Del Rio is waiting here to flash you a smile and give you a welcome. Dolores (Lolita) Del Rio Gibbons was born in Durango, Mexico, Aug. 2, 1905 and educated in the Convent of St. Joseph, Mexico City, and in private schools in Paris and Switzerland. She has jet black hair, brown eyes, and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. When she was 15 years old she married Jaime Martinez Del Rio. He died in Paris two years ago. Since her marriage to Cedric Gibbons on Aug. 7, 1930, she has become a serious, thoughtful woman without, however, losing her charm and appeal. You will want to see her in "The Dove," produced by Radio Pictures, and later in "Bird of Paradise." For some interesting high-lights on Dolores you should review the story in December SCREENLAND.

Dot of Ont. Sorry I can't tell you how to get your daughter a screen test in New York. If I knew I might try to get one myself—haw-haw! Ruth Chatterton has a way of bringing tears and making the old heart throb in her recent release, "Once A Lady." She plays with Jill Esmond, the new English star, and with Ivor Novello, who made the whole world sing *Keep the Home Fires Burning*. Yes, you're right, he is the composer of that World War song. Ivor is stage star, playwright, and now movie actor. He's a grand person.

I. Come Back. Now I know you like us. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909; Clark Gable on Feb. 1, 1901, and Phillips Holmes on July 22, 1909. John Leslie Coogan (Jackie to you) was born Oct. 26, 1914. The story goes that Lew will be a proud papa one of these days. Lola Lane is Mrs. Ayres.

Frances G. Marlene Dietrich doesn't divulge her age—about 27, I've heard, but can't swear to it—and swearing in this column is out, way out. Marlene is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, has naturally curly red-gold hair, and blue eyes. Her next picture will be "Shanghai Express," with Anna May Wong and Warner Oland. Edwina Booth is no longer with Metro. Her most recent screen appearance was with Harry Carey in a serial, "The Vanishing Legion," for Mascot Productions.

Nina and Lina. We quite agree about that sterling young actor, Junior Durkin, and I'm just as eager to know more about him as you are. Read more about the Durkin boy in "Just Among Us Kids," on Page 32 of this issue. He is 15 years old and is a seasoned Broadway trouser, having made a stir in New York in the stage play, "Courage." Some time later the same rôle on the screen was played by Leon Janney. Junior Durkin's recent films are "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn,"



To a Great Actor, Jackie Cooper. His Art is Envied by Every Star in Pictures. "The Champ" Makes Him a Star of Stars. And He is Only Eight

Just a kid? More than that! He is one of the truly fine artists. His talents and his technique are admired and envied by the biggest stars of the screen. In "The Champ" he gives the most amazing performance of the month—and many other months.

The sweet and touching scene at the end of the picture, "The Champ," in which the brave little son of the dead prize-fighter finds comfort in his mother's arms. This scene will get you; you'll remember it a long, long time.



SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Wally Beery is such a great-hearted fellow that he gladly throws his picture, "The Champ," Jackie Cooper's way. Beery is just about perfect in his part—and we know he is big enough to hand this Honor Page right over to his little co-star.

We are proud to present our most coveted prize to the grandest little actor of them all. Jackie—take your bow, boy!



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

February 1932

Broadway Bows to Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD does nothing to keep its name in the papers except make pictures.

It gets up early, goes to bed early, and works, works, works. It sends the results out into the world and waits. Sure enough—the results bring the rewards. And now Broadway, good old Broadway, is doing its share to keep the name of Hollywood alive and flaming. Broadway puts on play after play all about Hollywood—and the studios—and the stars—and the producers—and the dialogue writers. Broadway is Hollywood's best little press agent.

Of course, the plays all aim to lampoon the Capital of the Motion Picture Industry. They make wild, fierce fun of our Hollywood. They ridicule, they expose, they flay. But far from engendering disgust, they advertise Hollywood and its inhabitants so colorfully that, on the first night of the latest movie play, I heard a girl say to her companion on the way up the aisle: "I want to go to Hollywood this winter. I *must* see it!"

You have already heard all about "Once in a Lifetime." Now there is "Wonder Boy," which tells the story of a boy who was forced into the movies against his will—and just as forcibly kicked out again. And there is "Louder, Please," which I think is the funniest Hollywood play of them all. At the first night Tallulah Bankhead, all ethereal in white; and her boss, Jesse Lasky; and Sue Carol, and Joan Bennett with George Jean Nathan, and other film celebrities were in the audience—laughing louder than anybody else. James Cagney may do the play in pictures.



The Editor's Page

"Louder, Please" was written by Norman Krasna to kid the publicity methods of the picture companies. Mr. Krasna was a press agent himself and knows all about it. He got the idea for his play while he was turning out publicity stories in the public relations department of one of the major film companies in Hollywood. The "hero" of "Louder, Please" is the harassed young publicity head of one of the biggest studios. The "front office" orders him to put over a new star, *Polly Madison*, in record time—or else. The p.a. groans—and goes to it. He stages a disappearing act for *Polly* to play in—and makes the front pages, but only after he has all Hollywood in an uproar, the studio swarming with detectives, the star on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and his boss eating out of his hand.

Krasna swears it isn't exaggerated. Certainly the late Harry Reichenbach staged far wilder stunts. Have you ever heard how he put over Francis X. Bushman? Seems Francis X. was only a rising star at the time. He came into New York and the press agent Reichenbach met him at the station to escort him to the film company offices. In Reichenbach's pocket were a thousand pennies. As they walked up Broadway the press-agent scattered pennies along the street. Soon a crowd was following them. By the time they reached the office the street was black with people. All Reichenbach had to do was to point out of the window and say: "Any actor who can attract a crowd like that is worth \$1,000 a week!" And Bushman got it. This and other amusing movie anecdotes make "Phantom Fame," the Reichenbach book, worth reading.

No—Hollywood isn't worrying. Hollywood lives its own life. When Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, idols on Broadway, reported for work at the Metro Studios the doorman wouldn't let them in. Didn't know 'em, he said. And of course you've heard the Hollywood response to one of the stage's greatest actors: "Leslie Howard—who's that?—a man or a woman?"

Hollywood knows the answer to that last one now, however. Howard recently turned down its offer of five thousand dollars a week to stay on the stage. That's Hollywood!

D. E.





Garbo *and* Novarro
TOGETHER!

A new, a thrilling, an amazing screen couple! Has Garbo found her perfect screen lover at last?

By
Ben Maddox

GRETA and Ramon!
What a gal! What a man!! What a combination!!!

The depression in love is over. When her cool Swedish restraint met his impetuous Latin fervor something was bound to happen. And in the love scenes of "Mata Hari" it does. The screen may not actually sizzle, but you get an awful wallop when Garbo and Novarro look at each other *that way*.

Hollywood has been astounded by their eagerness to play sweetheart and lover. These two ace romancers who, in real life, never fall in love. For years they have reigned on opposite screen pinnacles, excelling in contrary kinds of romantic lure. Neither has ever shown the slightest interest in each other—up until now.

Garbo, the utmost in sophisticated passion. Novarro, the living essence of youthful idealism. Thrown into each other's arms before the cameras, no lovers have ever seemed more unlike in technique.

Yet Greta and Ramon were more than anxious to play with each other. So willing, in fact, that both set an absolutely unheard-of stellar precedent. Neither of them looked at the tests that were made of them together before actual production began, and neither saw any of the rushes! Such mutual confidence is almost unbelievable in Hollywood where every star keeps a close and jealous tab on every scene filmed.

"For the first time in my career," Ramon told me, "I did not watch the rushes or worry about my rôle. I enjoyed doing 'Mata Hari' more than any picture I have ever made. I threw overboard all the usual worries about how I was photographing and how I was doing in the part. Implicit trust in the director, George Fitzmaurice, and in Greta was sufficient."

The teaming of these two is the most important, the most dramatic, the most astonishing thing that has ever happened to either of them. Ramon says so frankly. Garbo, as usual, refuses to be quoted directly, but she has told studio officials that this is the first story about which she has ever been thoroughly enthused. And I heard around the sets that she got along with Novarro better than with any other hero she has had.

Co-starring them at this time is a rare bit of psychology. Greta's supremacy is being threatened by Dietrich, Bennett, Shearer, Crawford, and Bankhead.

Ramon has such formidable rivals right on his own lot as Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery.

The public is always seeking the new. For ten and almost five years, respectively, Ramon and Greta have individually held the hearts of millions of fans. If other stars have begun to win away some of their followers, what better way to recapture interest than by this double venture?

Amazing! That seems to me the only adjective that fittingly describes their screen union. Can you imagine

Garbo does Javanese dances in "Mata Hari"—she wears costumes like this—she's a new Garbo!

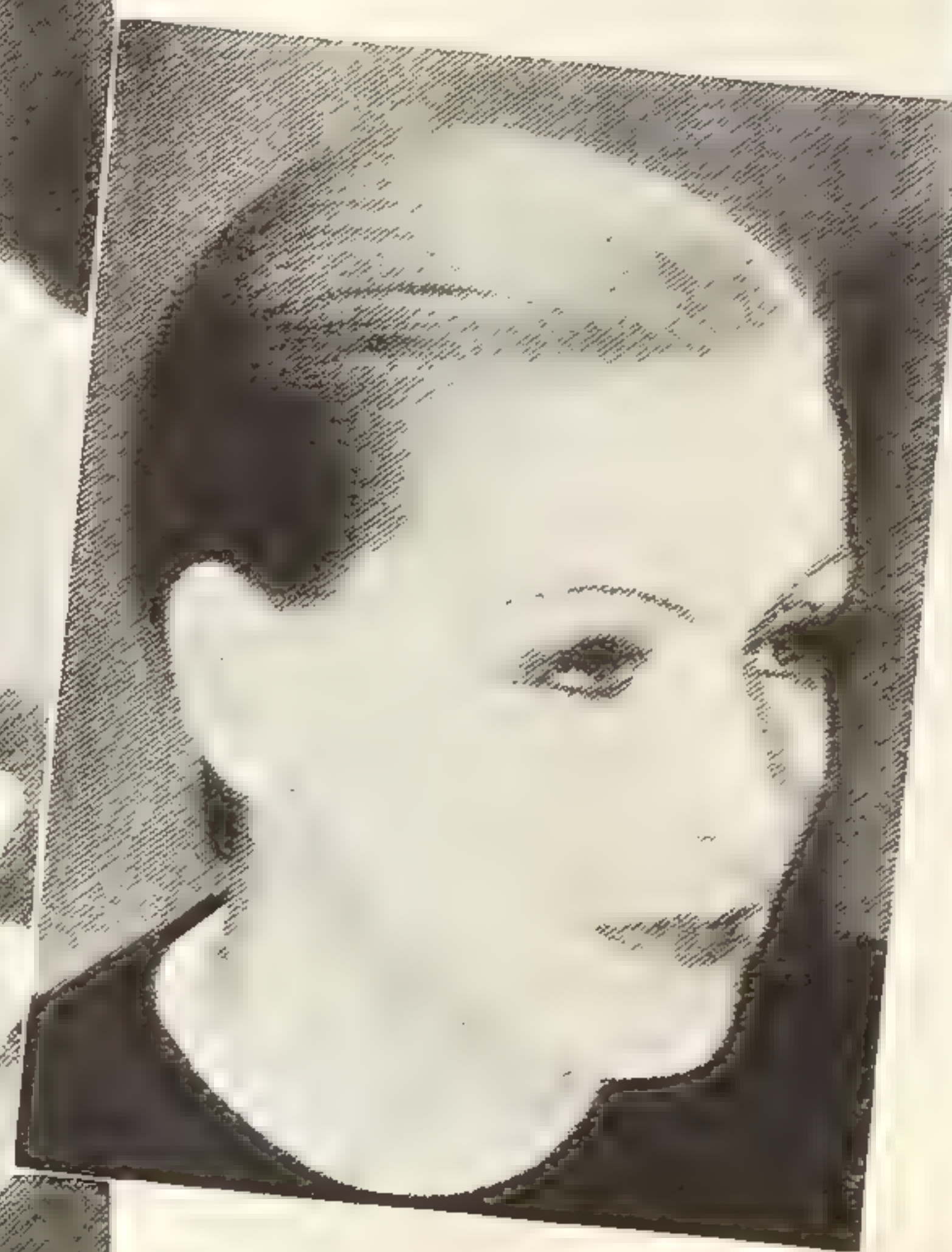




Greta as a worldly-wise woman spy—cold, calculating, yet imbued with smoldering passions that are easily fanned to flame.



Outwardly so different—inwardly so alike—the blazing Swede and the impetuous Latin seem made for each other in their "Mata Hari" rôles.



Garbo in a new coiffure, severe, sophisticated, which she wears in "Mata Hari." Will it start a new nationwide "Garbo Bob"?

the boyish Ramon wooing and winning woman-of-the-world Greta? Neither could I. They figured this was a way to give us a new thrill. Can you visualize the dignified Garbo doing a hot, hip-rolling Javanese dance? Well, if we thought she was going to let Marlene's legs get the better of her, we didn't know our Gustafsson!

Their different accents would seem to present an insurmountable problem. But Ramon explains that there is nothing strange about the combination of their innate, unescapable vocal peculiarities. Nevertheless, it does seem novel, to say the least, to hear a Mexican "I love you" alternating with a Swedish "Dolling." Especially since in this picture Garbo is supposed to be Dutch and Novarro a Russian. Perhaps this talking oddity is just another trick to pique our interest!

I had a long talk with Ramon during the making of "Mata Hari." Maybe you don't think he was getting a real thrill out of playing opposite Garbo. During production he cut out all social engagements, except for Saturday nights. He went straight home from the studio, refusing to see any friends on week nights. He was determined to do his very best in this part.

Listening to him explain his philosophy of life made me realize a surprising thing. Although he and Greta seem on the surface to be just opposite types, in reality they think and live alike!

"Concentration and simplicity are the cause of whatever success I have attained," Ramon says. I feel perfectly safe in *ad libbing* the same speech for Garbo. Neither of them cares a whoop about Hollywood glitter. They are introverts, wanting to be by

themselves all the time. Crowds distress them.

"People wonder why I don't go out to premières, dances, and parties, why I don't make personal appearances," Ramon continued. "The truth is this. It is assumed that I am sacrificing good times for my career. That is not so. I am living as I want to live. I *like* the simple life. It would be much more of a sacrifice if I did go out a lot socially.

"I cannot gush over the supposed joys of public adulation and recognition, either. Flattery brings to my mind but one thing: I am just a passing fancy. Where are the others who were once stars, too? My time will come as it did for them. Popularity is fleeting. So why should I be dazzled by a material success which is bound to end?"

Doesn't that sound exactly like Garbo's theory? She, like Ramon, has an extremely comfortable home which is more attractive to her than any place else. She never attends premières, gives interviews, or makes a bid for public recognition off-screen. She, too, takes her work with extreme seriousness. There is no doubt but what concentration and simplicity have enabled her to stay on top, also.

What effect will "Mata Hari" have on their careers?

Garbo's contract is up next summer. Of course, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will be glad to give her another and even more remunerative one. Although she is now one of the biggest draws in talkies, there are other actresses who get more money. Greta will be in the position of demanding and getting the terms she wants. If they are not met she will go back to Sweden. Novarro wants to stay in pic-



Scenes of passion, of torn emotions, sear their way through the Garbo-Novarro drama. And they made all the love scenes first!

Greta, the essence of passion under restraint—Ramon, embodiment of idealistic youth—read how they met in their first screen romance!

tures—indefinitely. But not as a star, if you please!

"Metro wanted me to sign a new contract for three more years," he told me. "I refused. I have been playing leading rôles for ten years, which is a pretty long time. I'd rather quit before I'm thrown out. Unless I get better parts I am certain that within less than those three years Mr. Thalberg would call me into his office and say, 'Mr. Novarro, we'd like you please to get the hell out of here!'"

"That's why I want to have some say from now on in the choice of my stories. 'Daybreak' was not a box-office hit, and I am glad because I insisted that it was not the right thing for me. I didn't want to do it at all. However, I was delighted to do 'Mata Hari.' It gives me an excellent rôle, one for which I am fitted.

"To me the play is the thing. The stellar idea has been over-emphasized. I like the co-starring plan. When one person alone is featured, the story is distorted to stress one character. And as a result the picture cannot be as dramatically effective.

"Mr. Thalberg wants me to do a college boy part next. Maybe I shall have to, but not without protest. I am thirty-three years old.

People have said,
'Why



Ramon Novarro, handsome, charming, aloof, and thirty-three, quietly pursues a path that resembles Garbo's in many ways. He has kept clear of alliances so far.



"I was delighted to do 'Mata Hari'," says Ramon. Greta doesn't look displeased with her new screen "heart," either.

do you tell your age when you look younger?' But I am proud of it. I have always admired and respected age. After thirty something happens to you. You get a more serious outlook on life.

"I wish my fans would write in to the studio and ask for more appropriate rôles for me. I told Mr. Thalberg I ought to have my face lifted if I was supposed to be a twenty-year-old college boy! I'd very much like to do 'The Student Prince' over in the talkies. Think of the wonderful musical possibilities. But the studio merely considers it and then postpones action. I told them that by the time they were ready I'd be more suited to the rôle of the Prince's father!"

Garbo, being a woman, does not find it necessary to plan years of future

work. Having made a small fortune, she can (Con. on p. 117)



Richard and his bride, the former Winifred Coe of San Francisco. She is a rather tall, slim, brown-eyed beauty of twenty-three.

Richard

Dix

Tells Why He Married

THE harder they are to get, the harder they fall! Richard Dix has finally capitulated.

Lovely Winifred Coe, wealthy San Francisco society girl, has succeeded in doing what Hollywood's most famous women had failed to accomplish.

"I asked her where she'd been all my life!"

He-man hero of countless films, and known off-screen as the movie colony's foremost admire-'em-but-don't-marry-'em artist, Rich smilingly admits that he was so overwhelmed by his new wife's charm that he actually pulled this old line when courting her!

He told her a lot of other things, all those tender

lover's phrases which for the first time were uttered sincerely, when he realized that he had finally found the perfect sweetheart. The story of their secret romance is one of the nicest you have ever heard.

"I don't want a lot of foolishness written about my marriage," he emphasized to me. "Our love is too real to be gushed about."

This desire of his for dignity when talking about the things that really matter to him was the cause for his surprising Hollywood with his elopement to Yuma, Arizona. There was none of the usual stellar fanfare of intimate publicity. Marriage, to Rich, is not a circus to

Hollywood's Favorite Ex-Bachelor Gives His Own Account of His Romance. Here's the *Real* Story!

By
Dickson Morley

be enacted before the whole wide world.

We local observers of the stars had begun to be pretty doubtful of his ever marrying. Oh, certainly, he has looks, money, fame. Everything the choosiest woman could want. But a bachelor of such long standing—he's thirty-seven—is likely, so they say, to have grown too set in his ways to make the compromises marriage demands.

And since he had a big home in Beverly Hills where his parents reside, a six-hundred-acre gentleman's ranch somewhere north of Hollywood, plenty of good masculine friends, and an address book full of acquiescent Loreleis, we were more than anxious to find out what kind of a girl it took to make him forget the joys of his free and easy life and move into the Ambassador Hotel as a dutiful bridegroom.

Well, we should have known that Mrs. Dix would be just like Winifred Coe is. For although Rich has been an irresistible flirt, a hearty, sophisticated play-boy, he is really very conservative. All the time he wanted a wife who would be a true mate in every sense of the word. Divorce has never held any place in his scheme of things. Not because of religious scruples, but because he knew that when he finally met the one girl it would be for always.

During the past ten years of picture stardom he has been rumored engaged with amazing frequency.

"It got so bad," he said, "that I was afraid to pick up a morning newspaper for fear I'd read of my unsuspected marital intentions towards another girl!"

He had a way with the women that led them to hope. At various times he showed marked attention to such film beauties as Lois Wilson, Marceline Day, Mary Brian, Thelma Todd, Jean Arthur, and Alyce Mills. Non-professional girls were mentioned in a romantic way with his name in the papers, too.

But Rich shied at wedding bells until he met Winifred.

"We were introduced in the home of my brother, a Los Angeles physician," he fondly explains. "Winifred has for years been the best friend of my sister-in-law, and was down visiting from San Francisco. That first evening we got along splendidly."

Naturally, for Winifred was thrilled at meeting the famous relative about whom she'd heard so much, and whose films she had seen regularly. Rich started out being his customary Lothario self. Then gradually it dawned upon him that this rather tall, slim, brown-eyed beauty was a terribly interesting person. Although only twenty-three, she was dignified, regular, and,

above all, entirely bewitching.

"We began to compare notes. I was born in St. Paul and attended the University of Minnesota. Her birthplace was right across the river, Minneapolis."

The Coe family moved to Portland when Winifred was still a youngster, and students at the Jefferson High School there six years ago will recall the present Mrs. Dix as one of the belles of her class. She later went to the University of California when her father, a very successful wholesale merchant, moved his family to San Francisco.

"After that night Winifred and I didn't meet again for two, almost three months. She went back home and while I often thought of her I was particularly busy at the studio at the time and had a chance to do nothing but eat and sleep when I finished work.

"But one evening I went out to my brother's for dinner, and whom should I find there again but Winifred. She was down for another visit with my sister-in-law. And believe me," he added emphatically, "absence surely had made my heart grow fonder!"

A second evening brought him to the point of realizing that a man is a fool to play around all the time. One ought to settle down and have a real home and a family, a wife of whom he could be proud. He began to suspect that he had at last found the one who could be all-in-all to him.

"Winifred was the first girl I'd ever met who honestly enjoyed doing the things I liked. That was no clinging vine line, either. I'm awfully pleased with the way she rides horseback. She is a good swimmer, golfer, and tennis player, too. And yet she's not one of those muscle women. We took long moonlight drives and I discovered that I had never before known what perfect companionship means.

"Day by day we grew to depend upon each other more. Winifred is not interested in a career for herself. So we didn't have that Hollywood bugaboo to fear."

Winifred liked his hide-away ranch. There he retires whenever he wants to be away from the active and demanding world. A faithful couple act as his housekeepers and his secretary brings up the necessary messages. She liked his thirty-five thoroughbred dogs that over-run the place. But what was most important, she too realized that here was the one man for her.

Their wedding plans were carefully guarded. They had attended a few film parties and openings, but Hollywood, long used to Rich as a man about town, thought that nothing serious (*Cont. on page 118*)



"Our love is too real to be gushed about," says Dix. Read about his romance in his own words in this story.

RONALD COLMAN

in the rôle he
himself names
as his greatest—
Dr. Arrowsmith



ARROWSMITH

THE driver of the wagon swaying through forest and swamp of the Ohio wilderness was a ragged girl of fourteen. Her mother they had buried near the Monongahela—the girl herself had heaped with torn sods the grave beside the river of the beautiful name. Her father lay shrinking with fever on the floor of the wagon-box, and about him played her brothers and sisters.

She halted at the fork in the grassy road, and the sick man quavered: "Emmy, ye better turn down toward Cincinnati. If we could find your Uncle Ed, I guess he'd take us in."

"Nobody ain't going to take us in," she said. "We're going on jus' long as we can. Going West!

They's a whole lot of new things I aim to be seeing!"

That was the grandmother of Martin Arrowsmith.

CROSS-LEGGED in the examining-chair in Doc Vickerson's office, a boy was reading "Gray's Anatomy." His name was Martin Arrowsmith, of Elk Mills, in the state of Winnemac.

There was a suspicion in Elk Mills, now, in 1897, a dowdy red-brick village, smelling of apples, that this brown leather adjustable seat which Doc Vickerson used for minor operations, for the infrequent pulling of teeth and for highly frequent naps, had begun life as a barber's chair. There was also a belief that its proprietor must

Sinclair Lewis' Great Novel Comes to the Screen, and We Give You the Complete Fictionization!

once have been called Doctor Vickerson, but for years he had been only The Doc.

Vickerson was concluding a description of the covered wagon and of its brave little driver.

"And that," he said, "was your grandmother, Martin. Fine stock to come from. Pioneer stock. Stubborn stock. Make a medical man of you if anything will! Make a real scientist of you if you live up to it. Make you wanta find out things for yourself! Not like me. Poor old sawbones!"

AS MARTIN grew older he attended The University of Winnemac. There are twelve thousand students at Winnemac, and beside this prodigy, someone has said, Oxford is a tiny theological school and Harvard a select college for young gentlemen. The University has a baseball field under glass; its buildings are measured by the mile; it hires hundreds of young Doctors of Philosophy to give rapid instructions in Sanskrit, navigation, accountancy, spectacle-fitting, sanitary engineering, Provençal poetry, tariff schedules, and rutabaga growing. Its president is the best money-raiser and the best after-dinner speaker in the United States; and Winnemac was the first school in the world to conduct its extension courses by radio.

Martin was twenty-one. He still seemed pale, in contrast to his black smooth hair, but he was a respectable runner, a fair basketball centre, and a savage hockey-player. The co-eds murmured that he "looked so romantic," but as this was before the era of sex and petting parties, they merely talked about him at a distance, and he did not know that he could have been the hero of many *amours*. He was not entirely ignorant of caresses but he did not make an occupation of them. He consorted with men whose virile pride it was to smoke filthy corn-cob pipes and to wear filthy sweaters.

On his first day in medical

school, Martin Arrowsmith was in a high state of superiority. As a medic he was more picturesque than other students, for medics are reputed to know secrets, horrors, exhilarating wickednesses. Men from the other departments go to their rooms to peer into their books.

There was a prairie freshness in the autumn day but Martin did not heed. He hurried into the slate-colored hall of the Main Medical, up the wide stairs to the office of Max Gottlieb. He did not look at passing students, and when he bumped into them he grunted in confused apology. It was a portentous hour. He was going to specialize in bacteriology; he was going to discover enchanting new germs; Professor Gottlieb was going to recognize him as a genius, make him an assistant—

Martin stood before the great professor. The old fellow looked up, irritated with the other's presence.

"Ja?"

"My name's Arrowsmith. I'm just starting medical school. And I thought I'd take my bacteriology with you this fall without waiting until second year, if you don't mind."

"But I *do* mind."

"But I'm not going to be just an ordinary doctor," Martin protested.

"No?"

"I'm going to be a research scientist like you, Dr. Gottlieb. Oh, not as great as you, of course! I mean, I'm not interested in just giving people pills. I'd rather find the cure for cancer. I'm not afraid of hard work."

"Now you speak more sensibly. To be a scientist, that is born in a man. It may be born in you, but go first and be a medical student. Learn the names of diseases. Learn to see blood flow without fainting. Go get your M.D., and *then* come back!"

SO ARROWSMITH left Gottlieb and pursued the long hours in medical school. Eight, ten hours for study, and no time to eat or sleep. But the years rolled



Helen Hayes as *Leora*, Arrowsmith's undying inspiration.

Here is the Novelette of the Picture hailed as a Sensation! Sinclair Lewis, Winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature—Colman and Helen Hayes—and this Story of a Lasting Love, unfolded against a Grim Background of Science and Self-Sacrifice. You'll be Touched and You'll be Thrilled. Read On!

Arrowsmith liked this little girl. "I am Dr. Gottlieb's assistant," he said. "How about dinner tonight?" "I don't mind," said Leora.



on and the day for his first ambulance ride as an interne arrived. Arrowsmith found himself holding on the back of an ambulance by its strap. He was being projected through the city in a mad dash to a tenement where someone's baby was about to be born. He and the driver owned the city. Traffic stopped for them, people gaped as the dashing, red-lighted engine propelled itself down the street.

His first case was a success. And several of the others were successes.

MARTIN left his hospital and returned to Gottlieb. The urge to become a scientist was stronger than ever. He wanted to find out things for himself. It was too much to expect any doctor to ask people to stick out their tongues and then be helpless to prescribe the cure.

But Gottlieb told him to search further.

Leora, now his wife, was always there to cheer and encourage Arrowsmith. He turned their kitchen into a laboratory—and worked!



"ARROWSMITH" from the Sinclair Lewis Novel.

"Arrowsmith," a Samuel Goldwyn Production. Based on the novel by Sinclair Lewis. Adapted by Sidney Howard. Directed by John Ford. United Artists Picture. Fictionized by Morris Helprin. Enacted by the following cast:

Dr. Martin

Arrowsmith

Leora Arrowsmith

Sondelius

Professor Gottlieb

Joyce Lanyon

Dr. Tubbs

Dr. Terry Wickett

Cecil Twyford

Miss Twyford

Sir Robert Fairland

Mr. Tozer

Mrs. Tozer

Bert Tozer

Ronald Colman

Helen Hayes

Richard Bennett

A. E. Anson

Myrna Loy

Claude King

Russell Hopton

Alec B. Francis

Florence Britton

Lumsden Hare

Dewitt Jennings

Beulah Bondi

Bert Roach



His first two years in New York bore little or no fruit for the scientific Arrowsmith although his life with Leora had been a happy one. But he threw himself into his research, and there was one night when he worked until dawn.

"They have a case of African sleeping sickness in the County Hospital," he told Martin. "Perhaps you will get a strain of bugs to work on. It is quite a nice disease. In Africa some of the villages are wiped out entirely by it. I think you will enjoy sleeping sickness!"

Arrowsmith beamed and went to the County Hospital for his specimens.

It was there he met Leora Tozer. She was a smallish figure muffled in harsh blue denim and white apron. Arrowsmith approached her.

"Nurse, I want to find Ward D."

"Do you?"

"Can you direct me?"

"I could, yes."

"Well, if it isn't interrupting your work——"

"This isn't my work. Nurses aren't supposed to scrub floors. The superintendent caught me smoking a cigarette. You go back for Ward D, turn right and then left."

Arrowsmith instantly liked this spirited little girl. He decided to punish her.

"You may be interested to know that I am Dr. Gottlieb's assistant. I shall report you. What's your name?"



Twenty-four hours later Arrowsmith found himself famous. The newspapers screamed: "Greatest Medical Discovery of Modern Times by Young Scientist!" But Martin raged: "I'm through with you and your front-page science. I'm no quack, no faker!"



When Martin was sent on his dangerous mission to a far-away island, Leora insisted upon going with him, despite his protests. She loved him—she would not let him go alone.

"You haven't bored me. It made me feel intelligent."
 "Well, at that, you gotta get used to hearing my ideas. You're going to marry me."

"You don't tell me! Well, now, you know I shouldn't wonder if you were right."

Martin leaned closer to her.

"I've found you! My life's begun!"

HE WAS in earnest about marrying Leora. He had fallen in love with her the first moment he saw her scrubbing the hospital corridor. And he told Gottlieb that, too, when the professor called him in the next day to make a startling announcement. Gottlieb, it seems, was called to the great McGurk Institute in New York, the greatest scientific plant in the world. And he wanted to take Martin along as his assistant!

But Arrowsmith was adamant.

"You're the greatest man I've ever known, professor, but I can't—I simply can't—drop everything and go



Martin met Joyce Lanyon—beautiful, and anxious to help. There was a bond between them.

"What's yours?"

"Arrowsmith. You're not reporting me, you know."

"Gee, there I go again. My name's Leora Tozer. Silly name, isn't it?"

"What's wrong with it? I kind of like it. In fact, I've decided to overlook reporting you! How about dinner tonight?"

"I don't mind."

A superintendent was approaching. Martin began walking away.

"You will telephone me the patient's temperature and I'll look in again at *seven*," he called back over his shoulder.

Later, in the Acropolis restaurant, Martin dropped a nickel in the automatic piano and soft music emerged.

"I'm afraid I've talked too much," Martin was saying.

to New York with you. I'm going to get married. A man can't get along on what an assistant makes. I've got to practice."

Gottlieb gave in but not without a last admonition.

"Remember," he said. "You will be a bad doctor for a while. Then you will find your way back to the laboratory. Let me know when you do, and wherever I am I will have a place for you. So! Good luck to you!"

They shook hands with deep feeling and Martin left. He married Leora that same afternoon. Martin wanted to know "what now?" and Leora settled it immediately by having him buy tickets for her home in Wheatsylvania, North Dakota. Arrowsmith was going to become a country doctor!

When they arrived at Leora's home and were met by Mr. and Mrs. Tozer and Leora's brother,

"We do not bring you any magical cure," said Arrowsmith. "We have, as yet, no notion of what we can do for you."



Bert, the reception wasn't any too warm.

It was not until dinner that the family discovered Leora's wedding ring. Leora was nervous at first and her mother almost fainted with exclamations about her daughter's almost having broken her parents' hearts. Bert popped in with a speech about "not one single red cent going to Martin just because you've married into the family."

"I'm not asking for money. All I want is your good will," Martin told them. "To help me start in practicing here."

Leora rose to the occasion.

"Martin may not be asking for money, but I am! Pa's going to lend Martin a thousand dollars to start up his office on and Martin will pay interest on it, unless of course, Pa wants to give it to us for a wedding present!"

And that's how the Arrowsmiths became established in Wheatsylvania, in a little house that might have rented for twenty dollars a month. Leora wanted Martin to wear her father's old Prince Albert, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"You're a pillar of the community, Martin! You've got to make the young folks get married when they ought to and make them stay married when they don't want to, and keep the old folks happy about them and send the kids to school, and lecture the big boys on the evils of drink and do your own drinking with the shades pulled down! You've got to see that the milk's pure and the meat's fresh and the backyards are kept tidy. That's what being a country doctor means, Martin. I'm proud to know you!"

"Three hundred and sixty-six human souls in this



"I've never learned about women like you," Martin told Joyce. "You make my life seem suddenly rather empty—but terribly exciting." "You're too heroic to mean that," she smiled. "You're stone!" "I wish I were," said Arrowsmith.

town all depending on me to keep 'em fit!" Martin felt the weight of responsibility lowering on his young shoulders.

Martin's first case was a failure. His patient died. Leora tried to comfort him on his return, but it was no go.

"I'M NO good," Martin told himself and Leora. "I can't face people when they hear about this. I'm a rotten doctor. Gottlieb was right."



Leora was lonely, desperate with pain. She dared not start on her long journey without his hand to comfort her.



Martin, returning, came upon the sight that almost killed him that moment. Leora —Leora!

Arrowsmith tried to forget. He went to a neighboring town one night to hear Sondelius, a well-known scientist, lecture. Arrowsmith invited him out for a drink after the lecture. They found an old beer garden and ordered up. They drank deeply of the delicious beer. Sondelius enjoyed every moment.

"I should get to bed by midnight, but it is a sin to interrupt good talk. Yust keep on tempting me! Tell me about yourself."

Arrowsmith bemoaned his country-doctor fate. He told how he once was assistant to Max Gottlieb. Sondelius knew him. They drank and talked for hours. Arrowsmith felt invigorated.

"I've got a new lease on life out of this party!" he said.

He repeated the same thing the following morning to Leora at home. He declared that he was through stagnating. That he was just beginning to live. He said he would show the town where it "got off."

His opportunity came sooner than he expected. On his trip to the country store he was unexpectedly met with bad news. The scourge of the middle-west farms, blackleg, the dread disease, had begun its insidious operations on the cows of Wheatsylvania's farmers.

"Blackleg, eh?" Arrowsmith turned the word over in his mind. "I've heard about blackleg. I think I'll have a look around."

He coaxed the State veterinary into giving him a blood sample from some of the affected cows and some capsules of the serum being administered which seemed so useless. Then he went home. He turned his kitchen into a laboratory and worked over the specimens for hours, days. He neglected his practice in his effort to discover the blackleg germ and its cure. He made up some flasks of his own serum.

Henry Novak's cows were dying anyhow so he figured he might as well let Doc Arrowsmith try some of his new-fangled stuff in his expiring animals. The experiment was a success. Novak's cows stopped dying, some of them even recovered fully.

When Arrowsmith went down to the general store some days later the State veterinary was there waiting for him. There were words, with the veterinary accusing Arrowsmith of doing things stealthily. Finally the argument came to blows and Martin knocked the other down.

Arrowsmith returned home.

"I guess there's a time when things begin to happen!" he told Leora. "I guess this may be our cue to move on!"

Outside on the table in the hall a telegram from Gottlieb awaited Martin. It was a call to come to New York.

NEW YORK seemed the whirlpool of traffic and buildings to Martin and Leora that they had dreamed it. When they arrived they were attacked by the scurrying humans and taxis, besieged on all sides by the rush and high tension common to New York. With some difficulty they found the location of the McGurk Institute and Martin was lifted unceremoniously for twenty-five floors while Lee waited downstairs. She was afraid to go that high the first day.

Once inside the Institute Martin was ushered into the palatial offices of the Director, Mr. Tubbs, instead of being shown to his old friend Dr. Gottlieb. Tubbs was very enthusiastic about Martin's work with blackleg and congratulated him at the same time, welcoming him as one of the McGurk Institute family.

Sir John Davies, a world-famous English surgeon, was to perform an operation for the members of the Institute and Martin was able to meet all the distinguished scientists at one time. He was also to meet Terry Wickett, who later was to become his life-long friend.

"Which are you?" Wickett wanted to know immediately.

"How do you mean?" Arrowsmith countered.

"Are you one of the dressy advertisers like Tubbs, or a rough-neck like Gottlieb and me? That's what I'm talking about."

Arrowsmith didn't hesitate long. No frills for him!

"A rough-neck, I guess!"

They proceeded into the medical arena to watch Sir John perform.

It was only after the operation that Martin was able to get to Gottlieb. The latter was profuse in his greetings. There were many expressions in idiomatic German that served to inform Martin how glad his old teacher was to have him with him again. There were many more minutes spent in inspecting Martin's laboratory and talking over his future. Then Martin suddenly realized that Leora was waiting downstairs all this time. For the next half hour she listened to his rhapsodic account of the Institute's marvelous facilities. He rushed to the elevator, and down. Leora was still there—the patient, kind Leora.

"Oh, Martin," she exclaimed after he had described to her his magnificently modern laboratory, "and how much are they going to pay you?"

"Gosh!" Martin scratched his head and laughed. "I forgot to ask!"

TWO long years dragged by. Martin and Leora had settled comfortably in a little apartment overlooking Riverside Drive. They had been two years that bore little or no fruit for the scientific Arrowsmith although his life with Leora had been an uncommonly happy one. But his old feeling of failure was returning. He had pangs of sterility in his work. He complained to the ever-patient Leora that he was worse at science than at doctoring, and a failure at both.

At the Institute, Dr. Tubbs was beginning to feel the same way about Martin. His expensive laboratory had been unfruitful for two years and he didn't show any particular promise in his work. It cost money to run a place like McGurk and every one of the honeycomb of laboratories had to give something to merit staying within the portals of the structure. He'd have to look into this Arrowsmith case.

It was on another of these long nights holding no promise for the future that Martin returned home, dejected. He threw himself into a chair and drew on his pipe. Leora tried to encourage him with words about his "being on the threshold of a career" but Martin would hear none of it. Suddenly he arose from the chair.

"I think I'll go out for a walk, Lee."

"I'll go, too."

"In this snow?"

"I love snow! Just let me turn off the gas stove and we'll hike across the park. It'll be like the Canadian Northwest tonight."

Downstairs a blizzard was blowing wildly. Martin walked blindly along, forgetting that Leora was with him. Before he knew

it he had come to the McGurk Institute. Leora went up to his lab with him, although he seemed oblivious of her.

He stood for a few minutes and then went to his incubator where he took out one of his flasks. Holding it up to the light he exclaimed at what he found.

"I left this flask chuck-full of some bugs I was working on. They ought to have been doing great. Now they're dead. What killed em?"

"Does it matter?" Leora wanted to know.

"Does it matter? I'll say it matters. Bugs don't commit suicide. Suppose it turned out to be—no, I won't say it. I won't throw any luck. I'll work it out!"

And with that he threw himself into his research, forgetting Leora, forgetting the world of snow that swirled outside his window. He had been converted into the scientist in a moment. The machine of science!

Leora went downstairs so as not to be in his way, and waited in a cab. Soon she was asleep. She slept fourteen dollars worth and was awakened at the first streak of dawn by the taxi driver's pleadings that they "go somewheres." But Leora only (Continued on page 105)



Martin's head was swimming with funny dreams in which Leora figured. He groped for the door. His work—that was all that was left to him. He must go on. He and Leora!

Twinkle, twinkle,
little stars!
Don't grow up for
y'ars and y'ars!



*The kids you'll
see together in
"Sooky"—Bob-
by Coogan,
Jackie Searle,
and Jackie
Cooper.*

By
*Alma
Whitaker*

THERE never was a time when so many bright babies twinkled so prosperously in motion pictures. Shining contracts are being handed to them on golden platters. They are being insured for million dollar policies. Courts are seeing that trusts are formed to take care of their vast earnings for them. And their parents are looking pleased and proud.

Just take the case of little Jackie Cooper, just turned eight. He is under contract to Metro, who bought him from Hal Roach after he had been loaned to Paramount and made his sensational success in "Skippy." Jackie's contract salary began at \$1300 a week and rises to \$4000

a week by the third year. The court permits his mother to spend \$1600 a month on his support. He has a 13-year endowment policy which assures him of an income at the ripe old age of twenty years.

Can't you imagine the excitement in a family when its small boy turns out to be such a young gold mine? No wonder Hollywood is infested with ambitious mamas trying to catch a favorable glance from some director or producer upon little Johnny or Baby Mary.

It was Charlie Chaplin who really started the thing when he picked a little tike named Jackie Coogan for "The Kid" in the old silent days. But in spite of Jackie

and Baby Peggy and a few others of those times, it was nothing like the bonanza the kids are wallowing in today.

Jackie Cooper isn't spoiled yet. And he knows he had the breaks. Because, you see, he was living with mama and grandma, the former a musician at the studio, and his very own uncle Norman Taurog was director for "Skippy." All of which helped a lot. His first chance was when Fox Studio wanted a small boy to sing and dance in a musical revue and his mother suggested that Jackie be tried for the part. He won over dozens of children tested. He was five years old then, and Hal Roach decided he'd do for "Our Gang."

After "Skippy" it was all jam. He could have all the ice-cream he wanted and he has a prodigious appetite. He has a tutor who teaches him between scenes on the set and he's a wonder at learning his lines easily. He can swim like a fish, loves to write lurid detective stories, walks with a funny little swagger, adores being a host, and can cry beautifully when the part demands it. He does the latter by conscientiously thinking of "something sad." He hopes to become an engineer when he grows up. His latest rôle in "The Champ," in which he is co-starred with Wally Beery, has ensured a life-friendship between these two, just as "Donovan's Kid" made him Richard Dix's firm pal. His two other best friends are Mitzi Green and Robert Coogan.

Jackie Cooper is an ardent football fan and has already planned to join U.S.C. and become a quarter-back.

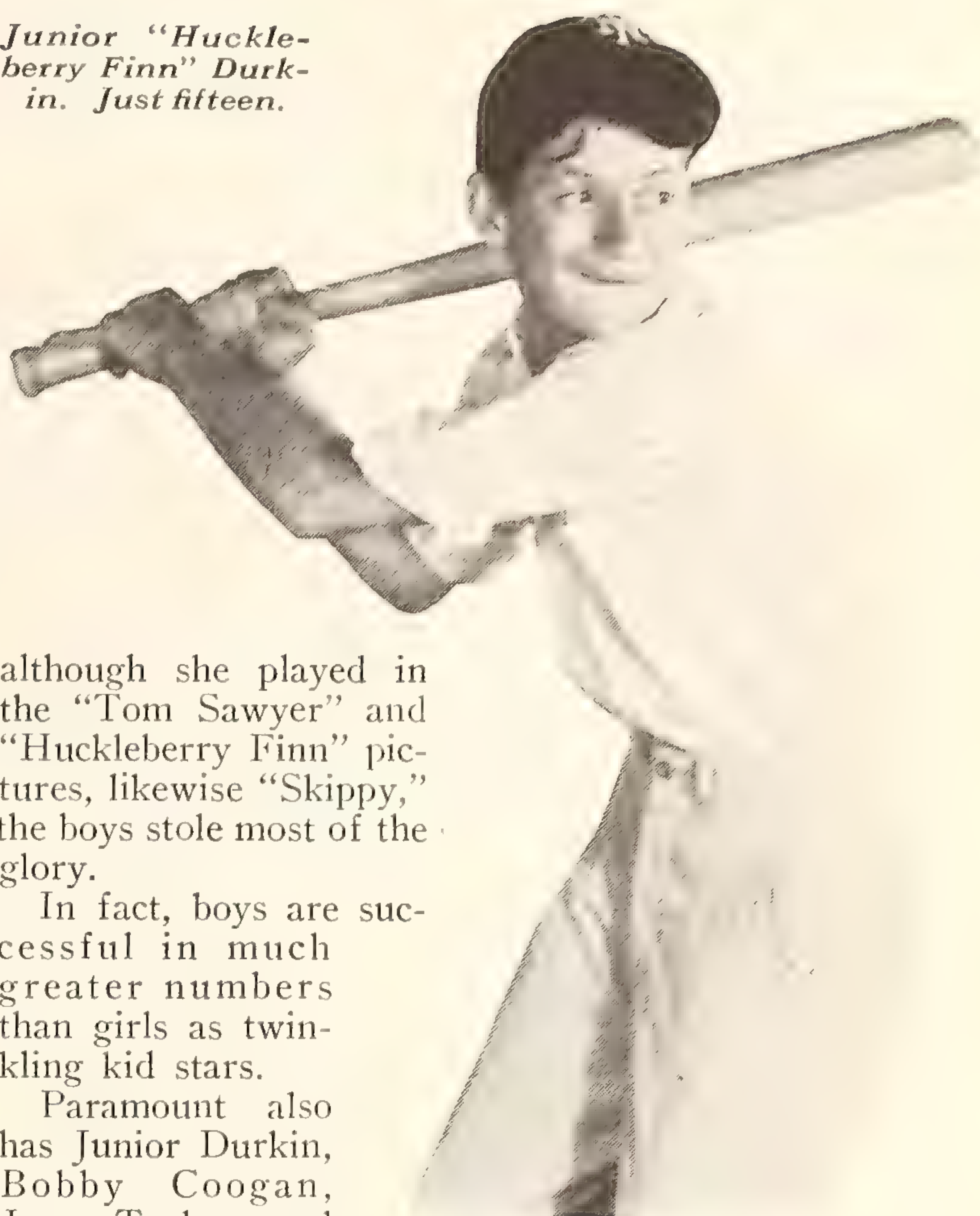
Mitzi Green herself was the first youngster to be put under contract in talkies. Mitzi is insured for a million dollars, but the terms of her contract have not been made public. Mitzi is going on eleven now, a child of vaudeville in which her parents, the Joe Kenos, played for many years. Mitzi was born while Joe was in a musical with Mitzi Hajos, hence her name. She has been before the public since she was six months old, and as a wee girl she started imitating grown-up acts with such success that they took her on the stage and let her get paid for it. That began her own individual career. At

six she was sending audiences into hysterics imitating the Two Black Crows. She was eight when Paramount was looking for a bright girl for "The Marriage Playground," in which she was the precocious half-sister of Mary Brian. That was her screen début, and she's been going strong ever since. But

Dickie Moore, left, plays in "Union Depot." He's five.



Junior "Huckleberry Finn" Durkin. Just fifteen.



although she played in the "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" pictures, likewise "Skippy," the boys stole most of the glory.

In fact, boys are successful in much greater numbers than girls as twinkling kid stars.

Paramount also has Junior Durkin, Bobby Coogan, Jerry Tucker, and Jackie Searle under "long term contracts." All good box-office bets, too.

Junior Durkin, as you all know, won his fame in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," even stealing Jackie Coogan's glory in that first one. Jackie Coogan is at the awkward age now, which all boys have to go through. But Junior is still a real boy, exactly as he acts in the pictures, a bit shy and wiggly under stress. He's swamped with females at home, a couple of sisters and mama, who have all been on the stage. Junior is turned 15, so he is now allowed to drive a car, and oh-boy-oh-boy, what a spree it was buying his personal Ford! Junior, too, began a stage career at around two years of age, in a New York musical comedy. His

first picture for Paramount was "Fame," and then came "Spanish Acres" with Mitzi and everything has been hunky-dory ever since.

Bobby Coogan, age 5, is, of course, Jackie's baby brother. He made his début in "Skippy," and we all remember with what riotous success. When Bobby was born, Jackie, his big brother, was the arch-child star of movies. Bobby is a docile and obedient little actor, but hopes he won't be an actor when he grows up. He has a grave inquiring manner that is quite delicious, and he is liable to enrich the Coogan exchequer beyond all dreams of (Cont. on page 113)



Above, Master Jackie Coogan that suave, polished veteran of silent picture days.

Mitzi Green was the first kid to win a talkie contract. She's insured for a million.

NOT TOO TOUGH!

Ex-"Public Enemy"
Cagney says "No
more grapefruit!"

By
*Frank
Daugherty*

And James Cagney has been using his fists to advantage since he learned to defend himself from the tough newsboys who hung about the New York Sun when he was an office boy there at the age of fourteen. He used them in amateur boxing at high school and at Columbia University.

But when he had to walk behind a bar and knock down a kind-looking old barkeep in one of his pictures, it cost him a little on the score of mental anguish. The "South American" republic which has named one of its battleships "O'Higgins" knows something about the race of people from which Cagney sprang. But that's not the only side. The Irish are fighters, but they are also a race of poets, players and singers. Their imaginative literature is one of the greatest in the world.

A curious story illustrating the point rather neatly is told by one of the executives of the studio where Cagney is under contract.

"The Public Enemy" was just completed and had had

a rough assemblage and cut, and was being shown one evening to a group of executives and publicity people for advance information on the picture.

They sat spellbound as reel after reel of terrorism, murder, and gang war unfolded before them. They went dizzily out of the projection room with that sickeningly realistic view of the dead Cagney falling over the threshold into his mother's house—and incidentally into the camera, into their faces; and, because of its unusualness, into their very minds.

They walked over to the lunch room on the lot and sat around a table saying little, thinking over the amazingly real representation of a gangster that Cagney had just given them, and especially of that last horrible shot.

And into this somewhat (Continued on page 114)

Look again—yes, it's James Cagney, left, above, in the chorus of "The Grand Street Follies" about three years ago. Right, with Loretta Young in "Taxi," his new film.

HE DOESN'T like to sock people.

He especially doesn't like to sock women.

But socking both men and women has become one of the things for which young James Cagney is gaining a reputation. A certain movie critic tells the story of going several times to watch Cagney plant an scalloped grapefruit in the face of a young woman in "The Public Enemy," a young woman whose only fault was loving him too much. The act, the critic said, gave him a certain feeling of having accomplished something he had always wanted to do but never had dared.

Cagney is the rowdyism, the cool cruelty and brutishness, the reckless daring of 1932 wrapped into a package five feet nine inches tall and weighing 155 pounds. His square, capable hands—boxer's hands—bunch easily and quickly into a pair of fists that jab with lightning and devastating effect against the jaw of anyone who opposes his rather arrogant and egotistical will.

All this in his pictures, of course.

But you can't do things even in pictures, which you are wholly incapable of doing in real, not reel, life.





FERENC

PRETTY PICTURES!

Remember the Max Beerbohm heroine who didn't know much about Art, but knew what she liked? These portraits of prominent picture personalities may be Art—we don't know. We suppose they are because Ferenc, famous imported camera artist, made them. But we know we like them! Don't you?

Liliann Bond



FRANC

The Russ's



William Fowler



PERCOC

Harlan Marsh



Joe E. Brown

PERC



PERCIC

Douglas Fairbanks Jr.



Dorothy Mackaill



PERC

Lil Dagover



REX

Ruth Hall & Jane



FERENC

Joan Blondell

What Joan *wants for* Leap Year

That's right—she wants her
Darby. And wants him soon

By
Carlisle Jones

JOAN BLONDELL is ready to meet love half way. She will go fifty-fifty with romance and, if necessary, she might make it sixty-forty. She wants to get married—and how!

This is no public appeal for offers of marriage for the wise-cracking Wampas Baby starlet who shares honors with James Cagney in "Blonde Crazy" and with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in "Union Depot." Reports of Joan's probable marriage in the near future have never been specifically denied. Certainly Joan herself has never been caught denying that she wants love and hopes for marriage.

"Good heavens, no!" she exclaims emphatically. "Ever since I've been able to think, I've been thinking about a home of my own and a husband and family. The studio has kept me too busy lately to let me give much time to romance, but I'm thinking about it, just the same."

In her brief lifetime Joan has been around. She's looked the field over in a general way such as is not often given to a young and impressionable girl. She has, in her own energetic and direct terms, "had offers of marriage from numerous nationalities and several colors."

Some of these came by fan mail. A few of them were so insistent that it was necessary to turn their missives of determined affection over to the postal authorities. Some of them came first hand during Joan's long tour over the world with her theatrical family. None of them was ever very seriously considered, although they helped to keep life interesting during the years before Joan found Hollywood, success, and romance all within the shadow of the same city hall.

There was an Indian chief near Albuquerque, who made Joan's father a flattering offer in arid desert lands and imitation antique Indian pottery for the hand of his sixteen-year-old daughter, whom he had seen in a traveling show troupe.

And there was an East Indian potentate of lesser importance than some, but with more money than many, who tried to persuade the blonde little Blondell girl to preside over his palace and string pearls for herself out of his over-supply. But Joan never took his offer seriously. Then there was a boy, a nice boy, in Australia, where Joan spent several years with her father's theatrical company, but she was too young then to consider his proposals of marriage.



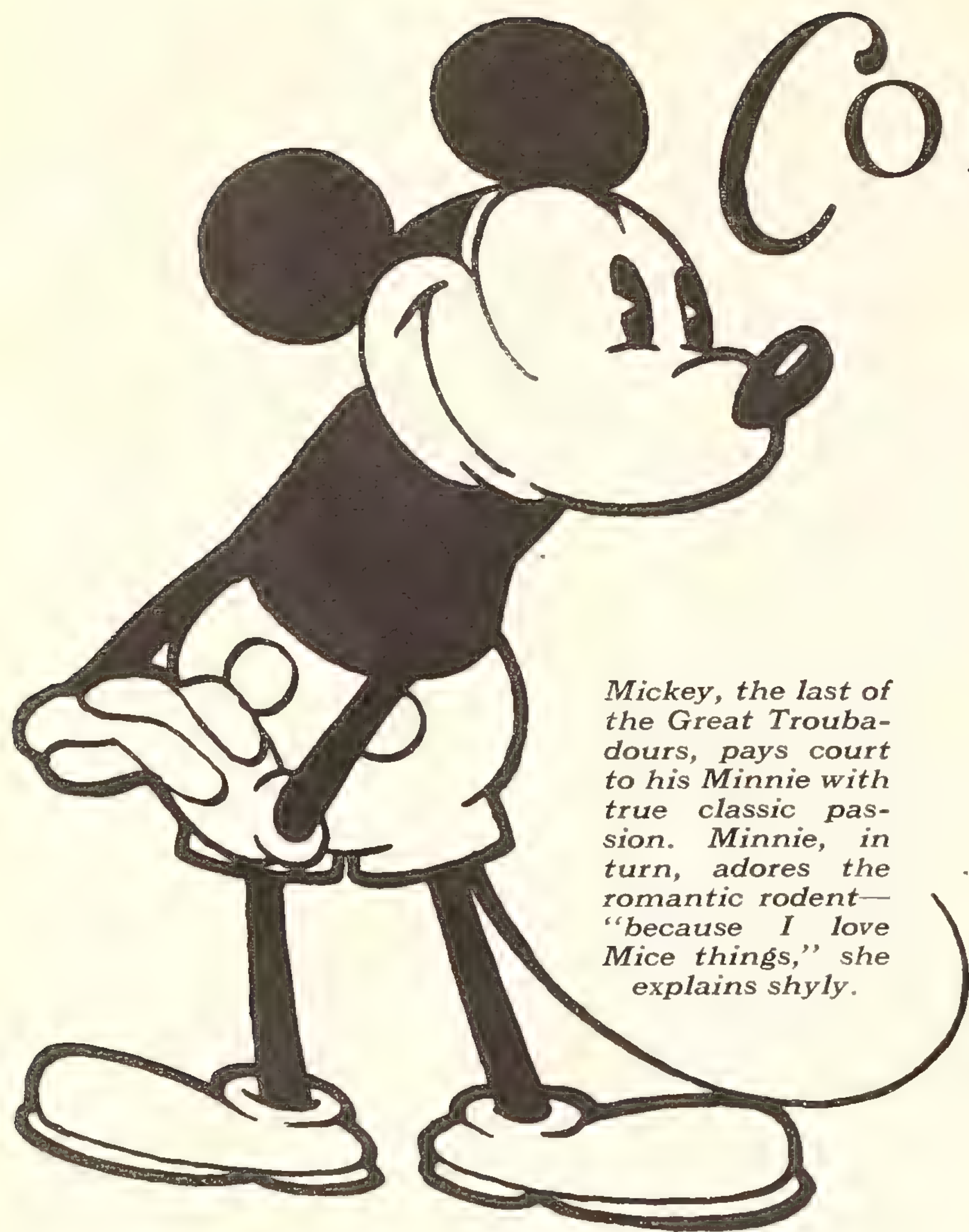
Alas, she's only acting! Playing scenes such as this one with Young Doug in "Union Depot" has kept Joan Blondell too busy for love in real life. But just you wait!

These and other affairs in out-of-the-way corners of the world as well as still others in New York, Lansing, Michigan, and Crab Orchard, Nebraska, and many of the other thousand and one one-night stands where Joan has played in her long career on the road—long because it started at the tender age of four weeks—have prepared Joan for love and marriage when, as, and if they arrive as scheduled by Dame Rumor and the daily press.

In matters of love as in matters pertaining to her career, Joan is not one to sit by the fire and wait for opportunity to wear out knuckles on the rough outside of a closed door.

"I don't know why the woman shouldn't be allowed to do the pursuing, openly and obviously, if she wants to," Joan declares. "She does it anyway in her own subtle way if she likes the man, but she tries to make it appear that he is doing all the stampeding. I haven't ever exactly stampeded, myself, yet, but I would if I thought the man I wanted was about to get away from me without his knowing I wanted him. What's the use of equal rights for women if we don't exercise 'em? Anyway, 1932 is leap year."

Joan Blondell's boisterous, good-humored, smart-cracking screen rôles are not altogether assumed for the screen. She is that way. She's a hale fellow, well met, a threadbare descriptive phrase never more pat than when applied to her. She's a back-slapping, open-handed, even-tempered, rough (*Continued on page 102*)



Mickey, the last of the Great Troubadours, pays court to his Minnie with true classic passion. Minnie, in turn, adores the romantic rodent—"because I love Mice things," she explains shyly.

"M. MOUSE—PRIVATE"

AN AUGUST attendant ushered me in through the door on which the above legend was emblazoned in gold leaf.

Here, then, was that thrilling moment, the culmination of weeks of hoping and planning, when I was at last to interview the famous screen star, Mickey Mouse!

The opening door revealed him at the far end of a large room, reclining in a swivel chair behind an enormous glass-topped desk. The office exuded swank—deep, plushy rugs, heavy carved furniture, expensive-looking tapestries, exquisite floor-lamps. All was enveloped in a gentle half-light that seeped in through drawn curtains.

Miss Bloggs, the secretary who had granted me the appointment, met me at the door and presented me to my host. Some such greeting as a cheery slap on the back and a "Hi, Mickey!" had been in my mind. Instead, thoroughly awed, I took his paw almost reverently and mumbled, "Good morning, Mr. Mouse."

"Do sit down," he said indolently. "Do you prefer Russian cigarettes or Egyptian? Gold-tipped or straw?" He twirled a whisker elegantly, and I thought I detected more than a trace of the Oxford accent in his speech.

We lit our cigarettes, and then Mickey Mouse, without waiting for questions, began to talk rapidly and more than a bit pompously.

"I am deeply attached to my Art. To me it is the most important thing in life. I do not merely act my rôles—I live them. My favorite poets are Shakespeare and Oscar Wilde. My favorite novel is 'A Tail of Two Cities.' My life's ambition is to play *Hamlet*. I am profoundly thrilled by the Essence of the Cosmic All, and yearn deeply to know the Inner Meaning of Life."

I sat there and gazed at him, forgetting to close my mouth, while he paused to take a breath. Then, as he observed my slightly deranged look, something suddenly happened to the young actor's face. Without otherwise changing his expression, he had given me a solemn wink!

Confessions

Mickey tells all! Read the thrilling story of the great mouse's life and loves!

"Oh, by the way, Miss Bloggs," he called, "would you mind running down to the bank and seeing if that statement is ready for me? And Wiggins"—this to the hovering attendant—"run over to the studio, won't you, and see if you can get a script of my next vehicle?"

After the door had closed behind his guardians, he listened for a moment. Then a broad grin overspread his face. Mr. Mouse, the tragi-comic artist, disappeared; and Mickey, the gay, raffish, rowdy rodent, asserted himself.

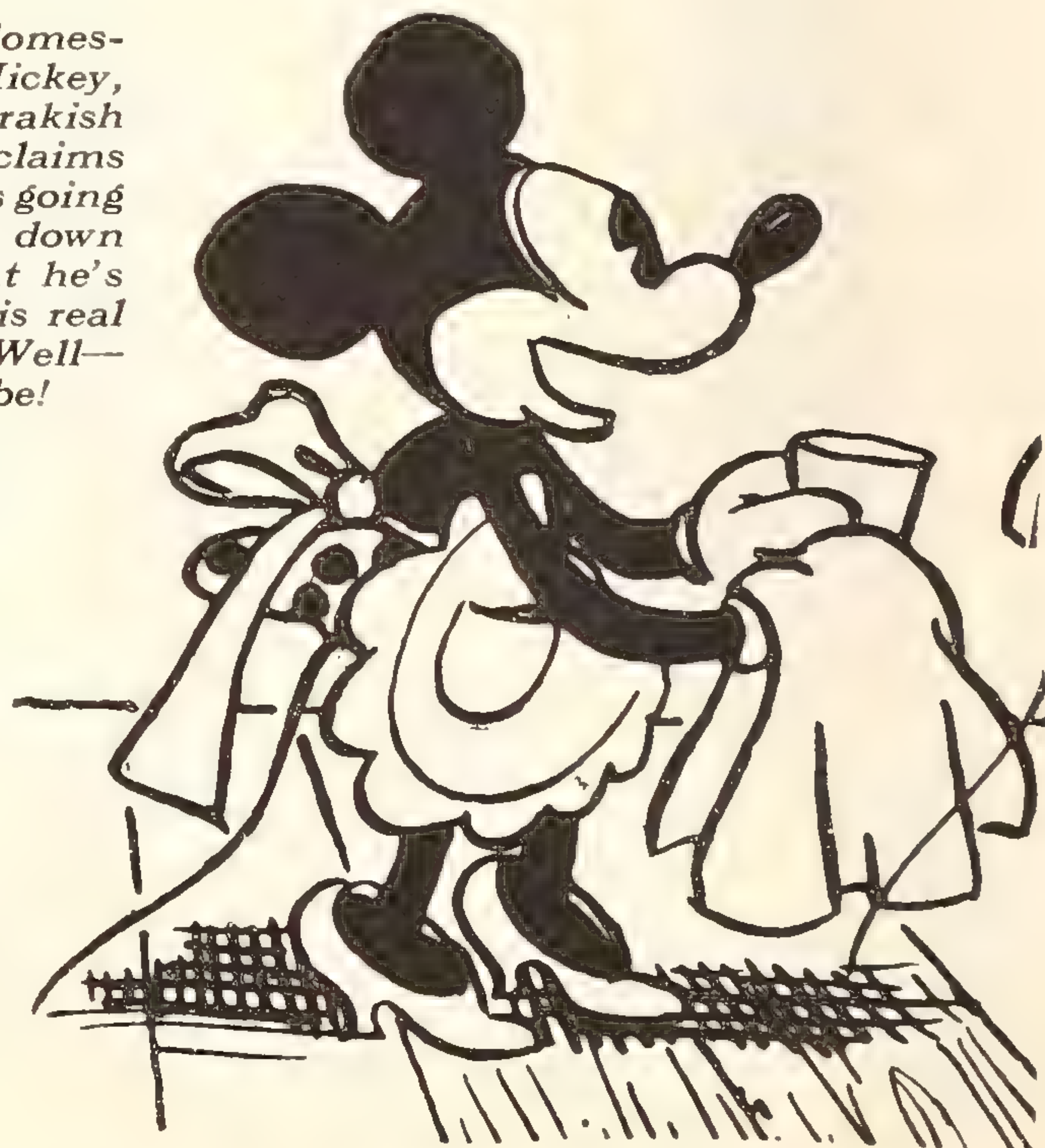
"Whoops, it worked!" he cried, leaping out of his chair and executing a few rhumba steps on the top of his desk. "Now we can relax a bit. Here, have a *real* smoke!"

Kicking aside his beautiful jade cigarette holder, he opened a drawer in his desk and fished out a couple of swell nickel cigars. We lighted up forthwith.

"You know," said Mickey, gesticulating at me earnestly with the burnt match, "it's like that all the time. Since a couple of highbrow critics discovered that my stuff was Art I've had to live up to it and be a doggoned artist instead of a plain, honest, fun-loving mouse. But you look like a regular guy—here, follow me."

In a jiffy he had climbed down from his chair and scuttled across the floor to the bookshelves that lined the opposite wall. There, behind a book on the bottom shelf, was a tiny hole in the wall through which Mickey dived before I realized what was up. As I stood nonplussed, wondering whether I was supposed to crawl in after him, a nearby tapestry lifted, and there stood Mickey in a little

Sweet domesticity. Mickey, once a rakish roué, claims that he's going to settle down now that he's found his real love. Well—maybe!



of Mickey Mouse

By
Mortimer Franklin

secret doorway, grinning broadly and beckoning me in.

"This is my den," he said rather proudly. "Come on in." It was a bare little cubby-hole whose only furniture was a small tin box, on which Mickey now squatted, and a three-legged stool, scarcely higher, to which he waved me. On the walls were a large-sized portrait of a young lady mouse, and a rough drawing of a cat's head to which clung some remnants of antique tomato.

"Target practice," explained Mickey, jerking a thumb toward it. "Ain't— isn't this a swell little dump? Nobody else knows about it—fixed it up all by myself. I often sneak in here for a quiet snooze, or to have a little snack. Look what I've got!"

Opening the lid of the tin box, he drew forth a small round whitish object.

"Cheese!" said Mickey joyfully, though quite superfluously. "Good old Limburger! Genuine pre-war, too!"

I declined a helping of the tidbit, and he fell to nibbling at it with great gusto. "I always keep a hunk of it in here," he explained between mouthfuls. "It's the only chance I get to enjoy the real stuff, since all this arty hoop-de-doo started.

"Walt wouldn't like it if he saw me ducking through holes—think it's too undignified. He's Mr. Disney, you know—the boss. I always call him Walt, except when



speaking to him. He's a great little guy, all right—made me what I am today. Only thing is, he's been getting rather strict lately. And so has everybody else.

"What's the use of being a big success in the movies if you can't enjoy life? In the old days, when my films were just funny pictures, I lived a jolly, carefree existence. Now it's all different. Why, they've even made me learn how to read and write! Imagine! Well, they can make a gentleman out of me, but they aren't going to take my Minnie away from me, and that's flat!

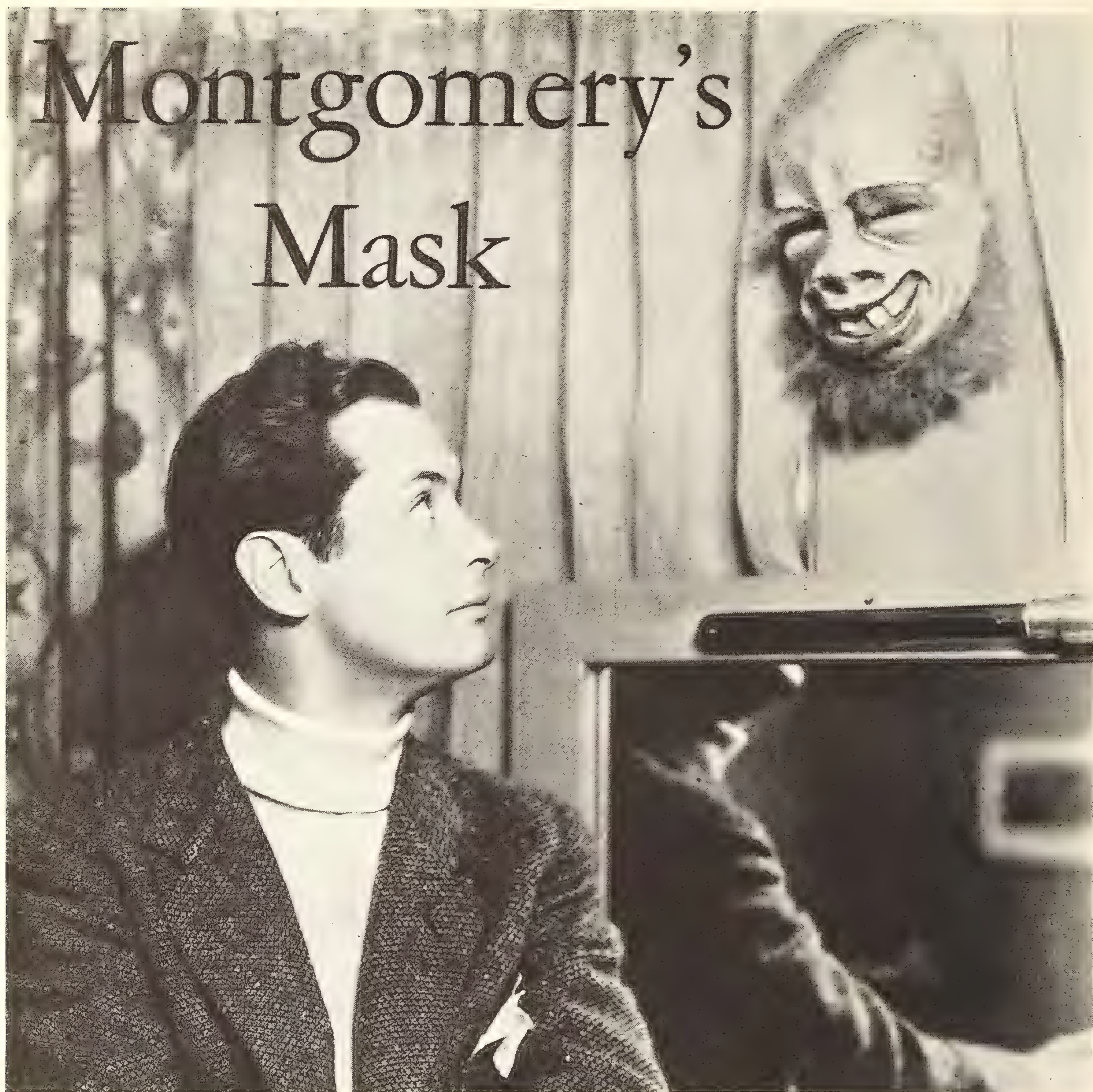
"I suppose you want to know all about my love life," continued the lad who made America mouse-conscious.

"I'm engaged to Minnie Mouse right now, and it looks like the real thing this time. She's a field mouse, you know, and I always did like the out-door girl type." He leaned closer, and spoke in confidential tones. "It isn't generally known, but I've been married five times already. Four of 'em divorced me, and one was nabbed by a cat. So a mouse with my experience ought to know the right girl when he sees her. Minnie doesn't want to get married just yet—thinks it would interfere with her career. But just you watch me bring her around.

"My income?" Mickey seemed embarrassed for a moment. "Well, I really don't know how much I get, you see. Walt always takes most of it and puts it in the bank for me. But sometimes I manage to hold out a small roll, and then I have a swell time. I like the one-dollar bills best—they're nice and soft and juicy, and have a flavor all their own. Hundreds are good to chew on, they're so delightfully crisp. I don't care so much for the tens, but Minnie is saving them to make me a nice bath mat.

"I don't think (Continued on page 116)





Montgomery's Mask

SINCE the first day he arrived in Hollywood Robert Montgomery has worn a mask!

It's a mask of gaiety—flippant gaiety. Half of it really belongs to Montgomery. And it serves to cover the serious thoughtfulness which is the other half of Bob's self.

This was one of his serious days. He was dressed in a dark blue suit with a carefully knotted tie and a soft gray hat. He was sitting in a chair in his dressing room. He wasn't running around from here to there in white ducks and a brilliant sweater with a tennis racket tucked under one arm. He was actually sitting still, smoking a cigarette and wearing shoes instead of canvas or woven leather sneakers.

His dressing room looks like Bob. It couldn't belong to Clark Gable or Lawrence Tibbett or Ramon Novarro. It doesn't need a name-plate or a number on the white door to

proclaim its ownership. Anyone, knowing the gay Robert at least fairly well, would recognize it immediately.

Somehow places where people spend a great deal of time take on the personality of their owners. Janitors may work havoc or order with cleaning brushes and brooms, but the old spirit is there.

Bob Montgomery's dressing room is the neatest one on the studio lot. Everything has a place and everything is in its place. Panelled doors on one side of the room

slide back to show rows of neatly hung suits and topcoats and sweaters. A trick drawer can be pulled from beneath the long, built-in divan and opened on a line of polished, cleaned, carefully- (Cont. on page 119)

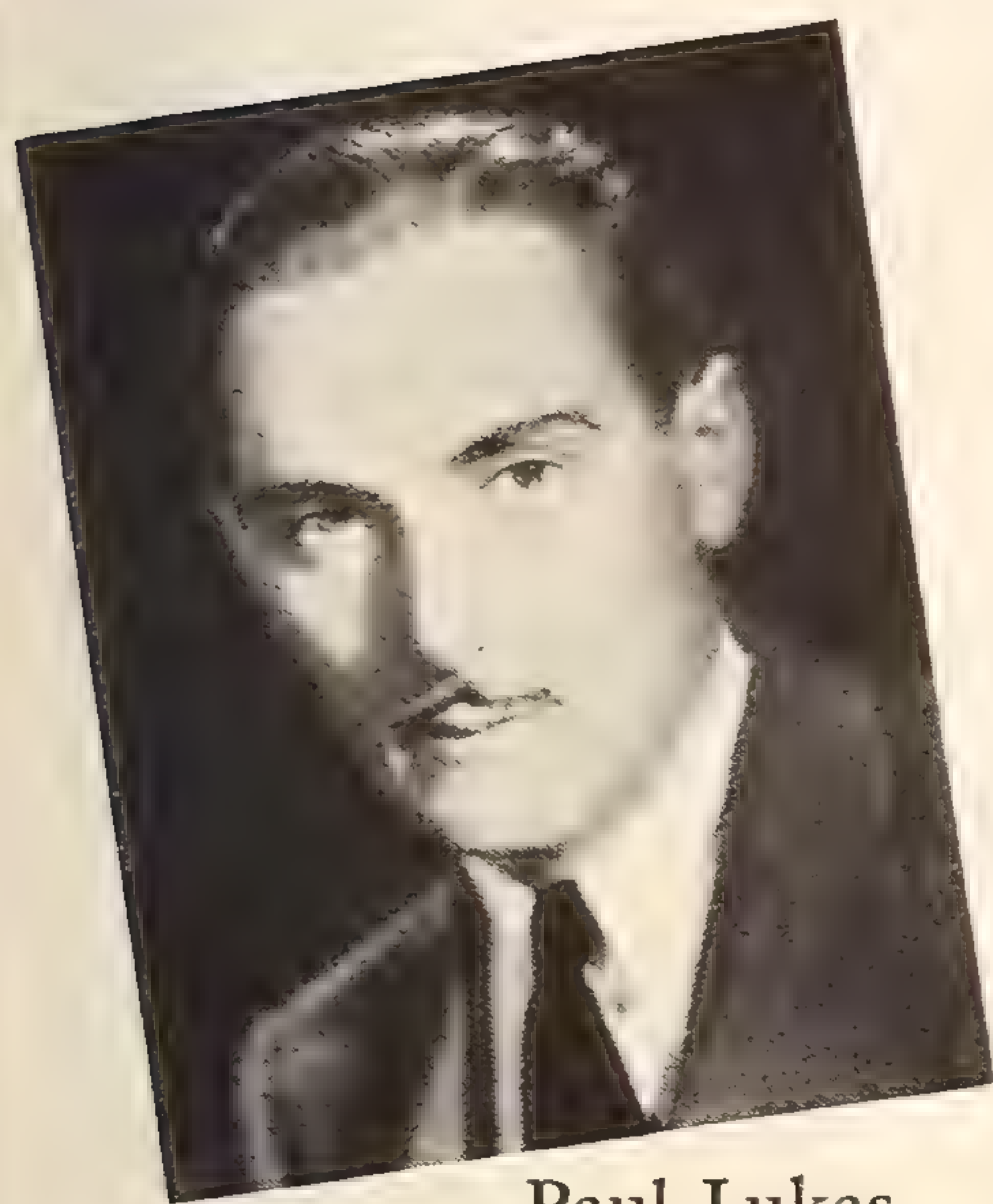
**The best story
about Bob ever
written!**

*By
Eleanor Packer*

ACCENTS!

Help or handicap? How some stars like 'em and others lose 'em

By
Colin Reynolds



Paul Lukas



Lil Dagover



Olga Baclanova

THERE is a piquant lure to the foreign accent. We would not really wish our foreign charmers, male and female, to speak just regular Main Street American.

But an emphatic accent can limit the type of rôle a foreign player can perform, which is a pity. It is also distinctly desirable that we completely catch the meaning of the subtleties of dialogue emanating from the talking screen. It's tantalizing when, because of a too marked accent, or because of a dull monotony of tone, its finer nuances are lost, if not misunderstood altogether.

In fact, voices are as important as looks and dramatic talent. Hence an abiding interest in Hollywood is the constant improvement of voice and accent. Foreign players, in particular, must be able to discard their accents at will if they do not wish to limit themselves to foreign rôles.

Do not suppose that this is an easy matter. Most of the voices that please us exceedingly belong to people who have taken infinite pains to perfect their articulation, to acquire a control of accents, to project their voices effectively.

Greta Garbo, for instance, although she has declined to take lessons, has her own method of careful study. For instance, she hires English servants and converses constantly with them. She admires the voices of certain people, listens intently, carefully notes correct pronunciations, and rehearses her English parts over and over.

All the same, there is room for improvement in Garbo's voice delivery. Her attitude is, however, that if the studio doesn't like it she will gladly take the next ship back to Sweden! But Garbo's voice has a deep quality, emanating entirely from the chest, whereas inflections on the upper keys should be strictly head notes. Hence in "Romance," when her double sings a coloratura song, it strikes a discordant note to hear Garbo's speaking voice afterwards. Even the least informed amongst us knows Garbo did not sing that song herself. Fortunately Garbo's gifts and charms rise superior to this voice problem, but it would blight a lesser charmer's success.

Curiously enough, however, the eager seekers of pleasant voices are mostly Americans. The foreign stars, for the most part, either really have pleasant voices already, or rely upon self-teaching. And this, usually, only to control accents.

For instance, Marlene Dietrich has taken no lessons, but she is an attentive listener. She will concentrate for hours on the (Continued on page 110)



Marlene Dietrich



Pola Negri



Bela Lugosi



A big pow-wow about—what? Pictures, players, salaries? Richard Dix and a group of serious thinkers talk it over at lunch.

What Hollywood

Love or Literature?
Babies or Bank-
rolls? Listen In!



"I like it," says Pola, hearing more serious conversation and less "shop talk" in Hollywood.

NO DOUBT you've heard that all we talk about in Hollywood are motion pictures and sex appeal.

'Tain't so!

In spite of "Once in a Lifetime," inhabitants of the film city can wrap their tongues around words other than "studio," "camera," or "kisses."

Pola Negri, returned from abroad, declares that Hollywood players talk far less of pictures than when she was here before.

"Conversation now touches on world-wide problems rather than local ones," says Negri. "You remember when a whole evening was spent over So-and-so's chances of coming back in a picture? But not any more. People are becoming less selfish, and are trying to find spiritual as well as economic reasons for our troubles. They talk of European politics, of the Russian experiment, of how to help feed the children."

"I am glad. I feel more at home. I like it!"

Just for fun, I listened in on conversations at a round of social affairs.

Lawrence Tibbett's singing at a tea suggested to Helen Chandler the tragedy to a singer of a lost voice.

"I've given a good deal of thought to what I'd do if that happened to me," said Lawrence. "I think I'd be a farmer. Unless I became a butler! I've seen so many incompetent butlers, I'd like a chance to show that butlering can be a fine art."

Someone else wondered if a singer cast on a desert island would continue to sing and



Lawrence Tibbett likes to discuss what he'd do if he ever lost his voice. He'd be—of all things—a farmer or a butler!

Bill Powell and his Carole simply lose themselves in confabs about furnishings for their new home.



Tea hee! Mae Madison, Lilian Bond, Evalyn Knapp, and Polly Walters have a conference. And are other girls' ears burning!

Talks About!

By
Ruth Tildesley

Lawrence thought not. 'Twould be no fun, he thought.

"Singing is like talking—a means of contact with fellow human beings. If I were alone, there would be no contact. Unless I stood on the edge of the shore and sang to the ocean, and that would be only a dramatic gesture!"

A clairvoyant's prophecy that in another year we shall all be able to buy cheap little wing attachments enabling us to fly as we will was mentioned at an informal dinner at the Lawrence Grant's.

Cornelius Keefe thought the air traffic laws would have to include regulations that flights must be made at varied levels; so many hundred feet for short distances and so many hundred feet higher for longer ones. When a flier reached his street intersection, he could come down to say twenty feet about street level and continue his flight to his front door.

William Austin thought it might be better to have landing places on roofs where the wings could be parked and their wearers then proceed to the street.

And Mrs. Leslie Carter observed that she shouldn't care to have her feet just dangling helpless from the clouds; she would insist (Continued on page 101)



Here's a stirring scene showing our favorite ingénue, Marie Dressler, pursuing the hobby that she loves to talk about—the art of fine cooking.



Winged words! Ann Harding and her husband Harry are moved to frequent flights of eloquence when discussing their pet pastime, aviation.

Reviews of the

By

Delight Evans



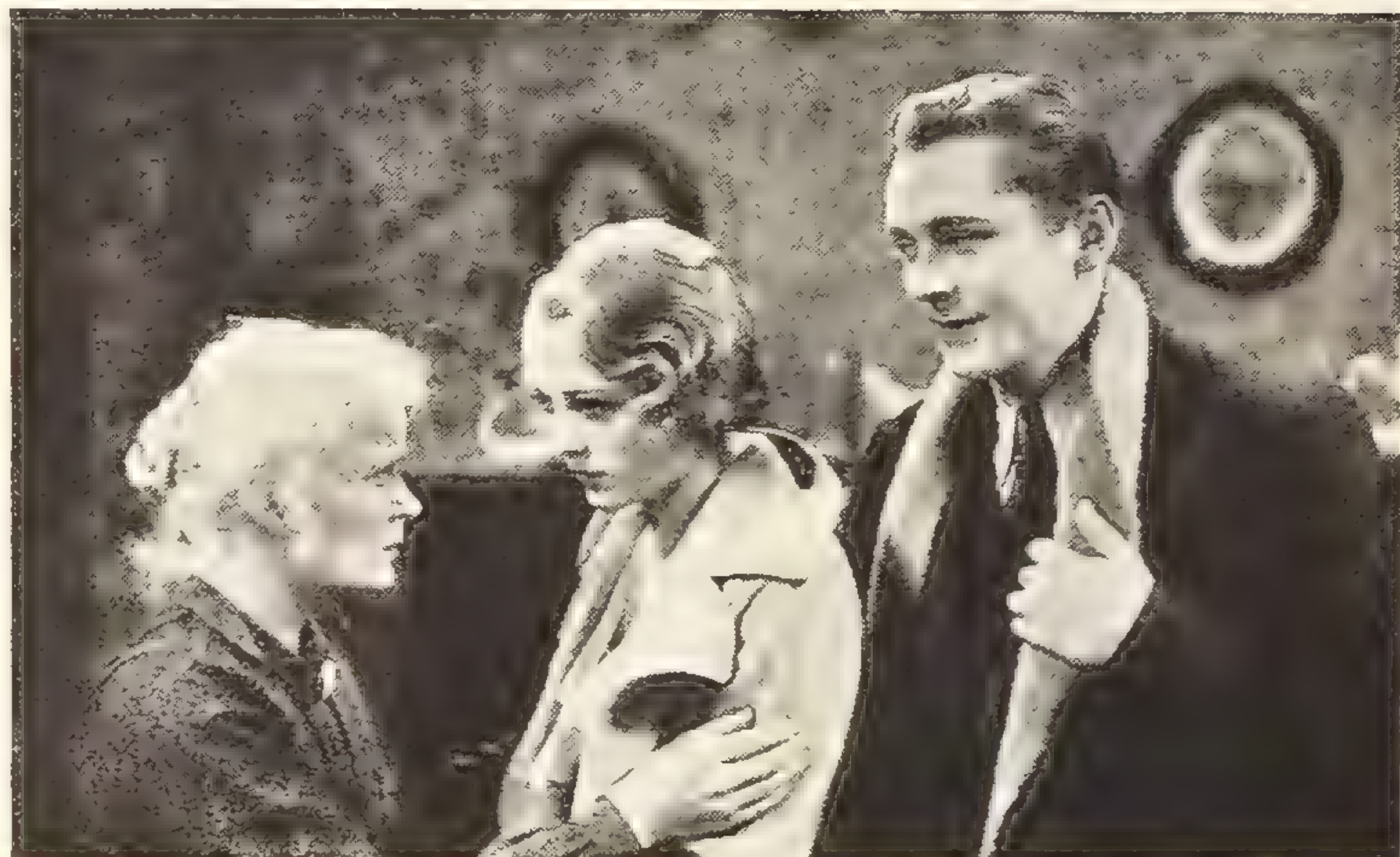
Wally Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ."

The Champ

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Here's the most appealing picture you ever saw. It's guaranteed to break down the defense of even the hardest old meany. As for the rest of us, we revel in the heart-warming adventures of a little boy and his father—who is a broken-down ex-prizefighter to the world, but a great hero to his son. Not even the lovely lady who turns out to be his long-lost mother can coax the boy from his touching allegiance to his dad. Jackie Cooper, the greatest actor on the screen save Charlie Chaplin, plays the part of the boy, and walks away with our Honor Page for the second time in his brief career. There's comedy, there's pathos, there's a great prizefight, there's everything that is human and real in this grand picture. Wallace Beery is splendid and self-effacing in the title rôle. Irene Rich is charming. See this!



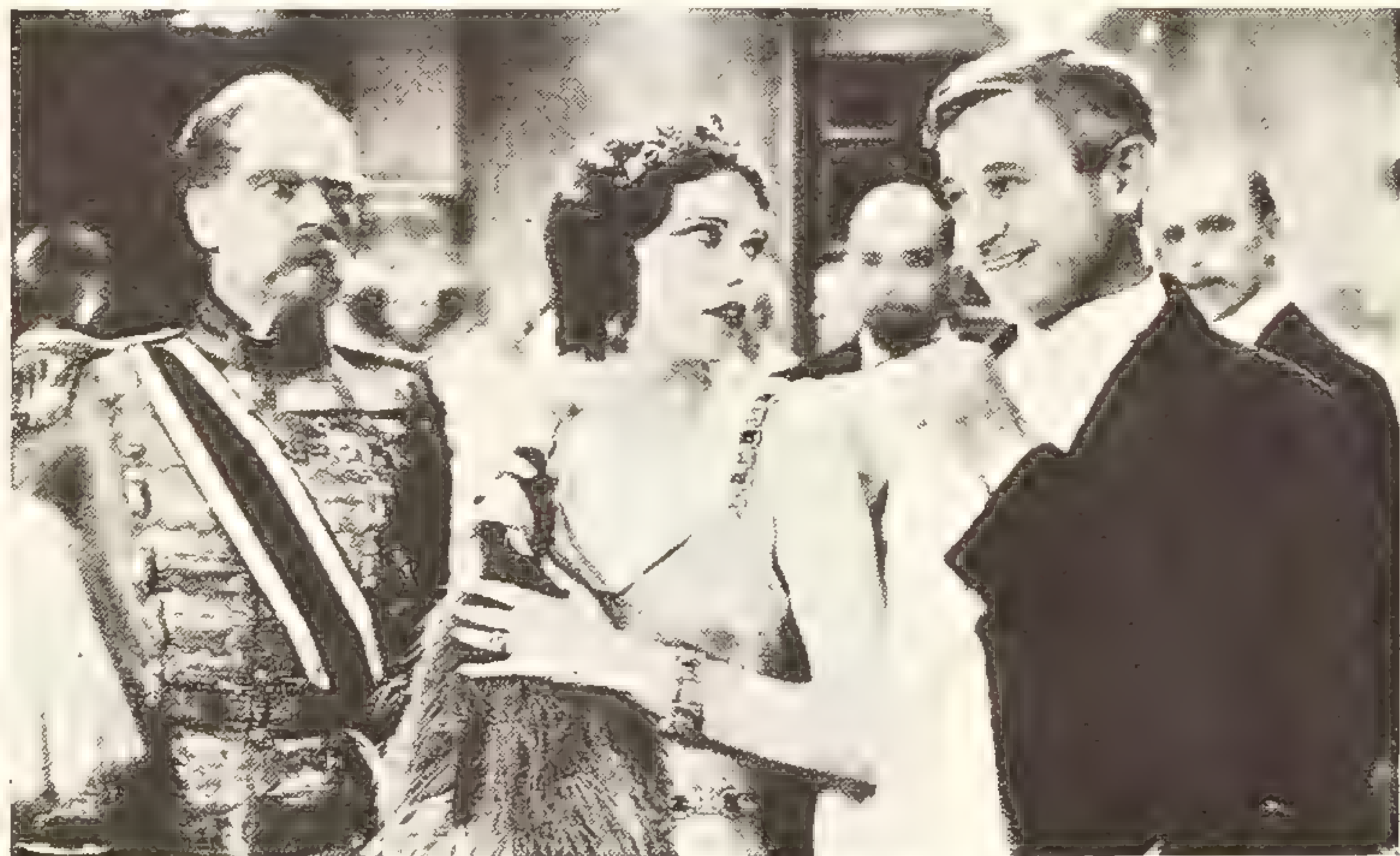
Mae Marsh, Sally Eilers, and James Dunn in "Over the Hill."

Over the Hill

Fox



You'll have a good time at "Over the Hill." What? You think you're too 1932 for this sort of thing? Well, see it and find out just how modern you *really* are. If you can watch Mae Marsh as the little mother without fighting down that lump in your throat; if you can look at the beating of the bad brother by Jimmy Dunn—and not cheer; if you can see Sally Eilers and Jimmy in their love scenes and refrain from a sentimental tear or two—then you don't deserve a good, old-fashioned evening at ye movies. Yes, it's a talkie re-make of the silent classic, with last-minute trimmings. It marks the come-back of Miss Marsh in a touching portrayal. It gives James Dunn another nice rôle—ditto Sally Eilers. There are some appealing and clever children in the cast. Olin Howland is perfect as the mean son who sends his old ma to the poor-house. But then came the Dunn, and all's well.



Will Rogers stars in "Ambassador Bill."

Ambassador Bill

Fox



Will Rogers looks less like Clark Gable or Jimmy Dunn than any other star on the screen. But he is an idol in his own way, and his hungry public will gobble "Ambassador Bill" and beg for more. This is the best Rogers film in some months, with Will expertly cast as a one hundred percent Yankee who brings his homespun virtues to soothe the seething kingdom of Sylvania—just around the corner from Graustark. He proves a pal in need to the nice little boy king, lovably played by Tad Alexander; he comforts the pretty queen, Marguerite Churchill; he thwarts the crooked prime minister—always a 'helpin'. Youngsters will like this picture, particularly the scenes in which *Ambassador Bill* teaches the little king to twirl a lasso, play baseball, and talk slang. Clean? It's got to be clean.

Six Best Pictures of the Month:

THE CHAMP	OVER THE HILL
AMBASSADOR BILL	POSSESSED
STRICTLY DISHONORABLE	
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 MINUTES	

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month



A scene from "Possessed," with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford.

Possessed

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



Glamorous entertainment, thanks to a brilliant performance by the star, Joan Crawford, the presence of Clark Gable, and the magnificent mounting. As a moral lesson, "Possessed" can't be recommended. (Just a hint to parents with growing gals who take the movies seriously.) Joan plays a small-town factory girl who comes to the big city to find that the wages of sin is health, wealth, and the pursuit of Clark Gable. The drama occurs when our heroine learns that she is standing in the path of her man's political career, and bows out—only to have him follow her. And why not? Joan never looked more beautiful, with her hair its rightful shade, her gowns gorgeous, her talents in trim. Gable takes second place here; it's not much of a part for him. This film is Joan's—all Joan's. Give Gable a better chance next time, Leo, old lion.

Ten Best Portrayals of the Month:

Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"
Wallace Beery in "The Champ"
Will Rogers in "Ambassador Bill"
Mae Marsh in "Over the Hill"
Olin Howland in "Over the Hill"
Joan Crawford in "Possessed"
Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable"
Richard Arlen in "Touchdown"
Jack Oakie in "Touchdown"
Eric Linden in "Are These Our Children?"



"Around the World with Douglas Fairbanks."

Around the World in 80 Minutes

United Artists



Thanks, Doug! And when I say "Doug," I mean the one, only, and original Doug—Mr. Fairbanks the first. He is the youngest star on the screen today. And his high spirits, his naïveté, his humor, his boundless—and bounding—energy are on full display in his first travel film, in which he grins and gabs his way around the world. Fairbanks has found a new career for himself—he loves to travel, he knows everybody worth knowing, he likes them, they like him. His camera has caught scenes and celebrities never before photographed. He is no snooty *de luxe* traveller. He likes to get tired and hot and dusty; he also likes to play golf, and does. Get the family; go to see this.



Lukas and Sidney Fox in "Strictly Dishonorable."

Strictly Dishonorable

Universal



Here's a delicious comedy. If you saw the stage play by Preston Sturges from which the film was made, you'll be surprised and pleased and probably even touched to discover that the screen has taken the best of the play, thrown away the worst, cleaned it up for family consumption, and yet retained the original "Strictly Dishonorable" flavor. Don't ask me how they did it. I only know that the picture is well worth seeing—a gay, modern, fast-moving entertainment. Paul Lukas has his first real sensational chance as the interesting grand opera baritone who meets the fair flower of southern girlhood in a Manhattan speakeasy, announces that his intentions are "strictly dishonorable" and then proceeds to fall very old-fashionedly in love with her. Sidney Fox is adorable, accent and all, as the girl. I mean "ado'able."

SISTERS

under the CHIN!



The stars can tell you that the real "danger line" is the line of the throat and chin. Here's what to do about it!

By

Margery Wilson

PILLOWS are just scenery in Hollywood! The voluptuous, luxurious, downy, silky, satiny, lacy, fluffy bolsters and pillows that make the stars' beds resemble those of fairy princesses are, after all, just props. They are never used except for decorative purposes or to serve as background in publicity stills. The inviting pillows are grimly piled on the nearest chair and the feminine star snuggles down to sleep on an honest-to-goodness baby pillow as flat as a pan-cake and not much larger than an air-mail stamp. For she wants to keep her throat slender and her chin single and firm!

The stars can tell you that the real "danger line" is the line of the throat and chin. Rupert Hughes has spoken of age as "Time, that old thug, who always grasps a woman by the throat before he chokes her to death!" And the camera warns stars of twenty-five and even less that they can't be careless about their chins.

There's nothing like sleeping on a baby pillow or no pillow at all to avoid double chins, heavy necks, and dowagers' humps. Oh, don't you know what a dowager's hump is? Pardon me! It's that bulge at the base of the neck in the back which is developed by women who read in bed, their heads propped at an angle of forty-five degrees by at least two good-sized pillows. It is also to be found on all well-bred hippopotamuses. And it isn't very attractive on lady or animal. Get a mirror and see if you have one. They begin often at the age of sixteen.

Many and mysterious are the means of preventing such things happening to the throats, chins, and backs that are worth big money in Hollywood as long as they are lovely. There are also ways of getting rid of the "collar of years" that accumulates around and about the neck, if we are really in earnest.

And what is good for prevention is also used in the cure, so I'm talking to the whole family!

The most important thing is correct carriage of the head, posture. For no matter what sort of treatment you give your neck, if you continue in a bad posture you may as well save your energy.

See that your head sets back on your shoulders; now let your chin come forward a little and up a little. There, now, doesn't that do nice things to your neck and chin? It gives you a look of poise—a patrician air. It makes your head look as if it really were a part of you instead of something hung on rather badly as an afterthought.

But if you still prefer to look up at the wonderful man from a lowered head, as Constance Bennett sometimes does, be sure to keep your chin well out, the Bennett way. Don't bury it in several folds of your throat as the average girl does when she lowers her chin.

In sewing, or reading, use some means of keeping your work high rather than in your lap where you have to double up to get at it. Use a lap table, which may be one of the fancy ones with a newspaper tilt, or just a simple board that reaches across the arms of your chair. One girl I know lacquers and decorates thin boards for this use to give to her friends. Lacking these, I'll let you use a pillow in your lap when you sew or read. At last a sensible use for a pillow! Once you try it you'll always do it.

If you get into the habit of good posture while you're still young, your beauty problems will be half solved as you grow older. For when the head and chest are held correctly, the nerves are free and uncramped, the muscles in normal position allow a good blood supply that keeps the eyes bright, the skin fresh and the brain clearer. How's that for a big reward! So much for the future. If you want to look happy, alert and keen for the moment *now* do the same thing—put your head back on your shoulders, chin forward a little and up a little. Youthful! Zestful! Alive!

Theoretically, the thing to do is to keep the muscles of the chin firm, so firm that they simply cannot sag. Cold water is splendid for this purpose, and ice rubbed regularly on your neck will tend to keep it taut and smooth. If you can attach your shampoo hose to the cold water

OUR BEAUTY AND CHARM SCHOOL!

Consult Miss Margery Wilson when you wish advice on beauty problems. She will help you—not only is she a leading authority on charm, she's a real beauty herself, and knows whereof she speaks! If you wish a personal answer, please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Miss Margery Wilson, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



The great Garbo and the little extra are sisters under the chin! Not every woman can have a chin-line as lovely as Greta's—but every girl *can* keep her throat slender and her chin single and firm. Read Margery Wilson's advice—and follow it.

vigorous treatment may break the tiny veins. I'm going to repeat that—do not pat the face too heavily, not even to reduce it, for broken veins are unsightly on any kind of a face. But on your double chin you may use all the energy you care to punish yourself with. You can surely whip it into submission.

Along with the destruction of the fatty tissue under the chin the skin loosens as a natural accompaniment and special attention must be given to keeping it tight. A good astringent will do this for you if it is properly used. Never put a strong astringent on your skin without preparing for it. The shock of too quick a contraction is liable to be followed by a spasmodic laxity. One extreme invites another. Using cold water or ice, followed by a mild astringent, you may safely work up to the strong astringent.

To get quicker results here is a suggestion that only a few will act upon. Having finished your pats and having used ice and astringent, tie your chin up before you go to bed—pardon the repetition—without a pillow!

Nearly all the prominent beauty experts sell a chin-strap for that purpose and they are splendid *if* they fit. They can be made to order especially for you. Some of them are impregnated with an astringent herb that pulls things together all night. When its strength has vanished it may be sent back to the maker to be fortified with fresh herbs.

In the meantime, take a silk stocking, cut off the foot and tie it around your chin and over your head. You may look as though you had the mumps but the muscles of your chin and face will be lifted and held firmly all night by the caressing pressure of the silken mesh. In case your husband objects, you can wear it about the house when no one is looking. It slips off instantly.

A girl must be fully aware of the value of her youthful appearance before she takes measures to preserve it. Lovely, gorgeous youth! The

Nineteen-thirty-two girl is clever. She knows that life is not a bed of roses. She knows you can't get something for nothing. She knows that if she lets disillusionment and disappointment eat her heart, it also hardens and lines her face. She knows she must clear out of her mind and body every destructive thing, for she wants to be as fresh and up-to-date as the new petticoats and panties with ruffles on them.

The modern girl knows that competition is sharp, but that she can best get there by fitting herself rather than fighting others.

The girl of today is able to play and laugh and *think* all at the same time. That's (Continued on page 128)

faucet and let it play on your chin and throat before you go to bed—without a pillow—you will probably not need any other weapon to keep age away from your "danger line." Let the cold water play on your face, too.

But if you already have a double chin and a thick neck, the only thing to do is to "spank" it away. Little polite pats will have no effect on it. Only vigorous, stinging blows will reduce the offending chin. Deliver these slaps with the back of the hand. Count them—one for every night you've slept on a pillow—ouch!

While patting is good for the face, be careful to soften the stroke as you come up on the face for here the blood vessels are much closer to the surface and a too

Vocal Girl Makes Good

Estelle, still going song,
tries to choose between
stage and screen rôles

By

Arthur McArthur



"Bizet days may be ahead for me," sighs Estelle, who has just been offered the part of Carmen for a screen opera, after finishing a triumphant vaudeville tour.

SHE used to be known as one of the most amusing girls in the movies: fresh and breezy and impudent, always good for a chuckle. Lately, as you may have heard, Estelle Taylor has had her ups and downs—the latter, as usual, being more widely publicized than the former. And how does the whole Jack Dempsey episode, as it fades into history, leave Estelle?

It leaves her one of the most amusing girls in the movies: fresh and breezy and impudent, always good for a chuckle!

No, there is little comfort from her direction for the good souls whose taste runs to rue, ashes and shattered hearts. "Are we downhearted? Phooy!" is Estelle's attitude toward the whole business. "I'm just as good a mixer as I ever have been. Yes, I know a lot of dear people thought I ought to hie me to a nunnery or

something; but if you ever catch Estelle doing anything like that it'll be a new hie for all time!"

Just now Miss Taylor is an undecided brunette. Ho, ho! fooled you that time! It isn't her hair at all, but the rest of her future, that she's undecided about. The question that's puzzling her at the moment is: New York and the stage, or Hollywood and the screen? And you can go home thanking your stars that I didn't call this story "A Taylor Two Cities."

What a fix for a girl to be in! Here she's just completed a ten weeks vaudeville tour of the biggest cities at a fairly spectacular wage; and now a persistent old stage producer keeps waving a musical comedy rôle at her on one hand, while on the other hand an equally importunate screen producer besieges her with the part of *Carmen* for a screen opera.

"So it's up to me to choose," explained Estelle. "Of course, I am very fond of pixies—"

"And just what have little elves to do with all this?" I demanded.

"You apprehend me inaccurately," she replied, with simple dignity. "I am referring to the moving pixies!"

"But now that they've decided I have a voice," she went on, "I think it would be fun

to take a turn on the musical comedy stage, and see if I can't make them feel sorry."

Estelle is like that—always belittling Estelle Taylor. Having heard her sing three or four songs in the theatre before going around to her dressing room, I had decided that the gal, while no Jeritza, certainly did have a voice. But it was hard work getting her to admit it. Her light-hearted attitude toward her own talents is summed up in the flip remark she is credited with making to a Chicago audience in the early days of her tour. "First you paid to see me while I was learning to act in the movies," Estelle informed them. "Now you're paying to hear me while I learn to sing!"

Then take her acting on the screen (but you probably have already). Of her performance in "The Unholy Garden" she moaned: "I couldn't do a really good job in that picture; maybe it was (Continued on page 116)



That ingratiating Irishman, Pat O'Brien, with Irene Dunne in "Consolation Marriage."
Yes—that's "Mike" coming between them!

Pat and the "Mike"!

Here's the latest Irish story. Blame O'Brien

H EARD the latest story about Pat and Mike? It was all over "The Front Page" last year and since then it is one of Hollywood's best stories. How one Pat O'Brien, late of Broadway triumphs and years of tramping, made one of those instantaneous hits over the microphone in the part of the dynamic newspaperman *Hildy Johnson*, and since then has been one of the talkies' best bets.

Even the way he got the part would make a best seller. It was on the rehearsal night for "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," which was to open on Broadway in several days with Pat O'Brien in a leading part, that a long distance call came from Hollywood.

"Hear you played in 'The Front Page' company on the road," buzzed the wire.

"Right!" admitted Pat.

"Can you come to Hollywood to play *Hildy Johnson*?" queried the 'phone.

That was a sticker! Pat had played the editor, *Walter Burns*, but he neglected to mention that. He accepted, got a friend to pinch-hit in the Broadway show, and sped to the West Coast. Only when the talkie was half finished did he admit stretching the facts a little and admitted he played *Burns* and not *Hildy Johnson*! But who cared then? And who cares after seeing Pat in the show?

Brought over-night to movie fame—yet his success wasn't won over-night. It came after several



Broadway successes, after years of tramping, of barnstorming all through the south, after weeks of stock company and tramping the great white way looking for jobs. Now that he has come into some measure of his own and movie gold, he's taking it big, indulging in some perfectly human gloating—full of chuckles. For as Pat himself says, "You may be in possession of all five senses, but it's the sixth sense that's important. And that's a sense of humor." And everything Pat does is colored by that sixth sense!

Here's a chuckle at some of Pat's gloating. About to do a big scene on a movie set he caught sight on the sidelines of a man he once applied to for a job. The man looked over his polished desk and summarily turned him down. Now Pat called: "Hi, there! I'm sure glad to see you. This is my big scene. Watch it closely and tell yourself there is the man you wouldn't hire!"

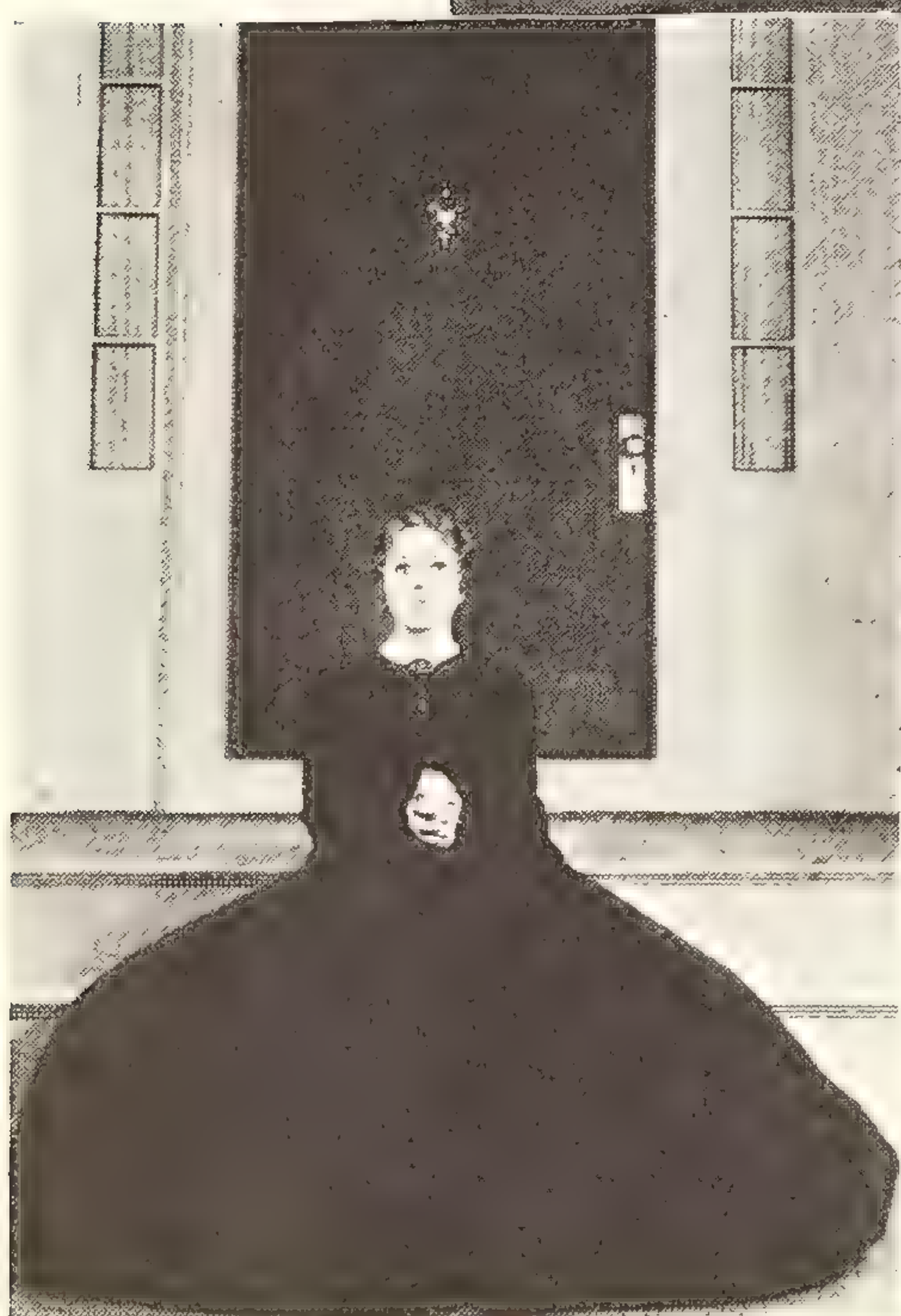
There is the time he was sold down the river, as they say, to a studio and sent to New York for a picture. He met one of the minor executives on the lot, a man he knew who asked Pat where he was staying. Pat told him at the St. Moritz. The friend seemed to think Pat was splurging a little.

"Sure we are," said Pat. "Call the hotel and you'll find Mrs. O'Brien ordering caviar with six butlers bringing it in. We don't pay for it. You do. Once I sneaked in here through some underground passage to beg a test (Continued on page 103)

By
Marie House

Nazimova as Christine, the mother, in Eugene O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra," is superb.

Van Damm



The portrait of Lavinia, played by Alice Brady, is memorable in the Theatre Guild's production of O'Neill's tragic trilogy.



The Stage in Review

Great plays on Broadway, "caught"
by our famous critic

"Mourning Becomes Electra"

FOR all its defects of length and a too-insistent obtrusion of its Greek model, with a tendency on the part of the players to act in an automatic way, "Mourning Becomes Electra," by Eugene O'Neill, produced by the Theatre Guild, must be voted an Event in the annals of the American stage. When I read it in script form I pronounced it a "colossal masterpiece." Nobody but O'Neill could have written this drastic incision into the inhibited New England soul.

The story concerns the doomed Mannon family of a small New England town. Christine Mannon poisons General Mannon, her husband. She shoots herself after her son poisons her lover. The boy commits suicide. His sister, Lavinia, is the great character in the play.

Stiff, hard, revengeful in the hands of Alice Brady, the portrait of Lavinia is memorable, marred only by a tendency to a too wax-like imitation of the classic *Electra*. But Nazimova as Christine, the mother, is superb. She is the one perfect, pathetic, appealing, human portrait in the long 14-act play—too long by far. The other parts were played too automatically with the exception of the Captain Brant (Christine's lover) of Thomas Chalmers. He

was movable in his portrayal in his every scene.

"Mourning Becomes Electra" does not to me equal those other four masterpieces of O'Neill, "The Emperor Jones," "Strange Interlude," "Lazarus Laughed" and "Desire Under the Elms." Nevertheless, it is a memorable play.

"Reunion in Vienna"

Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne fairly hit the stars in Robert E. Sherwood's "Reunion in Vienna," produced by the Theatre Guild. No such perfect, gay, scintillatingly brilliant comedy has been seen in years. It uncovers every laugh-bubble in you and sends the seas of merriment thundering up and down your what-is-it, washing away every atom of megrims.

Lunt as an Austrian Grand Duke, a bold, bad, brutal, necking, ranting, drinking, amiable, romantic fellow, simply smashes all records hereabouts for character acting. And Lynn Fontanne, as the wife of a celebrated psychoanalyst that the Grand Duke comes to Vienna to reclaim as his mistress (and gets what he wants) never looked handsomer or acted with a more knowing suavity. The love-scene on a couch in the second act—

By
Benjamin De Casseres

well, go see it! It's nothing like you ever even imagined.

Minor Watson as the husband was fine, and Henry Travers and Helen Westley helped toward one of the greatest, most glorious and tickling nights I ever spent in a theatre.

"Brief Moment"

Alexander Woolcott got the whole town out on this latest Behrman show. Like Mr. Broun, he's a fat deb. In this sophisticated and, in spots, highly entertaining comedy of New York's swanky bootleg-cabaret-millionaire-polo set Mr. Woolcott plays a combination of Willis P. Sweatman, Oscar Wilde and a dyspeptic La Rochefoucauld. He reclines on a lounge while he punctures the universe with some wise and witty remarks.

The play, which boasts of Francine Larrimore, Robert Douglas, Louis Calhern and Paul Harvey, bristles and breezes around the woes of a millionaire saxophone player who married a torch singer. It all winds up in Foxlot style. I liked that sentimental bootlegger put on by Paul Harvey. La Larrimore looked and acted well. And what a picture this should—and probably will—make!

"Cynara"

For a fine mixture in equal measures of sentiment, romance, humor, cynicism and drama it would be hard to beat "Cynara," by H. M. Harwood and R. E. Gore-Browne.

It is a study in the man who didn't want to and the little girl who loved him so passionately she committed suicide when the man's wife came back from the Continent. It touches the heart and the very quick of life profoundly. There are no "bad" and "good" people in this play. It is something straight out of life. Domi-



Francine Larrimore plays a torch singer in "Brief Moment," directed by Guthrie McClintic, who is also a screen director.

nating the whole catastrophe, which ends in a coroner's room, is the brilliant, cynical wit out of the mouth of *Henry Stephenson*, the kind-hearted husband's *Mephisto*.

The hit of the show is an English actress, Adrienne Allen, who plays the shopgirl who loved simply and fatally the married barrister. She has restraint and the gift of the compelling tear. Philip Merivale as the reluctant husband who was seduced by the girl (so beautifully and tenderly!) was at his best, as was Phoebe Foster as the wife. A brilliant, filling play! A superb picture for some intellectual director.

"The Social Register"

It was, as I said once before, Saint Anthony who achieved his famous triumph over Libido in the desert because Lenore Ulric did not appear before him.

In "The Social Register," by John Emerson and Anita Loos, made from the latter's "Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," Lenore is the whole show. Unlike the Lost Lenore of Poe's "The Raven," this Lenore stages a come-back

when she, as *Patsy Shaw*, one of Earl Carroll's nautches, gets mixed up with the ultra-ultra Park avenue set. There is a Rich Boob in love with Patsy. Family tries to frame her. But Pat floors 'em.

It's funny in spots, pretty thin, and is a thousand miles from "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." But it's a show—for there is La Ulric to make old boys young again. Sidney Blackmer is her leading man.

"Louder, Please"

The talkies take it on the chin for the third time in Norman Krasna's "Louder, Please"; but that chin is made of steel, for the night I was there I saw a lot of picture executives and publicity drum-beaters (*Cont. on page 108*)



"Cynara" stars that popular actor, Philip Merivale, as a reluctant husband.

An English actress, Adrienne Allen, scores in the rôle of a lovely shopgirl. (Left.)

Phoebe Foster is at her best as the wife in this brilliant play. It's a hit! (Right.)



Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks— and Proud of it!

What Mary Pickford is
really like—today

By

Betty Shannon

Mary's favorite rôle is that of Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Right now she is doing over "Pickfair" from tip to toe, and having the time of her life doing it.



WHEN Douglas Fairbanks gets back from chasing tigers and riding elephants and maybe escaping bandits in India and Mongolia and Manchuria, he will hardly know "Pickfair," the Fairbanks and Pickford Beverly Hills home.

"Pickfair" is all being done over from its tip to its toe. The beach house is being renovated. And the new guest house will be finished when he returns.

And in the meantime, Mary—in the rôle of being very much Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—will have a perfectly grand time supervising the redecorating, and being as domestic as she pleases—which, she has learned of recent years, is just about as domestic as possible.

In between making a picture on the order of "Tess of the Storm Country," which Miss Pickford considers her best. And gets, I hope, a great deal of fun out of the new red evening dress without any back which she bought in New York.

Before she and Douglas married, and the organization of her own company made it possible for her to say how many pictures she would or would not make a year, she had always been too busy professionally to give her home-making tastes wide range. She did not even have the experience of the usual child which has its quota of work to do around the house. Her theatrical life began, of course, at the early dishwashing age of most little girls, and she was playing the boards while they are playing house.

In fact, Miss Pickford says that one of the reasons why she has not made more pictures the past few years is that she has been so busy keeping house, entertaining, answering telephones and giving orders. Difficulty in finding suitable material has been only one of the reasons why Mary Pickford fans have had to mourn her infrequent appearance on the screen.

It is the same old story that every woman with a house on her hands knows about, whether it is a tiny one or a palace. And Mary just loves it, in spite of the details.

"I come down singing like a lark every morning," she told me, "because I am so happy to live in a house like mine. I love every room and everything in them, and I get up early just to walk around and look at things, before the telephone begins to ring. I love being home at night too, reading. One thing I've learned on my visits to New York is that I'm not a 'Night Life' person."

"One of the things I have been learning"—the mistress of "Pickfair" is one of these people who will always be learning things—"is how important it is for a woman to have a background. It is far more important for her to have a home in which she can entertain and be her best than it is for a (Continued on page 104)



A NEW Hollywood blonde? Guess again! She is your little old friend, Mary Pickford—pretty as ever, and about to star in a new picture.

In the Forbidden City, Peking. Fairbanks leaps around the world and takes us with him. His travel films are great stuff!



Doug and his party starting for a tiger shoot at Cooch Behar, in northern India.



Above, a scene from the first Fairbanks travel film, "Around the World in 80 Minutes."



**Douglas Fairbanks
goes on another
"travelogue
vacation"**

**Goodbye, Hollywood!
Hello, World!**



Russell Ball

THE title of Ann Harding's new picture just fits! It is "Prestige"—and this lovely blonde lady has lots of it, all honestly and brilliantly earned.

Gloria!



John Mieble

A new picture, a new husband, a new career! The new picture is "Tonight or Never." But there's always a "tomorrow" for Gloria Swanson. Her latest film is a sensation; it presents her in her finest rôle. See her in a scene with Melvyn Douglas, above. Her husband, Michael Farmer, is young, handsome, devoted—there he is, at the left. "Gloria Swanson" has bowed out in favor of Mrs. Michael Farmer, but we hope she will come back to Hollywood—"tomorrow."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

GABLE with his hair brushed! He was in no fighting mood when this portrait was made—but just wait until you see him in "Hell Divers." Wow!



Howard Hughes-United Artists Picture

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Billie Dove and Chester Morris in "COCK OF THE AIR"

A Sweet Study in Fashion Accessories!

Our Teacher: Miss Leila Hyams

Leila Hyams wears a black velvet, train-finished gown with a beaded over-blouse carried out in white beads that graduate to black beads on the flaring peplum. Her wrap—at the right—has a luxurious ermine collar bordered with black fox.



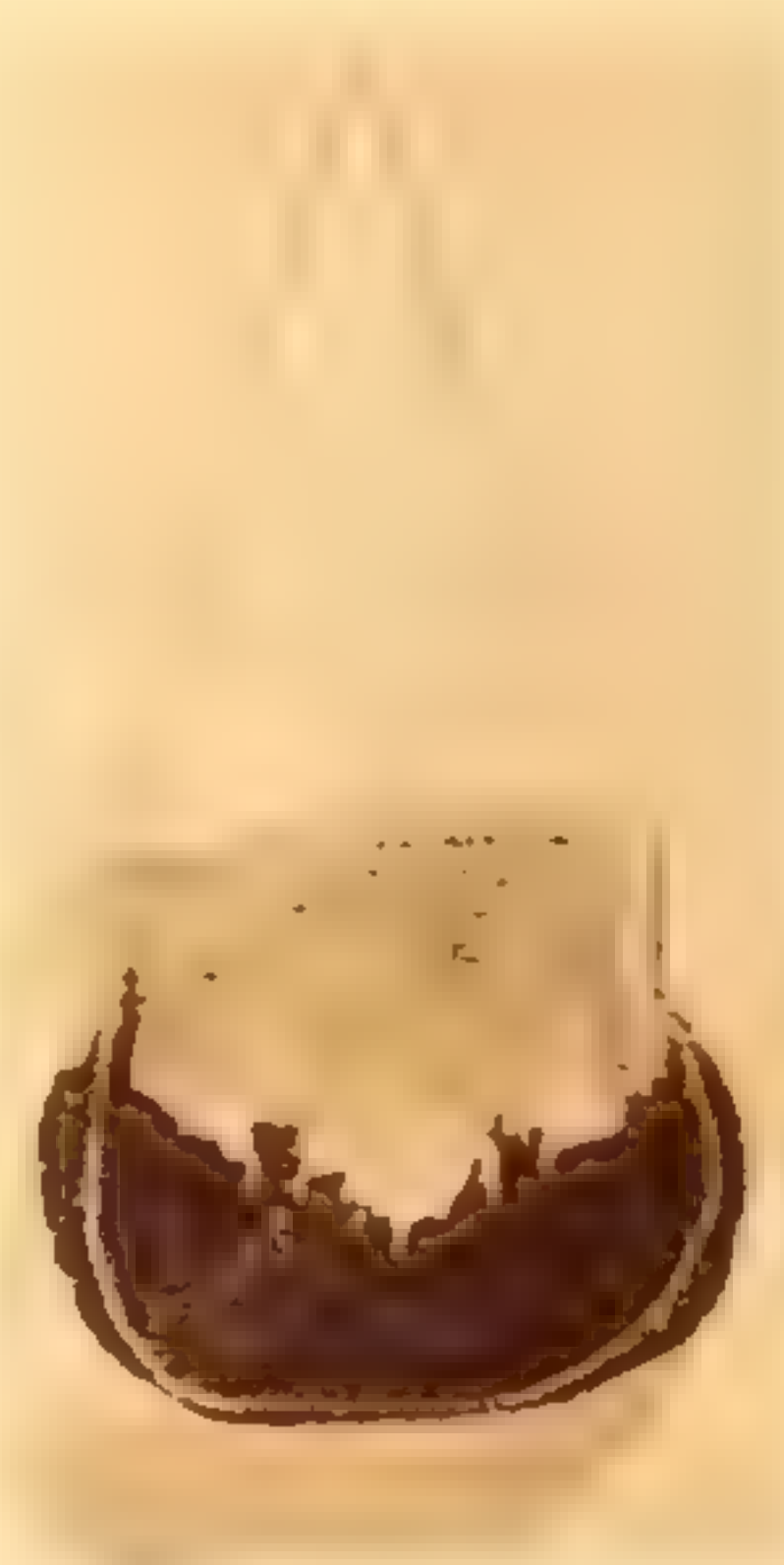
*Photographs by
Clarence Sinclair Bull*



Above, the quaint and charming crystal necklace and matching earrings which Leila Hyams has chosen to enhance her evening ensemble.

Accessories are important, and Leila knows it. Here are her gloves—black—for this costume.

And here is the evening bag, carrying out the black and white bead design of the blouse of Miss Hyams' gown.



Black velvet opera pumps complete the black and white ensemble effect. Please note that the jeweled buckle is small and smart!

A Pretty Blonde—A Pleasant Afternoon— and The Correct Clothes!



There's nothing nicer than a "dressy" cloth suit, says Leila Hyams. Hers has wide fox fur elbow-cuffs, and she wears with it a drooping-brimmed hat.

Clarence Sinclair Bull



In the panel above, note the accessories Leila has chosen to complement her suit. They include a gold and jeweled necklace of the "antique" type, brown gloves, brown purse and matching brown pumps with an ornamental buckle. Leila knows that, with those splashy fox fur cuffs, her accessories should be as simple as possible.



Important for Sport!

What girl wouldn't go in for the big outdoors in a whole-souled way if she looked as smart as Leila Hyams? Here's a hint: get yourself one of these suede leather jackets, a jersey skirt, the low-heeled, laced oxfords below, the white pigskin perforated gloves above, and the battle is more than half won! And don't forget the gay little beret!



Bull





The velvet suit with its brocaded and fur-edged blouse, and circular ankle-length skirt worn by Leila Hyams, left, calls for smart accessories. See the gold necklace and the wrist-length suede gloves.



Leila's envelope purse which she carries with this costume is black velvet with a crystal ornament, discreet and dainty.



Black suede slippers of the simplest and smartest possible cut are correct with the elaborate "Sunday night supper" ensemble worn by Miss Hyams.

Bull

That "Sunday Night Supper" Ensemble

Marion's New Paris Clothes



"Angel-skin" crêpe fashions the evening gown by Redfern brought back from Paris by Marion Davies. The enchanting little jacket is American Beauty velvet, with collar and interestingly flared cuffs of ermine.

Here's how that fur collar of Marion's suit looks when she wants to turn it into a hood! She wears it in "Polly of the Circus."



Clarence Sinclair Bull



Also by Redfern is this clever suit of dark blue with green checks. The lynx collar becomes a hood at a moment's notice. Note that Miss Davies wears her skirts at a sensible length.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Here is a sports dress chosen by Marion on her European vacation. It's of gray wool with a lovely green-printed scarf arranged around the throat and caught under a diagonal slit in the blouse and under the waist-line belt. Her brimmed hat of gray felt with its green feather is from Rose Descat.



An idea to toy with—and perhaps to copy! If you find that the sleeves with their lavish bands of fur are inconvenient when dining or dancing, make use of Dorothy Jordan's idea of attaching the fur to the gloves, and removing at will!





Black wool and white ermine—a dashing combination as Dorothy Mackaill wears it. The vest of the fur is awfully smart; note, too, the deep fur sleeves. Dot's hat is a tiny brimmed affair of black and white wool.

Miss Mackaill is a convert to the evening pajama. She gives as her special reason this ensemble of green satin, cut very full to resemble a dress. The triangular girdle and bolero jacket are of rose, green, and silver metal cloth. In the picture at the left, Dorothy is wearing the jacket. Smart, isn't it?





SHE may be the Marquise La Bailly de la Falaise de la Cou-
draye to some people, but she is always going to be little
Connie Bennett to us!



Ray Jones

THIS is the smile Lew Ayres will wear when, some time in the not too far distant future, he assumes the new and thrilling rôle of father!



Bert Longworth

WE'VE liked this lad for a long time. And after "Touch-down" we are prepared to prophesy that Arlen will hold his own against the Montgomerys and Gables.

ARLEN MINUS MAKEUP

Here's a picture of Dick, absolutely unretouched!

By
Evelyn
Ballarine

"THE first day I got in New York I stepped into a taxi—the driver recognized me and asked me where I'd left my horse!"

Richard Arlen speaking. "And I haven't made a western in over a year! But, somehow or other, people still associate me with those good old 'hoss operas.'

"I'm through with those six-shooter stories," he continued emphatically. "But I'm going to go gunning after the next guy that mentions western pictures or horses in my presence."

Dick Arlen, if you met him in the street, might strike you as a college sophomore. He has youth, charm and good looks—and in spite of all that, he has intelligence. And besides that, he's a regular guy.

This was his first visit to New York in seven years and he was as enthusiastic as a schoolboy. The vast crop of skyscrapers, in particular, gave him a huge kick. "I wanted to crowd in as much sight-seeing as possible in as many hours as possible. Boy, the big-town certainly did change since my last view of it. I looked over everything from the Empire State Building to Grant's Tomb. But I got so weary. I passed a toy shop and saw some dogs lying around in the store. The animals looked so tired and sleepy and I felt so sorry for them and myself

that I immediately got a dog-complex and bought a half-dozen of them and we all went home to sleep. Just a small town boy in the big city."

Just then Regis Toomey hove in sight and Dick called him over. And introduced him as Jack Oakie! Toomey grinned. The two boys are

pals. In fact, they had "Charley Horses" together when they made "Touchdown." And there's nothing like a "Charley Horse" to strengthen friendships. (There we go speaking of horses again. Sorry, Dick.)

Arlen has had as rough a time making pictures as some of the long-suffering heroes he has portrayed on the screen. He broke his wrist while making "Beggars of Life," thereby saving Louise Brooks from a bad fall. You see, he's a hero off-screen, too! A broken arm was the result of his strenuous work in "Burning Up."

Worse still, when Dick made "The Border Legion," Eugene Pallette accidentally shot a gun in his face. He was in the hospital for about sixteen days and went through the painful process of having the powder removed from his skin and now Dick is forced to use makeup on his face for the screen. His skin photographs too dark without it. "And that hurts—gosh, you can't imagine how I hate having that goo all over my face," said Richard with a woe-begone expression.

"You didn't think I liked making some of the pictures I've had to grind out, did you?" We hastily assured Mr. Arlen we didn't. "I'm tired of being the 'good boy' of the lot. I wanted badly to play in 'Young Man of Manhattan,' and it took me a long time to get over losing (Cont. on page 129)

Richard Arlen didn't trust the porters with his important luggage. The little lady he is taking for a ride is Jobyna Ralston Arlen. Dick made the trip to New York for the purpose of appearing in "Wayward" with Nancy Carroll.



Critical Comment



TOUCHDOWN

Paramount

Hurrah for our side—we always knew Richard Arlen had the stuff and in "Touchdown" he proves it! The picture is all his, even though Jack Oakie is prominently and comically cast. This is the best football picture we ever saw. The story is adult—it deals with the buying and building up of players. See it and cheer! Arlen will be the "new" rave!



THE RULING VOICE

First National

Walter Huston is a white-collar rajah of racketdom in this one, which has its thrilling moments showing us the "system" of making merchants pay for protection. Doris Kenyon upsets the Big Shot's lawless operations, leading to a startling climax. Love interest is by Loretta Young and David Manners, and very nice, too. Miss Kenyon is, as always, more than charming and capable.



ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?

Radio

Distinguished by a superb performance by a new boy, Eric Linden, this film is worth seeing. But be warned—it's heavy and depressing. Wesley Ruggles wrote the story and directed, and he has done a good job. He gives us his slant on some of our high-school boys and girls, and points thunderous morals. The clever cast of good-looking young folks deserves your applause.



THE AGE FOR LOVE

United Artists

Billie Dove's "come-back" picture proves one thing—that there's a place for this lovely and clever actress. Not even her present unconvincing vehicle can dim the lustre of her very natural and charming performance. She plays a successful working girl who gives up her career for love, then gives up love for her career, and then—but see it. Edward Everett Horton helps a lot.



THE CISCO KID

Fox

Warner Baxter in his popular rôle of the O. Henry character is the reason for seeing this one. It's not another "Old Arizona," but if you like Baxter at his romantic best you'll find it fairly entertaining. Once again Edmund Lowe plays a big-hearted Sergeant, at odds with the *Cisco Kid* over the girl—*Carmencita*, this time, played by the vivacious Conchita Montenegro.



THE MAD GENIUS

Warners

John Barrymore enjoys his rôle and whiskers and you will, too, even if it is the reverse English of *Massa Svengali*. This is the story of a club-footed maestro of the Russian Ballet who endeavors to make his adopted son the dancer he could never be. Marian Marsh is pretty as the girl who upsets his plans. Interesting—that is, if you crave a weird Barrymore characterization.

on Current Films



GIRLS ABOUT TOWN

Paramount

Here you have two of the "three best-dressed women in Hollywood" in one picture. Kay Francis and Lilyan Tashman wise-crack and look lovely as two gold-diggers with hearts to match. This comedy is aimed right at the box-office and frankly achieves its purpose. Joel McCrea is the handsome heart interest. You'll like Eugene Pallette and Lucile Gleason, human and humorous.



HER MAJESTY, LOVE

First National

Marilyn Miller is prettier than ever, and she is also becoming a better actress. This picture begins as a charming Viennese extravaganza, then goes top-heavy with the draggy plot. But there's plenty of romantic atmosphere; W.C. Fields is funny, Ben Lyon is fine, and it's all good clean entertainment. Too bad the talents of Leon Errol, Ford Sterling, Chester Conklin are wasted.



THE YELLOW TICKET

Fox

Good, hearty melodrama of the weighty type, with one of the best casts of the month. Elissa Landi does by far her finest work; Lionel Barrymore tears into his powerful part as a mean baron; while Laurence Olivier, young actor from England, gives an ingratiating performance that puts him in the front ranks of leading men. You'll have a thrilling time. Recommended.



CORSAIR

United Artists

Here's a real movie. Action, action, more action—it never lets down for a minute. Chester Morris plays a college hero turned hijacker, fighting with *Big John*, (Fred Kohler), king of the rum-runners. There's excitement all the way. It's a movie most men will like. The love interest is always secondary, even though pretty blonde Alison Lloyd, ex-Thelma Todd, is the girl.



CONSOLATION MARRIAGE

Radio

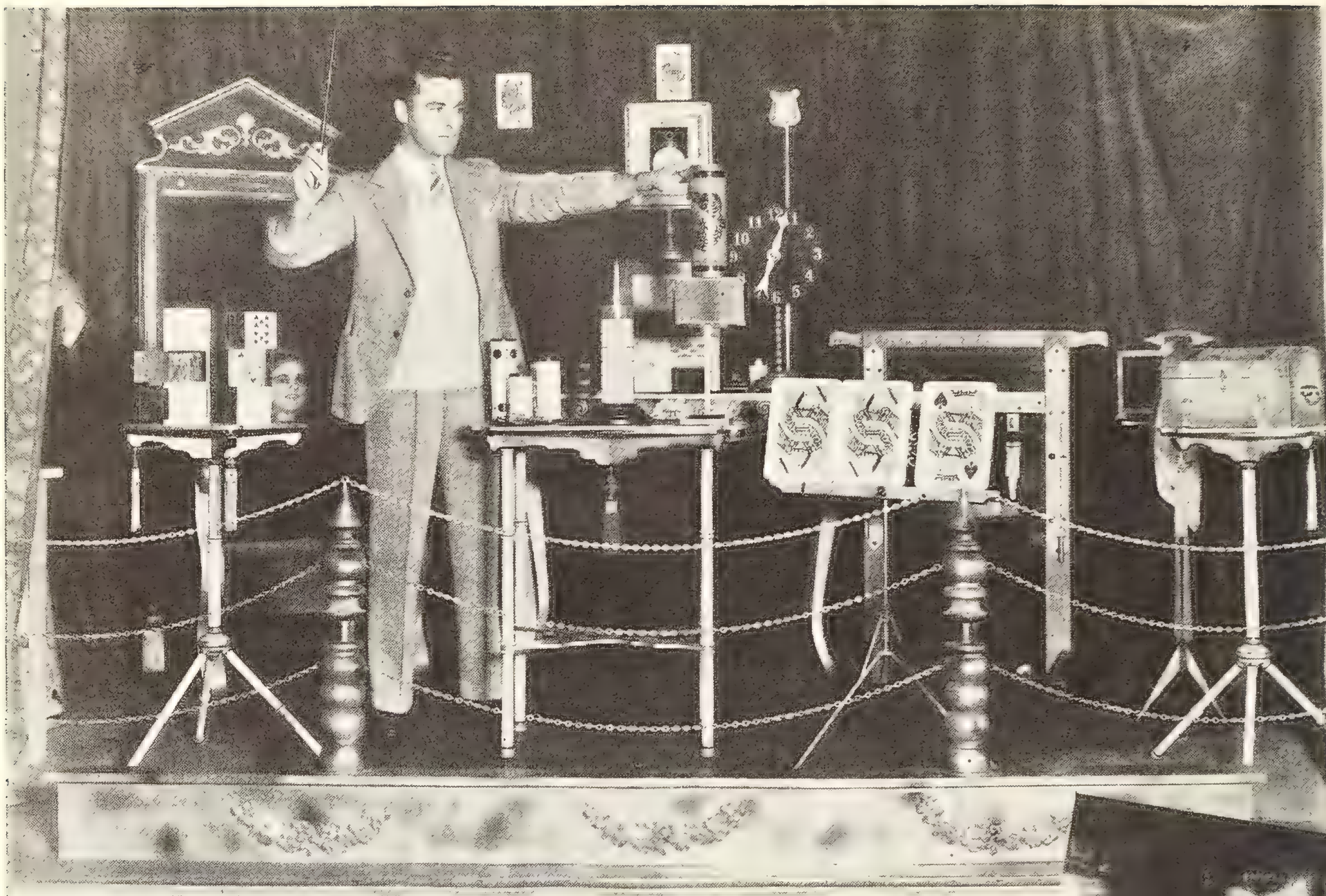
Two very charming people—Irene Dunne and Pat O'Brien—make a slender story interesting. There's more than a dash of "Rebound" and "Smart Woman" in this comedy-drama of marriage problems. The delightful Miss Dunne gives an appealing performance, and O'Brien brings all his exuberance to his part. Myrna Loy is decorative, John Halliday and Matt Moore likeable.



ONCE A LADY

Paramount

It seems there was a Russian girl named Anna, who is really Ruth Chatterton decked out in amazingly unbecoming clothes. Marrying Geoffrey Kerr she moves in on his sedate English family, each member equipped with frigidaire. Anna keeps saying, "You tr-r-ricked me!" and darned if he didn't. Unworthy of our Ruth. Ivor Novello and Jill Esmond are grand.



Presto! "Professor" Hamilton, with all the paraphernalia of the professional magician, gives a demonstration of his art before the Los Angeles Magicians' Society in their Little Theatre of Magic.

TO THE movie-going public, Neil Hamilton is a screen lover, a handsome and debonair young fellow who plays heroes opposite Joan Crawford and other famous stars. But in his own little circle he plays a rôle even more interesting. As a practised magician, he loves to perform the most baffling of sleight-of-hand tricks for his friends. So skilful is he that, if he were to take his "bag of tricks" on the stage, he might prove a formidable rival for Leipzig or Thurston or Dante or Blackstone.

For years sleight-of-hand has been Hamilton's hobby—ever since, as a small boy, he learned to "vanish" a coin by snapping it up his sleeve. He was a friend of the great Kellar, when that famous magician, retired from the stage, made his home in Los Angeles. From Kellar he learned many tricks, as well as from Floyd Thayer, who builds the great illusions for the professional magicians and has a big "magic factory" in Los Angeles.

Hamilton, like the professional magician, presents his tricks with carefully rehearsed "patter," and never does a trick until by careful rehearsal, usually before a looking glass, he has made it perfect. His repertory runs from the simplest parlor tricks to baffling illusions that would grace the act of a Houdini. He has a vast library of magic in which are the works of Hoffmann, Thurston, T. Nelson Downs, Goldston, Houdini, and other writers on the gentle art of illusion.

He is a member of the Society of American Magicians, to which all leading magicians of the world belong, and of the Los Angeles Magicians' Society.

SCREENLAND, knowing that among its readers are many who take a keen interest in magic and sleight-of-hand and would like to be able to do baffling tricks to entertain their friends, has induced Neil Hamilton to conduct a course through its pages.

He will give lessons in the art of magic, going into the subject from the ground up. He will teach you how to

Neil's "coming-out" party. The sleight-of-hand expert is about to perform his "handcuff escape." This was one of the favorite tricks of the master, Houdini.



perform tricks of magic—how to use the right "patter," or talk, to make them effective, and how to cultivate the art of misdirection.

Sleight-of-hand, when properly done, is no mere collection of "parlor tricks." With a little spare-time study and practise you can acquire a repertory of magic stunts that will absolutely amaze your friends and add a novel fillip of zest and amusement to any gathering. Coins vanishing and reappearing in the oddest places; cards and dice misbehaving strangely; handcuffs and chains being reduced to ineffectuality by the wave of an arm—these are tricks that can be made to baffle the shrewdest observer and yet are easily learned. And they're no end of fun!

Hamilton's articles, the first of which is printed in this issue, will be of the utmost value to the amateur—and will perhaps even help the professional!

NEIL HAMILTON'S

Magic Corner

Want to flabbergast your friends? Then follow these easy lessons in sleight-of-hand, given by a screen star who is an equally accomplished magician. Here's Lesson No. 1

By
Neil Hamilton

THE amateur magician, before he begins the study of any trick, should learn something of the reasons why a trick is mysterious, why it is entertaining, and how it is effectively performed.

Properly presented, a simple trick may be astounding to an audience, and, improperly performed, an elaborate trick may fall flat and its secret readily guessed by that same audience. In other words, it isn't what you do—but how you do it—that counts.

The magician, to make a trick convincing, must practice it until its motions are second nature, and present it as if he really believed that it was a miracle. In other words, he is in effect an actor playing the part of a magician.

Another thing to bear in mind is that the adage about the quickness of the hand deceiving the eye is a myth. Misdirection is the real secret. You have to direct the attention of the audience to what you want them to see—and AWAY from what you don't want them to observe.

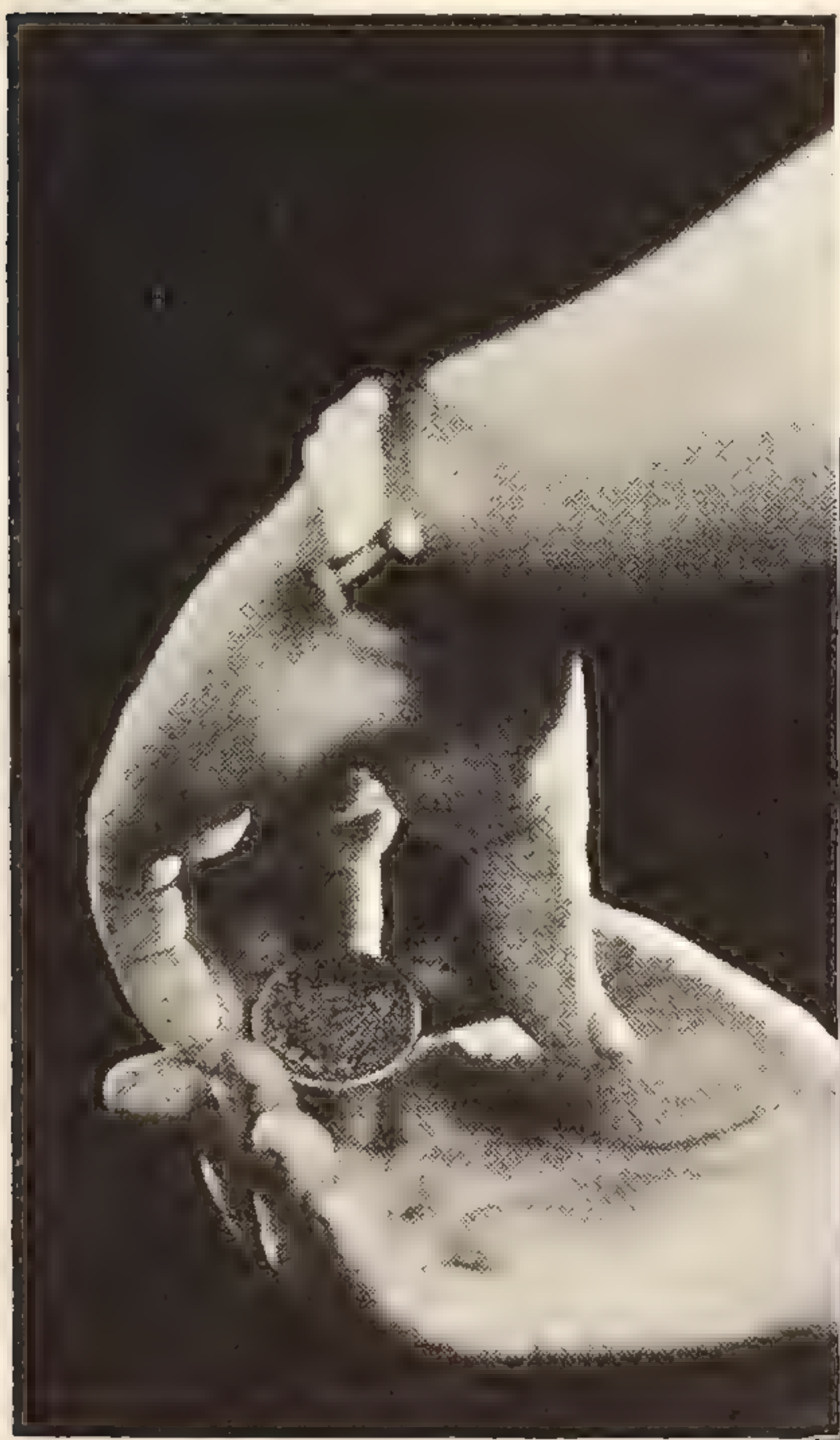
As an instance—suppose you want to “vanish” a coin.

You exhibit it in your right hand, held by the edges between thumb and second finger, palm down. As you direct the audience's attention to it you look at it fixedly yourself, and keep talking, explaining that it is just an ordinary coin, and

so forth. Then bring the left hand over it and close the fingers about it—but, as the fingers close enough to prevent the coin being seen, let it drop into the palm of the right hand.

Then let the right hand, holding the coin, drop carelessly, while the left fist, supposedly holding the coin, is held aloft with a flourish—THE EYES OF THE PERFORMER FOLLOWING IT. Keep gazing fixedly at it and wiggle the fingers as if rubbing the coin away—and the audience's eyes will remain on that empty hand, while you can, with the other, drop the coin unobserved in the pocket—especially if you turn so that the right side is away from the spectators. After a little rubbing, slowly open the hand, still fixedly gazing at it—and show the coin gone.

The idea is—if you follow something with your eyes, the audience will usually do the same thing. Of course, practice the trick before the mirror. The idea is that your hands must simulate exactly the real act of picking up the coin and holding it aloft. The audience, used to associating the removal of the coin from one hand to the other with the motion you do, is misdirected into thinking you have done the natural thing. And by keeping your attention on the empty hand and drawing theirs to it, you keep their attention away from what you (Cont. on page 121)



That's where his money goes! Here are two simple steps in Hamilton's "vanishing coin" trick. Read how it's done.



And here's the bewildering coin-and-glass trick. Now it's there—now it's gone! But it's really quite simple.



Quick, Henry, the Glycerine!

Here's one way a movie actress gets hot! Dorothy Mackaill, making scenes for "Safe in Hell," has to do some perspiring in the picture, so Director William Wellman rises to the occasion by spraying her face with glycerine. It makes beautiful perspiration, standing out on the forehead in big, agitated drops. Notice Nina Mae McKinney, who's in the picture too, trying to keep out of the deluge.



Irene came into her youth along the banks of a great river, but a childhood escape from drowning filled her with a dread of water. Since then—but read the story!

Ol' Man River's Stepchild

Irene Dunne is no water baby. Here's the reason—and a new slant on Irene!

By
James M. Fidler

DOWN along the waterfronts of cities that perch on the banks of rivers, there is a breed of children known as river urchins. They are the young of shantyboat dwellers, born and reared on the shores of rivers; children who learn to bathe in muddy river water before they ever hear of tubs and showers. Their parents toss these urchins into the water early and they learn to swim even before they can walk. Wise parents, they know the youngsters will tumble into the river, and they teach them how to fight their way to safety in the event of such accidents.

One must have lived on the waterfront to be able to interpret the early life of others who spent their childhoods there. One must understand the language of the river and one must appreciate that the swirling, eddying rivers are like live things to be loved or hated or feared. I lived on the waterfront and I love the river. But I understand why Irene Dunne fears the same river I love—the grandest of all rivers, the Mississippi, Father of Waters. Although Irene did not live on the river, nor near it, her grandfather was a builder of boats and during her childhood, whenever Irene visited him, she spent carefree weeks playing on the banks of the mighty

Ohio and Mississippi Rivers.

Miss Dunne is a strange anomaly. Although she made her début in society at the old Chicasaw Club in Memphis, one of the most exclusive social centers of the Southland, and her childhood friends numbered some of the wealthiest and oldest families, she was likewise the chum of many

river urchins. Even before she reached her 'teens, Irene was democratic and wise enough to be equally at home with both classes.

As a girl, she knew the chill of flood times, of bursting levees. She had heard the piteous whimperings of helpless animals, floating down the eddying, dangerous current when the rivers were at their highest and when they washed away houses and barns and people and beasts. And today, the woman reflects in her character much of the simplicity and strength of character and mystery of that great Father of Waters, the Mississippi.

Despite a childhood spent on the river banks, Miss Dunne can not swim. She fears water. "The tragedies of the floods and the great Slocum disaster are the reasons," she explains. The Slocum disaster was a water tragedy that occurred in the East River, New York. An excursion steamer, loaded with (Continued on page 112)



The Leap Year Girl. Judith Wood leaps right over old 1931 and into 1932. Oh, well—Judith Wood! You'll see Judy soon in "Working Girl."

WILD celebrations in the Harold Lloyd household! The incubator heir can not only say "Da-da" but has two new teeth! In fact, his young Highness, who only weighed a trifle over two pounds at birth, celebrated the tenth month of his life by tipping the scales at 17 pounds, going talkie, tickling his own toes, and treating the family to wide smiles that exhibited the aforesaid teeth.

And he thereby made the front page of half the newspapers in the country.

Fond and boastful parents have a competitive time at parties in Hollywood these days. They almost have to have a chairman with a gavel to let 'em all have a fair turn at the floor. The Reginald Dennys, the Ben Lyons, the John Barrymores, the Neil Hamiltons, the Harry Bannisters, Helen Hayes, Marlene Dietrich, et al., all vie with one another to tell cute things about their precious mighty atoms. Even Irene Rich brags about her clever daughter playing her first rôle on the stage back East, with Francine Larrimore in "Brief Moment."

Oh, yes, Hollywood is going domestic and parental with the same wholeheartedness that it does most things!

Lionel Barrymore used to be the ugly duckling of the

SCREEN NEWS

Hot-cha-chatter! Get it from our Coast correspondent, who snoops to conquer

royal family. Since he won the award for the best piece of acting of the year for his rôle in "A Free Soul," however, he has been able almost to patronize brother John. We will have two Barrymores, John and Lionel, in a picture together, "Arsene Lupin." That ought to put 'em on their mettle. A case of out-Barrymoring Barrymores.

You won't see Lawrence Tibbett in another picture for months. After "The Cuban Love Song" it was concert tours, and now he starts rehearsing for the Metropolitan Opera Co. That will last until May. So the best we can hope for is a new picture around next Thanksgiving Day.

Oh, yes, and talking of Laemmle, Jr.—there are three young ladies who enjoy his escort to parties—Sidney Fox, Sylvia Sidney, and Anita Page.

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., decided not to make that second travelogue after all—at least, for the time being. After setting sail on a tour that was to embrace Morocco, Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, China and Manchuria, he was beset by homesickness, cut the trip short, and returned to Pickfair. He'll soon be off again, though, if we know our Doug!

Telephone girls on the Universal lot wallowed in their very first grand première recently, at \$5 per. Sidney Fox was the fairy godmother. Here these girls had been seeing and serving movie stars for years, yet they deemed it the best thrill of their lives to visit a grand première and stand around the lobby gaping like any tourist!

Frank Albertson, who now gets co-featured in "Racing Youth," had tried to break into the movies for years. It was when he was standing in line at the Fox studio that a call came for someone who could ride a horse. Frank was it, and out he hopped. He was only an extra that day, but he has played real parts ever since. He's an automobile racer in "Racing Youth."

Bela Lugosi tells us that a city of 50,000 inhabitants has been built on his Hungarian estates. Now does Bela receive the taxes or how does glory like that work out?

Bachelors are scarce in Hollywood, as distinct from grass widowers, so Universal brags about having three *bona fide* specimens—Leon Adams (formerly Waykoff), Andy Devine, and James Flavin. Needed competition in the second-hand husband market.

With St. Valentine's Day in the offing and Dan Cupid being covered as usual with his frequently undeserved honors, let's observe some of the young man's recent machinations.

For instance, is he or is he not prepared to accept full responsibility for Gloria Swanson's new romance? Think how that girl must have thought she loved Michael Farmer of Paris to risk rushing maritally into his arms before the decree from the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye was signed. Talk about your hot-headed youngsters. And Gloria such a poised sophisticate, too!

And, of course, the presumption is that Gloria considers Michael vastly superior to (1) Wally Beery, (2) Herbert Somborn, (3) the Marquis. The pluck of the girl. Most of us give up after we've sunk for the third time!

But Cupid has been playing tricks with the Marquis, too. On the very day the divorce decree was final, his lordship was encountered slinking into the Los Angeles courthouse, craving the final signatures on that document. They made him bring Connie in person to get the license, and she was plenty mad! A day later he proudly and pub-



They took a flyer! This picture of Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller was snapped just after their return flight from Yuma, Arizona, where they flew to get married.



The Oakies—and the little acorns. Jack's sister, Mrs. G. A. Lindbergh, and her two daughters, Evelyn and Virginia, came out to Hollywood to visit Jack and Mother Oakie.

licly escorted Constance Bennett to the Academy banquet, which was tantamount to an announcement under the circumstances. Next day Connie was dodging questions artfully and assured us she didn't believe in elopements. You all know by now that Hank and Connie were married on Sunday, November 22, at the home of the George Fitzmaurices.

See how persistent Dan Cupid is. He pulled a boner when he handed Connie her first spouse, Chester Moorhead, and that marriage had to be called off in 1923. Next he allowed Connie to wed Phil Plant, who, when he was returned to circulation in 1929, had to pay Connie a million dollars. There is a little three-year-old Peter in charge of Connie's mama—an adopted baby. There was an interval during which Cupid seemed to be hesitating between Joel McCrea and Hank for Connie's third choice, but Hank seems to have won with hardly a struggle.

Tom Moore was another chap for whom Cupid encompassed a third chance. He and Eleanor Merry were married in October at Tia Juana, another one of those impatient love matches. But if one interviews Dan Cupid on the subject of Alice Joyce and Renée Adoree, whom the young gentleman once considered perfect mates for Tom, he changes the subject hastily.

Another poor girl that Cupid as been practising on through the years is Dorothy Mackaill. She recently became Mrs. Neil Albert Miller, wife of a young man who is long on crooning and short on vivid personality, just a nice, small-town boy. It's Dorothy's second attempt to discover love's young dream. Her first was Lothar Mendes, the director. There were hesitant intervals with (1) Walter Byron, and (2) Colleen's ex-spouse, John McCormick. Cupid had a time making up his mind.

Or consider Marjorie Rambeau. She was originally one of the reckless dears who experimented in marital happiness with Willard Mack. Next Cupid tactfully steered her to Hugh Dillman, also an actor.

With barefaced impudence the little muddler has now argued her into marrying Francis A. Gudger, a nice rich Arizona business man, and into promising to give up her career forever! Marjorie gave her age as 39 years, and acted 20 during this flutterful period. It seems they were school sweethearts long ago.

Walter Huston has been inveigled into overlooking a past bungle by Cupid. He married Ninetta Eugenia Sutherland, in his attorney's office just before Thanksgiving. His first try was with Bayonne Whipple, who, at Reno earlier in the year, placed Cupid on record as a no-account little meddler.

Irene Rich shook a fist at Cupid early in November, when she said an emphatic goodbye to David Blankenhorn, real estate man, after four years. Both she and David had two children—his boys, hers girls. But it was not the kids that begged to differ.

David was Irene's third attempt. Her first was Elvo Deffenbaugh, her girlhood romance. Next came Major Rich, a charming person with sketchy ideas about finance. David was understood to be nice and rich, but nevertheless his woes with Irene were mostly about money. The 1929-30 flurry intervened, you see, and Irene objected to becoming a mere checking account.



A not-so-poor little Rich girl. Frances, daughter of Irene Rich, made her New York stage debut in "Brief Moment," with Francine Larrimore. See you in the movies, Frances.

Another tiresome rift within the lute appeared in the Lowell Sherman-Helene Costello ménage. These two were married in 1930, with the Barrymore clan and sister Dolores helping in the celebrations. It was Cupid's second offense as far as Helene was concerned.

New enterprises on the part of Dan Cupid include Richard Dix, one of Hollywood's rare perennial bachelors for years, who took to wife Winifred Coe, a strictly non-professional; Grace Moore, the fascinating Tennessee opera singer, of Jenny Lind fame in pictures, who married Valentin Parerra in Cannes and brought him to Hollywood in November; and John M. Stahl, the director, who slipped off to New York and married Mrs. Roxana McGowan Ray, a nice non-professional.

Richard once told your correspondent that he would never, never marry an actress. Then when the girls started ragging him about it on the set, he retracted and retracted. But now

he brags Winifred doesn't know a dashed thing about pictures and hoorah!

Grace Moore met her Valentin romantically in the second class cabin on the ocean liner Ile de France. She was down there arranging for a ship's concert. She and the young man fell in love at first sight. She was thrilled that she had seemingly found love in unexpected places. He was equally marveling that such a sweet,



Here's beautiful Billie Dove, who was chosen, appropriately enough, to play in "Cock of the Air." She's a real aviatrix.

And right next, even more appropriately, is that air-minded young director, Howard Hughes, whom, it seems, Billie may marry after all.



dashing girl should be apparently traveling second class.

Then on the night of the concert they found they were really both first class passengers, and Valentin was alarmed to discover his lady love a prima donna. You know, "Merely Mary Ann" stuff in which fair heroine turns out to be heiress instead of lodging house drudge. Valentin is an actor, famous in Spain, speaks almost no English, and they apparently adore each other.

Lily Damita admits to having been engaged to be married at least ten times. The current beau is a gentleman with the staple name of Sid Smith, described as a "wealthy New Yorker," brother-in-law to the Vanderbilt clan, at whose house they met. Since then Smith has followed the fair Lily around, even unto Hollywood, and it may be that Cupid will hop in and aid him yet.

Especially since Cupid evidently did not work with proper enthusiasm for Prince Ferdinand of Germany, who even came to Hollywood and tried to get work here, so as to be near the fair Damita. He had to leave, *sans* work, *sans* Lily, and we hear he is working for Henry Ford in Detroit.

Lily tells us Sid is "a charming boy, very smart, maybe I marry him, maybe I don't," which, of course, seems to lack decision; but you never can tell.

You cannot expect Frances Marion, brilliant scenario writer, to consider Cupid any great shakes. She has just parted definitely from her fourth spouse, George Hill, the director. There were two marriages for Marion prior to the late Fred Thompson. We have sort of noticed that the year Frances wins prizes and things for super-scenarios, she is apt to begin losing husbands. Maybe the stories prove too powerful competition.

What has Cupid in store for Russell Gleason and Maureen O'Sullivan? He seems to be concentrating in that quarter these days.

Also, which of course may not be Cupid's affair at all, Carole Lombard insists she is not going to have any babies until she finishes her career.

Arline Judge, the attractive, competent little person who was recently wed



Oops! Beg pardon! Sylvia Sidney, who's been making scenes for "Ladies of the Big House" all day, tosses a mild hint to the director that maybe it's time to quit.

which Lubitsch is directing might easily be this superior vehicle. But now—"Oh, I may as well go on," sighs Nancy. "And anyway, Bolton is only disgusted when I have to be away from him. If I only do two pictures a year it need not be so bad."

Marriage *versus* career stuff, you see.

A naughty somebody secretly recorded a hefty argument between Pola Negri and her director on the set of "The Woman Commands." They added a little violent storm music—and then amused the studio people by running the record. Ho, hum. The flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra la, had nothing to do with the case.

Maurice Chevalier, winning all hearts with personal appearances in Los Angeles, says his golf is really very good but the American clubs are not yet used to his French drives and putts.

He and Doug Fairbanks played golf together. Doug is not at all sure what Maurice's French remarks meant under stressful circumstances. He hopes it was something about hands across the sea.



Ralph Bellamy has just been cast in "Circumstances." Remember him in "The Magnificent Lie?"



Meet one of the very newest Hollywood stars. Her name is Carol Laemmle Bergerman, and she's entertaining her grandfather, Carl Laemmle, Sr., of Universal. Carol says that if Grandpa is good to her she'll help him become somebody in the movies.

All Chinese of one name consider themselves relations, we are informed. Well, there are 42 Wongs working on the set as extras in "The Shanghai Express" with Dietrich and Anna May Wong, so Anna is being daily assured "Me, I'm Wong. Me your cousin."

The Motion Picture Academy was curiously in error when it supposed that 2000 very famous screen people had gathered to hear speech-makers tell us about pictures being in their infancy, pictures bringing entertainment to millions of people, pictures being of great educational value, etc., etc., far into the 1 A.M.'s. I mean speeches like that lasted five solid hours, yes, really.

And 200 newspaper publishers from all over the country were there and what they really wanted was to get a good look at Marlene Dietrich in her high-necked black velvet dress, escorted by Von Sternberg; to be allowed to stare frankly when Constance Bennett flitted across the hall with Henri de la Falaise de la Coudraye; to crane their necks at Marie Dressler and Norma Shearer, and so on.

And I don't believe they would have minded if there hadn't been a single speech!

The girls knew how to make it snappy. When Norma Shearer presented Marie with that award for the best piece of acting of the year in "Min and Bill," she said it tenderly, proudly, in three sentences. And Marie replied in two, ending with, "I feel so important that I think Mrs. Dolly Gann should get up and give me her chair."

You will recall that Dolly Gann is the vice-president's sister and once staged quite a fight for her social status in Washington—and won! Vice-President Curtis was Hollywood's guest of honor.

Both Marie and Norma hovered on the verge of tears at this emotional little moment—Norma in expressing the love, Marie in receiving it.

The only other bright spots at that heavyweight banquet were Lawrence Grant's witty toast-mastering; George Arliss's speech conferring the acting award upon Lionel Barrymore, and the editor of the *Little Rock Gazette*,



Marilyn Miller sits, smiles, and looks her loveliest—but it's Ben Lyon who steals this picture with his imitation of Eliza crossing the eyes. They're together in "Her Majesty, Love."

Arkansas, who, as a Democrat amongst Republicans, explained how "Us Democrats can't hardly wait until election time," and went on from there in a brief naughty speech that gave the stars the best laugh of the evening.

Otherwise it was five hours sitting on dubious seats and ruining that spot on velvet gowns which can be so

painfully noticeable. Velvet gowns, ahem, are marvelous for standing in. Ask Dietrich.

A mean landlord refused to let them keep a dog in their apartment so Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers are buying a house in Beverly, where it is hardly decent *not* to keep a dog.

Which reminds us. Edward Everett Horton has gone in for kennels in a big way—pedigreed dogs galore, aristocrats all. He held another of his Sunday morning breakfasts recently (which begin about 11 and include banquet fare, not omitting liquid ambrosia), and admiring the dogs was part of the entrance fee as it were. There is also a gorgeous swimming pool which he has christened Doug—because it was built out of the money Doug paid him for "Reaching for the Moon." Eddie's house is like that—grand things added after every profitable picture.

Did you think Myrna Kennedy had



"Frankenstein!" Sounds like a hot dog and a glass of beer, but it's really the name of this gruesome monster so weirdly portrayed by Boris Karloff.

Loretta Young wears this sports outfit of rough wool in a black and grey mixture. The tightly belted coat has a tailored collar and large patch pockets. Note the black beret and black purse—and, in the oval, the low-cut oxfords of black calf with contrasting toe and heel.



taken the veil or something? Remember her in Charlie Chaplin's "Circus?" Well, she hasn't worked for a year, but she's coming back in style in "Lady With a Past," with Constance Bennett.

In the meantime James Hall has been a constant consolation. We kind of expect announcements when Jimmy gets back from the East.

Joe E. Brown is annoyed. He not only had to open his mouth for a dentist last week, gratis, but darn it, it cost him \$25 next day as well.

Another joke on Joe at a grand première last week. Small girl rushing towards him in the lobby with autograph book wide open. Joe assuming the correct, "Certainly, my dear, glad to," expression. But she, rushing right by him, captured Louise Dresser instead. Joe left standing with expensive mouth open, gratis, once more. Mrs. Brown enjoyed that one. No one ever asks for *her* autograph.

Did you know that Edward G. Robinson, screen bad man, never touches alcohol? Teetotaler and all

that. Just another of those movie paradoxes.

Howard Hughes and Billie Dove are being seen together again. There was a period when this romance seemed completely off. During those days Dorothy Jordan, Frances Dee, Mary Brian, and other pretty little things were invited on Hughes' yacht, *Hilda*, but Billie wasn't along. Hollywood wants this affair to come out neatly in the last reel.

Howard Hughes, handsome, rich, clever young man that he is, has one handicap. Most of us have at least one, you know. Howard doesn't hear very well and he resents it so and tries to seem nonchalant about it. One of Billie's charms is the sweet patient way in which she addresses him, full face, so that he can always hear what Billie says. And if there is general conversation Billie will manage to repeat the gist of it, unobserved, so as to save Howard any embarrassment.

Leon Waykoff, who is playing with Sidney Fox in "Murders in the Rue Morgue," is really quite a well-known stage actor, but the studio has decided his name must be changed to Leon Adams. He's quite philosophic about it, even when Sidney teases him wickedly. This is his first picture, but he comes from Broadway where he shone in such plays as "The Wild Duck," "Broadway," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and so on.

When cute little Sidney Fox, five-foot-nothing, came to Hollywood, her guardian, her agent, her manager, all expected her to be beset by dis-





Acme

Thelma Ray, English actress wife of Ronald Colman, from whom, by report, she may soon be separated via divorce. They've lived apart since 1926.

Does this smile remind you of anyone? It's Patricia, five-year-old daughter of Nancy Carroll by her first marriage.

honorable gentlemen, so they equipped her with a chaperone in nice Victorian style. The chaperone has moved now—Sidney finds the Hollywood situation so nearly like that in her first starring picture, "Strictly Dishonorable," with Paul Lukas.

Sidney has adorable baby ways, but a keen little head on her shoulders. She assures us she is such a good housekeeper that her cook holds her in the greatest respect. Back in New York she has an adored mother and a stepfather. "It was good for mother to marry again, she needs to be taken care of," beams Sidney maternally. One rather imagined her arranging the marriage pleasantly to her satisfaction.

By the way, it was clever Cissie Loftus who taught Sidney that piquant southern dialect for "Strictly Dishonorable." Cissie used to be a famous mimic in the long ago and she can imitate any known dialect perfectly. Such a sweet, clever, witty gal, too. She also coached Joan Bennett, Ann Harding,

and Janet Gaynor, the latter for "Merely Mary Ann" cockney.

Marie Dressler is getting into the Doug and Mary class. She is entertaining the sophisticated, beautiful Lady Ravensdale as a house guest these days. Milady is a sister to Lady Mosely, whose husband is so important in British politics.

Oh, yes, and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grant have been entertaining the peerage, too. Lord and Lady Ebrington arrived with letters of introduction, so Lawrence took them on the "Shanghai Express" set in which he plays with Dietrich, introduced them all around, drove them about to show off our California charms, escorted them to Universal City, and generally did the movies credit in the guise of host.

Lady Ebrington rushed up to Von Sternberg ecstatically—said she wanted to meet him more than anyone. Lord Ebrington, however, did his rushing towards Dietrich.

Lawrence was lucky, for they are a young, charming, dashing couple. Some of the titled nabobs that get landed on the movie people are just stupid old bores, and it's no catch to have to entertain for them.

When they reached the Universal lot, little Sidney Fox was sitting demurely on the set crocheting for dear life. That's how she fills the time waiting around between shots—dozens of crocheted berets and tams for everyone. She says it prevents her getting nervous.

Olga Baclanova, who suffered sadly when talkies came in and terminated her contract with Paramount, made a great hit in a stage play in Los Angeles, called "The Silent Witness." She has not been idle in the interval, you understand. There's the nice husband, Nicholas Soussanin, the lovely baby boy, the marvelous and now perfect English, and, on the side, she managed to lose a lot of money through a fellow Russian promoter. So it was a busy two years.

She looks very beautiful, more so than before. So she will be joining the foreign charmer contingent in pictures again soon. Half a dozen directors were in the house on the opening night of the play, going back-stage afterwards to congratulate her.

Lawrence Tibbett went social and gave, of all things, a tea party. We managed to persuade Lawrence to sing for us. Three songs, with us all crowding round—he's never stingy with that glorious voice of his like some prima donnas we could mention.

There's a puppet show known as the Yale Puppeteers, run by three Yale men, in a queer little Mexican street in Los Angeles. The night they put on "Caesar Julius" which is a naughty skit on



a highbrow bard, Irene Rich and her younger daughter were along, Marie Dressler with her house guest, Lady Ravensdale; Jetta Goudal and her spouse, Harold Grieve, and all sorts of other interesting people. John Barrymore goes there frequently. They have absolutely brilliant counterparts of Doug Fairbanks, Gary Cooper, John Barrymore, Jetta Goudal, which have caught every tiny mannerism and gesture of these famous ones, and the acts they are made to do are delicious burlesques of those notables. They love to see themselves thus puppeted.

Lil Dagover's first picture, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," is regarded as such a success that, even before it is released, Lil has been persuaded to do a second picture. This, however, will be done in February, after she has filled a stage engagement in Berlin.

Latest news is that Mitzi Green's contract with Paramount will not be renewed. This little girl is reaching the awkward age, that none of them seem able to dodge. Also Mitzi is so very precocious for her age, that she seems older than she is. So Mitzi will probably fill in with vaudeville for a spell. She really is a swell kid, but everything conspires to prevent these youngsters remaining natural and simple in this business.

The sudden and tragic death of Robert Williams, who had won so many friends in Hollywood, appearing notably in "Devotion" with Ann Harding, left Pathé in a quandary. He was in the midst of "Lady with a Past" with Constance Bennett. So Ben Lyon was hastily put under contract and filled Williams' place, scenes in which Williams had already appeared being retaken.

Marlene Dietrich missed her first Christmas in Berlin. "Shanghai Express" couldn't possibly be finished for Marlene to flit back to Europe in time, and there were re-takes and all that. But as she has little Maria with her she didn't mind so much. Last year, with the little girl in Berlin, it would have gone hard with Paramount to keep the lady leashed.

Dear old Alec B. Francis, found wandering with amnesia, had been working very hard on "Mata Hari" with Garbo, and was so excited about being in this exceptional picture that his nerves gave out. However, he pulled himself together enough to finish the last sequences and was smothered in congratulations upon his spunk.

Monroe Owsley wasn't so fortunate in recovering from his nervous breakdown so quickly. But he's out of the hospital and taking new tests

for pictures. Here's wishing Monroe the best of luck.

Carole Lombard, who hasn't worked for five months, is now working on "No One Man." Yes—at Paramount, husband Bill's former film home.

Tantalizing! One poor chap whose name must not be mentioned, received a call to a studio to fill a rôle in a hurry. He was told to go away and get his moustache shaved off, secure a brown suit, etc., etc., and get back pronto. When he returned the producer declined to o.k. his engagement and he is out a moustache and a new suit.

Little Lucy Beaumont, adored grandma of the films, was hauled into court by some people who said they had sold her a beach cottage and were demanding \$18,000 for failure to fulfill the contract. But Lucy hadn't signed a thing, hadn't made any payment down, and as, in addition, the plaintiffs got their dates all wrong, the judge decided in Lucy's favor without hesitation.

Wouldn't we all be selling real estate in a large way if there was no need for signing on dotted lines and making down payments to clinch bargains! Still it cost Lucy weeks of worry and when the verdict was given in her favor she fainted away in court from sheer relief.

Mrs. Edith Shearer, Norma's (Continued on page 130)



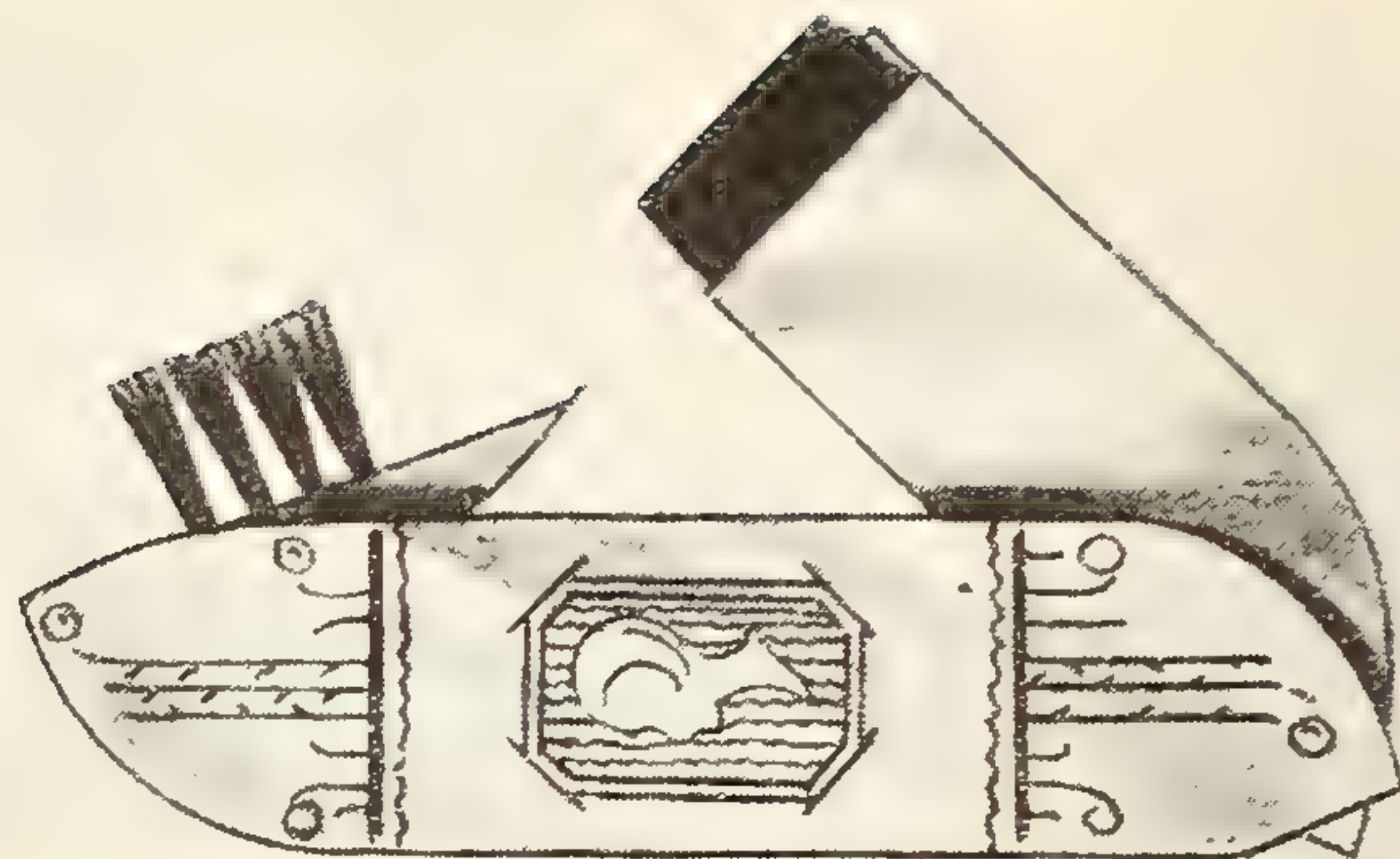
A famous blonde and her brunette sister. Since early childhood Ann Harding's sister, now Mrs. Robert Nash, has always been one of her closest pals.

The Truth about

Cosmetics

News About the Make-up of the Moment

By Mary Lee



Here's a clever contrivance—
it's an eyelash cosmetic and
brush called "Lashpac."

I HAVE a real surprise for you. Another new lipstick! Absolutely different from anything before it and it may change the present method of applying rouge. I mean that adorable, new, black and gold lipstick by Jacquet. They call it a highly appropriate name, "Petit-Point," which immediately makes you think of very exquisite, carefully-wrought things.

"Petit-Point" is a cream rouge in a lipstick case. When you remove the top, you can see a concave metal disk with a tiny hole in center. You give the bottom of the stick a little twist and a point of rouge appears—just enough to apply with your fingertip to lips and cheeks. Thus your rouge is always fresh and immaculately clean, for it is protected from dust. If you have ever dropped your lipstick on the floor you will readily appreciate the advantage of "Petit-Point." It certainly is the last word, and it is not only dust-proof but wasteproof, for you have just a little at a time as you use it.

Isn't that clever? It simply delights me to find ingenious gadgets in the cosmetic trade provided they are really inventive and simplify our efforts toward beauty. This is the only kind that I will record on this page. I almost forgot to say that "Petit-Point" lipstick sells for \$1.00.

The next thing—I feel as if this were sort of a beauty menu, what will you have? is a grand discovery from Paris. Who but the French would ever have thought of combining cream and powder in a convenient tube from which you may squeeze out just the amount you want?

You can use it any time of day, but it is certainly

the most ideal finish for neck, shoulders, arms and hands for evening. They call it "La Velouté de Dixor." I wore it the other night to a charity ball and the debs almost mobbed me in the dressing-room to find out what made my shoulders look so lovely! Nicest thing about it is that it doesn't rub off easily—no tell-tale smudges of powder or liquid-white on black silk lapels. And it is so clean to use—always ready. Their own advertisement says "Remplace la Creme et la Poudre sans tacher" meaning that it replaces cream and powder without mussiness. It's all true!

Here before me is a clever contrivance. Who could resist this novel arrangement for carrying and applying eyelash cosmetic called "Lashpac"? It resembles a pocket knife, one blade holding a thin cake of the cosmetic which pushes up like a lipstick, the other blade being a good little brush. It is small and dainty, just the right size for your purse or evening bag, and is flat enough not to protrude to spoil the line of the bag.

The brush is made of excellent bristles and is very businesslike in spite of its tininess. It is not meant for use in applying the cosmetic. It is used to brush the lashes and the brows *after* the cosmetic has been applied directly from the stick. You'll want several of these for yourself and your intimate friends. They would make nice bridge prizes. Guaranteed to cause much comment and conversation—and costs only a dollar!

This "Lashpac" is put out by the Kurlash people, who make that scissors-like contrivance for curling
(Continued on page 115)



A grand discovery from Paris—"La Velouté." Who but the French would ever think of combining cream and powder in a convenient tube? Ideal for neck, shoulders, arms, and hands—especially for evening.

Casts of Current Films

*Reviewed in this issue

"AMBASSADOR BILL." Fox. Suggested by "Ambassador From the United States" by Vincent Sheean. Screen play by Guy Bolton. Directed by Sam Taylor. The cast: *Bill Harper*, Will Rogers; *The Queen*, Marguerite Churchill; *Ilka*, Greta Nissen; *King Paul*, Tad Alexander; *Lothar*, Ray Milland; *Prince De Polikoff*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *The General*, Arnold Korff; *Senator Pillsbury*, Ferdinand Munier; *Monte*, Edwin Maxwell; *Northfield Slater*, Ernest Wood; *Littleton*, Tom Ricketts.*

"ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?" RKO. From the story by Wesley Ruggles. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Eddie*, Eric Linden; *Mary*, Rochelle Hudson; *Nick*, Ben Alexander; *Florence*, Arline Judge; *Giggles*, Roberta Gale; *Grandma*, Beryl Mercer; *Dumbbell*, Mary Kornman; *Benny*, Robert Quirk; *Heinie*, William Orlamond; *Bobby*, Billy Butts.*

"BAD COMPANY." RKO-Pathé. From a story by Jack Lait. Dialogue by Thomas Buckingham and Tay Garnett. Directed by Tay Garnett. The cast: *Helen*, Helen Twelvetrees; *Goldie Gorio*, Ricardo Cortez; *Steve*, John Garrick; *Buller*, Paul Hurst; *King*, Frank Conroy; *Doc*, Frank McHugh; *Barnes*, Kenneth Thomson; *Emma*, Emma Dun; *Henry*, William V. Mong; *Monk*, Wade Boteler; *Pearson*, Al Herman; *McBaine*, Harry Carey; *Buff*, Tom Kennedy; *Prof.*, Robert Keith.

"BLONDE CRAZY." Warner Brothers. Story by Kubec Glasmon and John Bright. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Bert Harris*, James Cagney; *Anne Roberts*, Joan Blondell; *Dapper Dan*, Louis Calhern; *Helen*, Noel Francis; *Joe Reynolds*, Ray Milland; *Jim*, Edward Nugent; *Rupert Johnson*, Guy Kibbe; *Mrs. Snyder*, Vera Lewis; *Hank*, Ed Deering; *Lee*, Walter Percival; *Four-Eyes*, Charles Levinson; *Bell Hop*, Edward Morgan; *Bell Hop*, William Burress; *Mary*, Polly Walters.

"COMPROMISED." First National. From the play by Edith Fitzgerald. Adapted by Florence Ryerson. Directed by John Adolfi. The cast: *Ann*, Rose Hobart; *Sidney Brock*, Ben Lyon; *Mr. Brock*, Claude Gillingwater; *Mrs. Squires*, Emma Dun; *Connie*, Juliette Compton; *Tony*, Bert Roach; *Louise Brock*, Florence Britton; *Mrs. Munsey*, Louise Mackintosh; *Mrs. Bird*, Adele Watson; *Sandy*, Delmar Watson; *Tipton*, Edgar Morton.

"CONSOLATION MARRIAGE." RKO. From an original story by Bill Cunningham. Adapted by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Mary*, Irene Dunne; *Steve*, Pat O'Brien; *Jeff*, John Halliday; *The Colonel*, Matt Moore; *Aubrey*, Lester Vail; *Elaine*, Myrna Loy.*

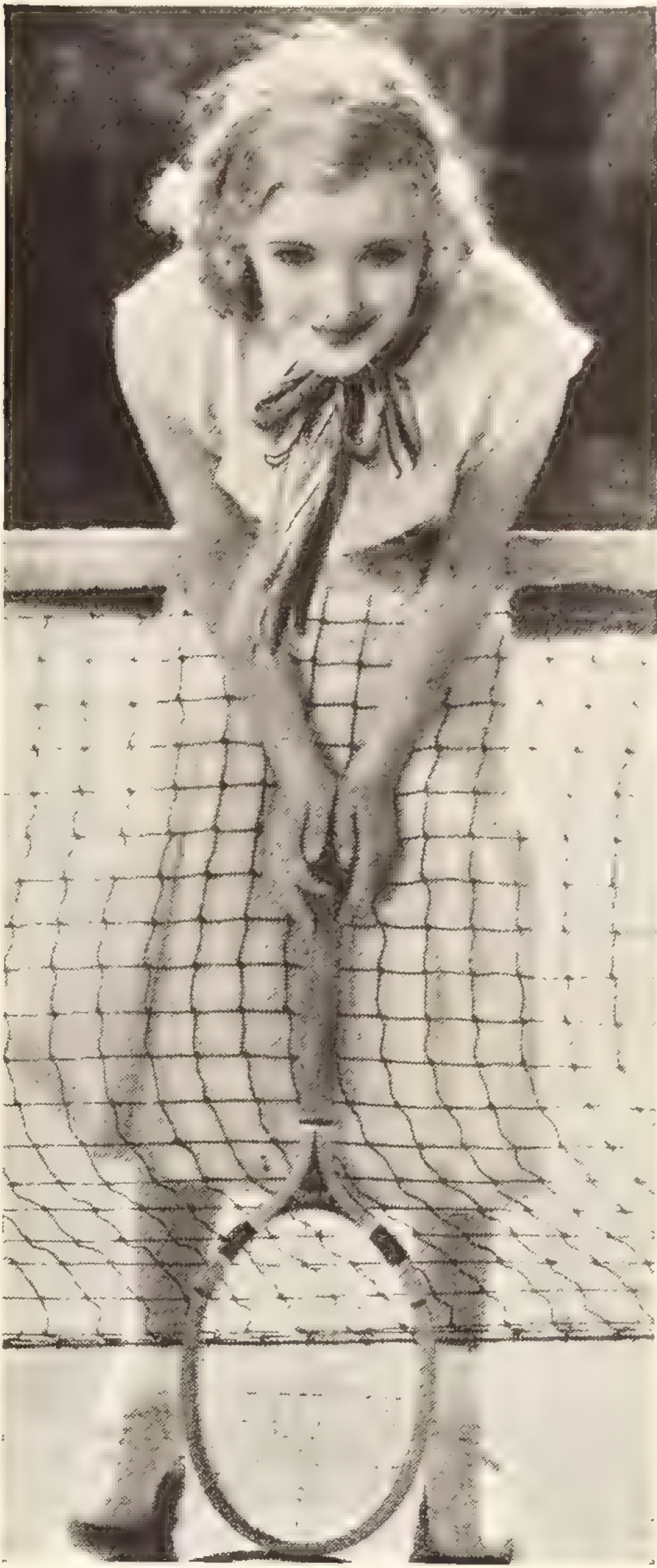
"CORSAIR." United Artists. From the novel by Walton Green. Adapted by Josephine Lovette. Directed by Rollo Lloyd and Robert Ross. The cast: *John Hawks*, Chester Morris; *Alison Corning*, Alison Lloyd; *Richard Sentinck*, William Austin; *"Chub"*, Hopping, Frank McHugh; *Stephen Corning*, Emmett Corrigan; *"Big John"*, Fred Kohler; *"Fish Face"*, Frank Rice; *"Slim"*, Ned Sparks; *Sophy*, Mayo Methot; *Susie Grenoble*, Gay Seabrook; *Jean Phillips*, Addie McPhail.*

"DEVOTION." RKO-Pathé. From the novel "A Little Flat in the Temple" by Pamela Wynne. Screen story by Graham John and Horace Jackson. Directed by Robert Milton. The cast: *Shirley*, Ann Harding; *Trent*, Leslie Howard; *Harrington*, Robert Williams; *Mr. Mortimer*, O. P. Heggie; *Mrs. Mortimer*, Louise Closser Hale; *Sergeant Coggins*, Dudley Digges; *Mrs. Coggins*, Allison Skipworth; *Pansie*, Doris Lloyd; *Margaret*, Ruth Weston; *Marjorie*, Joan Carr; *Elsie*, Joyce Coad; *Derek*, Douglas Scott; *Bridget*, Temple Pigott; *Gas Inspector*, Forrester Harvey; *Maid*, Margaret Daily; *Young Man*, Pat Somerset; *Mrs. Trent*, Olive Tell; *Junior Partner*, Claude King; *Telegraph Boy*, Donald Stewart; *Reporter*, Cyril Delevante.

"FANNY FOLEY HERSELF." RKO. From a story by Juliet Wilbor Tomkins. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Fanny Foley*, Edna May Oliver; *Seely*, Hobart Bosworth; *Lucy*, Florence Roberts; *Carmen*, Rochelle Hudson; *Lenore*, Helen Chandler; *Teddy*, John Darow; *Burns*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Crosby*, Harry O. Stubs.

"FRIENDS AND LOVERS." RKO. From the novel by Maurice De Kobra. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Captain Roberts*, Adolphe Menjou; *Alva Sangrito*, Lily Damita; *Lieutenant Nichols*, Laurence Olivier; *Victor Sangrito*, Eric von Stroheim; *McNellis*, Hugh Herbert; *General Armstrong*, Frederick Kerr; *Lady Alice*, Blanche Frederici; *Ivanoff*, Vandim Uraneff; *Non-com.*, Lal Chand Mehra; *French maid*, Yvonne D'Arcy; *French barmaid*, Kay Deslys; *English barmaid*, Dorothy Wilbert.

"GIRLS ABOUT TOWN." Paramount. From the story by Zoe Akins. Screen play by Raymond Griffith and Brian Marlow. Directed by George Cukor. The cast: *Wanda Howard*, Kay Francis; *Jim Baker*,



Linda Watkins is in the racket—the tennis racket—and she challenges you to a game. Her next picture is appropriately titled "Good Sport."

Joel McCrea; *Marie*, Lilyan Tashman; *Benjamin Thomas*, Eugene Pallette; *Jerry Chase*, Allan Dinehart; *Mrs. Thomas*, Lucille Webster Gleason; *Alex Howard*, Anderson Lawler; *Edna*, Lucille Brown; *Webster*, George Brown; *Sims*, Robert McWade; *Winnie*, Judith Wood; *Anne*, Adrienne Ames; *Dot*, Claire Dodd; *Joy*, Hazel Howard; *Billie*, Patricia Caron.*

"HER MAJESTY, LOVE." First National. From an original story by R. Bernauer and R. Oestreicher. Adapted by Henry Blanke and Joseph Jackson. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Lia Loerrele*, Marilyn Miller; *Fred Von Welligen*, Ben Lyon; *Lia's Father*, W. C. Fields; *Otmar*, Ford Sterling; *Baron Von Schwartzdorff*, Leon Errol; *Hanneman*, Harry Stubbs; *Emil*, Chester Conklin; *Aunt Harriette*, Maude Eburne; *The Lawyer*, Alfred James; *Reisenfeld*, Harry Holman; *Elli*, Mae Madison; *Factory Secretary*, Ruth Hall; *Cornelius*, Clarence Wilson.*

The picture producing companies each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 2; Fox Films, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7.

"NEW ADVENTURES OF GET RICH QUICK WALLINGFORD." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From "The Wallingford Stories" by George Randolph Chester. Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *Wallingford*, William Haines; *Schnozzle*, Jimmy Durante; *Blackie Daw*, Ernest Torrence; *Dorothy*, Leila Hyams; *McConigal*, Guy Kibbee; *Charles Harper*, Hale Hamilton; *Mr. Tuttle*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Layton*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Layton*, Walter Walker.

"ONCE A LADY." Paramount. From a play by Rudolf Bernauer and Rudolf Oestreicher. Adapted by Zoe Akins. Directed by Guthrie McClintic. The cast: *Anna Keremazoff*, Ruth Chatterton; *Bennett Cloud*, Ivor Novello; *Faith Fenwick, the girl*, Jill Esmond; *The child*, Suzanne Ransom; *Jimmy Fenwick*, Geoffrey Kerr; *Lady Ellen*, Doris Lloyd; *Roger Fenwick*, Herbert Bunston; *Mrs. Fenwick*, Gwendolen Logan; *Alice Fenwick*, Stella Moore; *Caroline Gryce*, Edith Kingdon; *Allen Corinth*, Bramwell Fletcher; *Miss Bleeker*, Ethel Griffies; *Harry Cosden*, Theodore von Eltz; *Sir William Gresham*, Claude King; *Jane Vernon*, Lillian Rich.*

"OVER THE HILL." Fox. Based on the poems by Will Carleton. Screen play and dialogue by Tom Barry and Jules Furthman. Directed by Henry King. The cast: *Johnny*, James Dunn; *Isabel*, Sally Eilers; *Ma*, Mae Marsh; *Pa*, James Kirkwood; *Tommy*, Edward Crandall; *Phyllis*, Claire Maynard; *Ben*, William Pawley; *Isaac*, Olin Howland; *Susan*, Joan Peers; *Bill Collector*, David Hartford; *Minnie*, Eula Guy; *Stephen*, Douglas Walton.*

"POSSESSED." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "The Mirage." Dialogue by Lenore Coffee. Directed by Clarence Brown. The cast: *Marian Martin*, Joan Crawford; *Mark Whitney*, Clark Gable; *Al Manning*, Wallace Ford; *Wally*, Skeets Gallagher; *Travers*, Frank Conroy; *Vernice*, Marjorie White.*

"PLATINUM BLONDE." Columbia. Story by H. E. Chandler and Douglas Churchill. Directed by Frank Capra. The cast: *Gallagher*, Loretta Young; *Stew Smith*, Robert Williams; *Anne Schuyler*, Jean Harlow; *Mrs. Schuyler*, Louise Closser Hale; *Michael Schuyler*, Donald Dilloway; *Dexter Grayson*, Reginald Owen; *Bingy*, Walter Catlett; *Conroy*, Edmund Breese; *Smythe*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Dawson*, Claude Allister.

"STRICTLY DISHONORABLE." Universal. From the story by Preston Sturges. Screen play by Gladys Lehman. Directed by John M. Stahl. The cast: *Gus*, Count Di Ruvo; *Paul Lukas*, Isabelle Parry; *Sidney Fox*, Judge Dempsey; *Lewis Stone*, Henry Greene; *George Meeker*, Tomasso; *William Ricciardi*, Mulligan; *Sidney Toler*, Wailer; *Carlo Schipa*, Wailer; *Samuel Bonello*, Lilli; *Natalie Moorhead*, Cook; *Joe Torillo*, Officer; *Joseph W. Girard*.*

"SUSAN LENOX (HER FALL AND RISE)." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the novel by David Graham Phillips. Adapted by Wanda Tuchock. Dialogue by Zelda Sears and Leon Gordon. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Susan Lenox*, Greta Garbo; *Rodney*, Clark Gable; *Ohlin*, Jean Hersholt; *Burlingham*, John Miljan; *Mondstrum*, Alan Hale; *Mike Kelly*, Hale Hamilton; *Astrid*, Hilda Vaughn; *Doctor*, Russell Simpson; *Madame Panoramia*, Cecil Cunningham; *Robert Lane*, Ian Keith.

"THE AGE FOR LOVE." United Artists. From the story by Ernest Pascal. Adapted by Ernest Pascal. Dialogue by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Jean Hurd*, Billie Dove; *Dudley Crone*, Charles Starrett; *Sylvia Pearson*, Lois Wilson; *Horace Keats*, Edward Everett Horton; *Nina Donnet*, Mary Duncan; *Jess Aldrich*, Adrian Morris; *Dot Aldrich*, Betty Ross Clarke; *Floyd Evans*, Jed Prouty; *Eleanor*, Joan Standing; *Mr. Pearson*, Charles Sellon; *Annie*, Alice Moe; *The Poet*, Andre Beranger; *Grace*, Vivian Oakland; *Jules*, Count Pierre De Ramey; *Pamela*, Cecil Cunningham.*

"THE CHAMP." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Story by Frances Marion. Directed by King Vidor. The cast: *Champ*, Wallace Berry; *Dink*, Jackie Cooper; *Linda*, Irene Rich; *Sponge*, Roscoe Ates; *Tim*, Edward Brophy; *Tony*, Hale Hamilton; *Jonah*, Jesse Scott; *Mary Lou*, Marcia Mae Jones.*

"THE CISCO KID." Fox. O. Henry story scenarized by Alfred Cohn. Directed by Irving Cummings. The cast: *Cisco Kid*, Warner Baxter; *Sergeant Mickey Dunn*, Edmund Lowe; *Carmencita*, Conchita Montenegro; *Sally Benton*, Nora Lane; *Dixon*, U. S. A.; *James Bradbury, Jr.*, Bouse; *U. S. A.*, Eddie Dillon; *Lopez*, Charles Stevens; *Gordito*, Chris Martin; *Billy*, Douglas Haig; *Annie*, Marilyn Knowlden.*

"THE MAD GENIUS." Warner Brothers. From the play by Martin Brown. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander and Harvey Thew. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Tsarakov*, John Barrymore; *Nana*,

(Continued on page 122)

ASK ME!

Continued from page 13



Gloria's supreme effort! Here's a scene from "Tonight or Never," in which Miss Swanson, backed by ermine, jewels and exclusive Chanel styles, makes a bid for screen honors, and wins 'em.

companies for feature pictures. That's how you happened to see her, as Alison Lloyd, in "Corsair" with Chester Morris.

Emily C. You have been told that many of the famous stars have false teeth and what do I know about that? If they have, they are a marvelous advertisement for their dentists. Corinne Griffith and Florence Vidor have retired from the screen and they say they are happy home-bodies, content to give some other poor woikin' gels a chance; but even so, a lady can change her mind some time, can't she? Greta Garbo was born Sept. 18, 1906, in Stockholm, Sweden. She is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. Her eyelashes are her very own. The cute little blonde in "The Third Alarm" was Anita Louise. Ruth Roland has been in vaudeville lately.

Inquisitive Miss. The constant appeals from the fans for life stories of the old favorites and *more* appeals for the same of the new crop of leading men, keeps me all a-twitter; but good old scout Miss Vee Dee will do her bit by trying to give you all she can in each issue, so stand by. Samuel Barrymore Colt, son of Ethel Barrymore and nephew of John and Lionel, launched his screen career recently when he was signed for a rôle in "Working Girls," at the Paramount Hollywood studios, under the name of Sam Colt. He is

21 years old and promises to attract the attention of all fans, young and old. He will support Paul Lukas, Judith Wood, Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Dorothy Hall and Stuart Erwin.

Laura R. D. Here he is—this new screen find, and apparently he has come to stay for a long, long time. He is Laurence Olivier, the handsome Englishman, who reminds us of Ronald Colman, though he is decidedly Olivier and original in his methods of appeal. He has a featured rôle in "Friends and Lovers," with Adolphe Menjou, Lily Damita and Erich von Stroheim. Olivier was the creator of the original part of Stanhope in "Journey's End." He played with Edna Best in the London production of "Paris Bound" and in "After All." His first American screen appearance was in "The Yellow Ticket" with Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore. He is married to Jill Esmond, that attractive girl you saw with Ruth Chatterton in "Once A Lady."

Devotee of Screenland. You want the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth so help you Miss Vee Dee, about Leslie Howard. I wish I could tell you that he is playing in so-and-so and to watch out for him at your favorite theatre but he sailed to England to go back to the stage. He is an important man in London and here he had some rather dreary parts

thrust at him in Hollywood, hence his departure for home and appreciation. Mr. Howard is scheduled to do a stage play in New York sometime this season.

Edith B. M. If you love youth and who doesn't, you'll have the time of your life watching the youngsters in RKO's dramatic picture, "Are These Our Children?" Seven principals who are between 16 and 20 years of age are Eric Linden, who is only 20, Rochelle Hudson, Arline Judge, Roberta Gale, Mary Kornman, Ben Alexander and Robert Quirk, in parts that fairly sparkle, and in addition you'll see Beryl Mercer whom you have loved in many fine character parts, and William Orlamond. That's a swell cast that will make a hit with you and me and you and *you*, too. Eric Linden, the boy lead, made himself famous last year by outstanding dramatic performances in the New York Theatre Guild. Rochelle Hudson, playing opposite him, is the "discovery" girl from Claremore, Oklahoma; Arline Judge was on Broadway last year, and Ben Alexander, now 18 years old, stole a big picture, "Hearts of the World," when he was only 7. Then there is little Mary Kornman, who used to be the *Sweetheart* of Our Gang outfit.

J. T. H. It's about time I was called in for a conference and to settle all friendly arguments. Neil Hamilton has been in pictures since 1922, although he played "extra" for about four years between stage engagements, before getting his first big chance in D. W. Griffith's "White Rose." Wheeler Oakman appeared in "The Half Breed" in 1916 and in "Son of The Wolf" in 1922, but a complete list of pictures each has appeared in would be impossible to give you. Both men are rated as "old-timers" in the picture industry even if Neil is only 32 years old.

Ronnie. You've boiled down your questions to just a few so I won't have to give you so much space. Your idea is a fine example to all fans—then you will all get an early hearing. The screen brothers in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey" were Don Alvarado and Duncan Renaldo. Raymond Hackett was the leading man with Norma Shearer in "Trial of Mary Dugan." Ralph Forbes played opposite Dolores Del Rio in "Trail of '98."

Kentucky Belle. Helen Hayes, famous on Broadway stage, who made her screen début in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," plays opposite Ronald Colman in his forthcoming picture, "Arrowsmith." The baby you saw in her first screen appearance was Helen's own baby Mary. Her child grown-up was Robert Young, another newcomer to the screen, who will make the girls sit up and beg for more. Read the fictionization of "Arrowsmith" in this issue.

Eager. Don't tell me you didn't see the lovely picture of Mae Madison on page 95 of the November SCREENLAND. In "Honey-moon Lane," starring Eddie Dowling, you saw his wife in real life, Ray Dooley, one of Broadway's best comediennees. You remember George Duryea—he is now Tom Keene, a two-fisted, hard-ridin', straight-shootin', rope-throwin' he-man of Western. His first release for Pathé was "The Sundown Trail" with Marion Shilling and Nick Stuart.

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What Hollywood Talks About!

Continued from page 57

on her wings being equipped with a foot-rest!

Ruth Chatterton says her favorite topics of conversation are music and philosophy. But the day-I happened in on her, she was lying in a garden chair, clad in cool pajamas. Her friends, Frances Starr and Lois Wilson, in like informal costumes, were occupying couches and cushions flanked by frosted glasses of iced tea.

They were talking about life and how they would change it if they had it all to do over again.

"I wouldn't alter a thing!" announced Frances. "I've made dozens of mistakes but I learned something from every one."

"I'd have a different education," decided Ruth. "I went to a private school devised to prepare débutantes for society careers. I'd choose a good stiff college course instead. And I'd live a few years in France."

"I can't decide," murmured Lois. "Sometimes I think that if I had it to do over again, I'd have married when I was a youngster. I've been rumored engaged so often, but been actually engaged only once, and that time nobody knew! Perhaps I should have accepted one of the men who urged me to marry him later. I don't know. But most of the time I think I'm happier as I am. I know I've had a far more interesting life than any of the girls I knew at school."

Moving to another group, I heard James Gleason telling about the time his colored chauffeur fell in love and the Gleasons turned their house over for the wedding.

Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were discussing the Jackson Hole country in Wyoming, where they honeymooned, with some of Lew's pals who were hoping for vacations—Marguerite Churchill contributing Indian sign language on the side.

Tom Mix was dividing a sandwich with one of Russell Gleason's dogs and holding forth on his favorite topic, which is that eighteen ought to be the age at which a boy votes.

"At that age boys are eager to become men, voting is important to them, they are serious about questions of the day. By the time they are 21, they are more sophisticated and certainly more cynical. They don't always value their voting privilege and sometimes scoff at reform."

Norma Shearer, sitting at a painted table set in the wintry sunshine, was answering a New York visitor's quip that stars weren't "real."

"But I think successful people are more real, more capable of being their true selves than those who haven't arrived," argued Norma. "When a girl or man is struggling for a foothold, he or she often puts on a false personality to cover self-consciousness. They think they have to act a part, to pretend to be something they are not."

"You know how really great and important people are always easier to reach than those who merely think they are important. Success brings self-confidence."

At Marie Dressler's, conversation may range from French cooking to world politics. Marie is a grand cook, and she knows every prominent person you can mention.

However, at dinner there the other night, talk drifted to a recent murder that had driven all the other news off the front pages of newspapers.

"Do newspapers decide what the public wants to read, or do readers demand what shall be published?" mused John Roche.

"I think newspaper editors realize that America is a sensation-loving country and

if one paper won't give them the details of a murder mystery another will, and that one will get the circulation," said Marie. "But I do think newspapers develop the public's taste and often educate their readers to appreciate certain kinds of reading by setting it forth in attractive and interesting fashion."

Passing from table to table in the M-G-M café, I heard Joan Crawford expounding her theory that no woman could be at her best mentally unless she was sure she was at her best physically.

"It's a woman's duty to make herself as charming and attractive as possible, and that old maxim that *beauty is as beauty does* needs to be revamped."

In another corner, Ramon Novarro was talking about happiness.

"There's no such thing as an active and positive happiness," he was declaring, earnestly. "Real happiness is peace of mind. The things that make up what we com-

ture when I see them now. Carole is furnishing the new house she and husband Bill Powell have taken and says they spend most of their waking hours discussing over-curtains and chinaware. Claudette clings to the subject because she longs for the day when she can begin to fix up the home she plans when she joins husband Norman Foster here for good.

Conversations at the Embassy Club one day last week, heard only in snatches, were:

Constance Bennett discussing possible football plays with a university enthusiasm.

Marlene Dietrich talking about daughter Maria.

Genevieve Tobin explaining about different varieties of lace. She collects it.

Rose Hobart talking about the opera.

A group including Mary Astor, Leatrice Joy and Sylvia Sidney wondering who will be the next bride, since every other person in town seems to be getting married.



"The Greeks Had a Word for It"—and it must have been a swell word! Ina Claire, as one of the three feminine gold-prospectors in the picture, shows us one of the celebrated twenty-one style creations furnished exclusively for this film by Chanel.

monly call happiness are superficial and easily destroyed. I don't mean to confuse peace of mind with contentment, because I think contentment is often a destroyer of true happiness."

Beyond Ramon, Bob Montgomery, Neil Hamilton and Chester Morris were engaged in a discussion of mental discipline. I heard Bob's contribution.

"Mental discipline is essential! I believe all students should take courses they don't particularly like, as a form of discipline. I used to get my highest grades in the things I hated, because I forced myself to study them harder."

"The theory of permitting children to grow up with no form of mental control is all wrong. We should teach them to discipline themselves."

Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert are always talking about houses and furni-

Ricardo Cortez entertaining friends with an account of his recent trip to Reno. No, he isn't married, so he wasn't there for the usual reason.

"Jack Dempsey called me to come into the ring," he was relating as I came along. "He shook hands and I took a seat as indicated. Then he seemed to be making a speech. I heard him tell what a great guy somebody was and how he'd had his place in the ring and was well liked, etc. I looked around to see this great guy, but couldn't locate him. Then Jack paused, waved his hand and said: 'Here he is, folks—Ricardo Cortez!'"

Carmel Myers, lunching with director Edward Knopf, saying: "Just won my lawsuit against those dogs who rented my beach house and wrecked it."

Eddie: "So? I was just sued by the owner of the house I vacated."

Carmel: "But my people did wreck it. I sued for a thousand and got nine hundred. You can see I was justified."

Eddie: "My landlady sued for eleven hundred and offered to settle for one, so you can see I was justified!"

William Collier, Junior, joining the party: "I don't know what to eat. I feel so fat!"

At Joseph Cawthorn's, reminiscences were in order.

"Back in the days when it took ten days to travel by train from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, our show closed and three of us bought ponies and started to ride to Cincinnati. We loafed along, fishing and hunting, but after a while time pressed and we decided we had better sell our horses and make the rest of the trip by train.

"I had paid \$32 for my horse and had bought a new saddle, bridle, gun and fishing rod besides, but when I tried to sell the

outfit, the best I could get was \$5. I was fond of the beast and figured that anyone mean enough to offer \$5 wouldn't be good to the horse. So I rode out a little way, got off the horse and told him goodbye, giving him a smart slap on the flank. Then I turned my back and hiked back to town where we were to take the train.

"Whenever I think of that horse, I hope some kind person found him."

Evalyn Knapp tells me that out here all anyone says is "O.K., let's scram!" but Miriam Hopkins declares it depends on who is in the party.

"Lilyan Tashman talks about clothes; Kay Francis about boats because her husband, Kenneth MacKenna, bought a new sail-boat this year; Fredric March chatters about what he's going to do if he ever gets a vacation; and Herbert Brenon about tennis; and Richard Dix talks about his new bride."

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister discuss aviation, gardening, books and daughter Jane with impartial enthusiasm.

A call at the Hal Roach Studio at the noon hour found Charlie Chase reading a biography of Thomas Edison and speculating on the possibility of anyone succeeding the famous scientist.

Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, in the intervals of rearranging a gag sequence, disagreed as to the chances of anyone building a rocket that would reach Mars. The balloon trip into the stratosphere brought that up, but it seems that the comedians are vitally interested in scientific experiments.

Oh yes, we do talk about pictures in Hollywood.

But don't they talk about the price of wheat in the Middle West, the cotton crop in Dixie, and the gangster problem in Chicago?

What Joan Wants for Leap Year

Continued from page 51



George Ernest, who was graduated from a high chair not so long ago, wonders whether he'll ever have one of these studio chairs of his own, with his name on it, and everything.

and ready girl. She's no blushing violet but she has ideas and ideals. And a discussion of love and marriage sets them both to going, full speed.

When she learned recently of the unexpected marriage of one of her girl friends, she sat down suddenly in the too-tight dress she wears for many of her rôles, including one scene in "Union Depot," and the tears started in her eyes.

Her gayety, sophistication, self-confidence mysteriously collapsed, like an exploded paper bag. She was all at once starry-eyed, feminine, wistful and a little pathetic.

"Gee," she said softly, "That's wonderful. I am so glad for her."

Then she shook off that soft mood with a shrug of her shoulders and a swish of that revealing skirt and said:

"Why didn't the poor little chicken tell me? She might have known I'd be interested."

In spite of the sensational nature of some of her romantic experiences in various countries, Joan clings to rather simple romantic qualifications for the man who has—or will—win her heart and the promise of her hand.

"He must be a perfect lover," she once expounded, "but if he looks it, I'll have nothing to do with him.

"I want him to be modest and I don't mind if he's shy. I can do enough wise-cracking in public for any one couple. But I don't intend to carry that into my home either, to any great extent.

"I don't believe in love at first sight—but it might come pretty soon after that!"

Caught in a more pensive mood at another time Joan put down a few other rules which she has formulated in the course of her very busy twenty years of observation and experience.

"I don't intend to 'work at' marriage. So many of them fail because one or the other works too hard at being married.

"I want to play marriage; play keeping house; play at raising a family.

"You probably wouldn't believe it," she confided, "but a theatrical child is just like any other child. I spent much of my childhood 'playing house' among the 'props' back stage in small theaters. Once a curtain went up unexpectedly when I thought I was safe behind it for the afternoon, and revealed me bathing my six or seven best dolls in the high silk hat belonging to the man who played the heavy. He didn't need the hat until the last act and I never quite forgave him for saying I ought to be

spanked and put to bed without my supper. Anyhow they couldn't do that, because they needed me for that last act, too.

"But they couldn't discourage me. I've played house and put my dolls to bed in half the theaters and hotels of the United States. I always knew I was to be an actress of one kind or another but I always thought I was going to be a wife and mother some day just the same."

So Joan Blondell flounced on and off stages and screens building up her reputation for giddiness and planning for the time when she would show the world that that reputation wasn't altogether deserved. She disagrees with the admonitions of the marriage ceremony; she intends to enter the marriage state lightly and unadvisedly, trusting to her intuition to choose the right man and to her sense of humor and her determination to be a wife and mother to make that marriage a success.

A very modern young woman, with up-to-date ideas.

"When any girl tells you that her career is so all-important to her that she has no time to think of matrimony, mark her down as one who exaggerates or who has been disappointed in love. A career never keeps a woman from wanting a home. A few weeks ago a writer, collecting information about motion picture people for publication, asked me, 'What do you want most in 1932?'

"And I answered the only honest answer I could make now that I'm of age and know my own mind and my own plans. I said:

"I want a baby."

"And that's that."

Joan Blondell has an interesting family and theatrical background. Her father, Eddie Blondell, long a vaudeville favorite and famous comedian, is remembered best as one of the original Katzenjammer twins and as the country lout who always managed to get his fist stuck in the sugar bowl.

But behind him there is, they claim, an unbroken line of entertainers back, back, back to the days of Richard the Lion-



Is there a Romeo below? Joan Blondell, effervescent and popular little star, does a Juliet on the balcony. Isn't she pretty in the soft studio moonlight?

hearted when a traveling singer and story teller named "Blondell" followed that king across Europe to the Holy Land to bring back the lost Grail. There's been a Blon-

dell for amusement in practically every generation for nine hundred years.

That is the glorious tradition which little Joan Blondell intends to carry on.

Pat and the "Mike"!

Continued from page 63

for a picture. I took it but could never find out what happened to it. Now we've been sent for and we're doing some heavy gloating. And, by the way, I'd like to see that old test!" So while droves of office boys flew around, Pat O'Brien, late of the front page, sat in solitary splendor in the projection room and watched the test of one unknown actor, O'Brien. And he admits honestly that it was certainly terrible!

That's one thing, Pat is perfectly honest. He puts on no side, no pose. He admits he likes the limelight, likes to be an actor, likes the applause and acclaim. He smokes cigars eternally, has a charming but unpretentious house in a not particularly fashionable part of Los Angeles, two Ford cars, and a maid who can cook. Besides a wife. Or that is, especially the wife. Soon after his arrival in Hollywood he sent for the one and only girl, Eloise Taylor, whom he had been proposing to for over four years. It was at the same place to the same clerk where the cameras had photographed Hildy Johnson and his girl applying for a license, that Pat O'Brien a few weeks later answered the same questions with Eloise Taylor! But that fact never landed on the front page. His was no publicity marriage but the culmination of four years' persistent wooing.

They met while playing the Chicago company of "Broadway." It was love at first sight with Pat, and he kept telling her so, mostly by letter, for the next four and a half years. This year they plan their first Christmas together, bringing on both sets of parents to fill the small stucco house to overflowing for the holidays.

It's a far cry from Buffalo Bill to Pat O'Brien, and yet it was Bill Cody who gave Pat his yen to be an entertainer. Two of the youthful Pat's cousins were in Buffalo Bill's troupe, and twice a year they would stop in Milwaukee, the O'Brien home town. Imagine how breathlessly a kid of ten would hang about the famous Bill! After that no other kind of life would satisfy. However, it wasn't until Pat was discharged from the Navy when the war was over that he had a chance to spread his acting wings. His first job was in vaudeville introducing to his audience a strong man who chewed nails!

Finally he got a one-line part in a musical comedy in which our brawny George Bancroft had the lead. Then he got a two-line part in another musical with Raymond Hatton. In the summer he found himself back at the home place with a very scant wreath of laurels on his thespian brow, so he let his father persuade him to try law. He entered Marquette Uni-

versity with this intention but found most of his time taken up with college theatricals and after his success as the aunt in "Charley's Aunt," he knew he was born to be an actor and-nothing else.

His father persuaded him to get a little training if he *must* go on the stage, so he and Spencer Tracy took advantage of the \$30 a month the law offered ex-service men who wished to attend school and enrolled at the American Academy of Dramatic Art in New York. Kay Francis, Monroe Owsley, and Eddie Robinson were classmates.

After a few months of this, Pat landed a small part in a show. Then it was one stock company after another. He was in the Gleasons' stock company in Milwaukee with Lucille and Jimmie Gleason and Robert Armstrong, where Russell Gleason played his first part. He was in the first showing of "Is Zat So?" before it struck Broadway, and was then called "Thursday Night." He played in every small theatre throughout the South—one he remembers was above a slaughter house! He played in road companies of "Broadway" and "The Front Page." His first real part was as a gangster, *Curly*, in "The Up and Up." Then he received praise for his interpretation of the rôle of *Maxim* in "Overture." Then came "Tomorrow and Tomorrow"

which was destined to open without Pat, "The Front Page" and Hollywood. His latest is "Consolation Marriage" with Irene Dunne.

And now Pat is as tickled with it all as a kid with a licorice stick. In fact, there's still quite a likable bit of the small boy

about Pat now. Why, when the circus came to town he and Mrs. Pat took at least twelve of the neighbors' kids to see the sights from side-shows to wild animals, and arrived home laden with balloons and popcorn balls. Now he buys practically every magazine that's printed because very

youthful agents have the O'Brien house marked with a white spot!

Hollywood, according to Pat, has one big fault, and that is everyone is inclined to take things too seriously. But not Pat. He has too much of that sixth sense for that!

Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks—and Proud of It!

Continued from page 66



They play a wicket game! Croquet, that perennial among genteel outdoor sports, is enjoying a revival in Hollywood. Here are Helen Chandler, Gertrude Short, Marion Nixon, Mary Brian, Ona Munson and Marguerite Churchill enjoying a little game.

man. And decorating a home and keeping it gives expression to so many instincts in women which make her more interesting as well as interested, which is a thing which the really clever women of the world know. I have met many of them in my travels—and one thing they all know is interior decorating."

The idea of re-doing "Pickfair" all came about this way, it seems. There never had been enough bedrooms in the place adequately to take care of the great host of friends who continually drop in from their travelings about the world.

Mary—while she has always had a room of her own, and a room which most of us girls would think enormous—like the mistress of many households has had to give up her room to visitors to make room for every one. It did not inconvenience Mary who is most adaptable to move all her clothes to some other part of the house for a week-end—but it was most distressing to her maid who has been with Miss Pickford seven years. The idea of having her mistress moved about like a piece of furniture was too much for the important person who keeps the Pickford ringlets in a state of perfection equal even to modern millinery on a minute's notice.

The feelings of a woman who has mastered the intricacies of a Second Empire coiffure was too valuable to risk.

"So I decided, after both of them had been after me long enough, to take more space than Douglas to myself, and started in to fix it up," said Mary. And Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks is glad I did. It is per-

fectly adorable. Everything in it is white—the walls, the bed, the taffeta curtains at the windows. The chairs have white chintz with colored figures. The only real spots of color are the flowers, and they are in white vases.

"When Douglas saw what was happening to my room—he got awfully hurt. His room had always been the most important room in the house before, you see. And nothing would do but for us to start in, fixing up his room, too.

"And that just made matters worse. With our two rooms dressed up, the rest of the house looked shabby and down-at-the-heels in comparison, and we decided to get out all the things we had stored away in the attic and basement—things we had brought back from China and other places—and use them, and do over the entire place."

Since lamps are a very important adjunct to a house, Miss Pickford had reserved buying her new lamps at a lamp studio she knew of until she arrived in New York with Douglas to see him off for the Far East.

"If a lamp is miscast," she thinks, "it is as terrible as if an actor is miscast. Nothing else good about the place and play can make you forget it."

So it was my good fortune to be permitted to go along with her while she was doing the lamp buying. It was the morning after Douglas had sailed at midnight, and Mary had spent the night at the home of her great friend Lillian Gish, because she could not bear to go back alone to the

suite at the Sherry-Netherland overlooking the park, which she and Douglas had occupied during their stay in Manhattan.

She was looking lovely—even more attractive than when I interviewed her on her return from her honeymoon trip to Europe, and I shall never forget how sweet she looked then in her little pink French linen dress. She has become more *chic*. More a woman of the world. Her figure, which was given to a certain chubbiness, is now quite svelte and she looked much longer waisted in her red tweed suit. She was interested in knowing that I thought she had changed—she always wonders if people see a change in her. She hopes so, for she is constantly trying to improve. She was happy, too, for another reason which her secretary told me about. It was only a few hours since Douglas had sailed, and yet she had had a wire, a letter, and a bunch of posies to remind her that she was Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks.

Miss Pickford has always been a terrible favorite of mine, but she is an even greater one now. A woman who can shop for lamps for an hour without beginning to throw them, wins my admiration. A woman who can remember how big or how small nine lamps ought to be, without getting cross at the attendant, deserves a medal. Especially when she carries on an interview at the same time, gives memoranda to her secretary. Remembers to buy two white and gold cache pots to hold bulbs for Lillian Gish's mother, whom she dearly loves since the days when the two families used to live together between theatrical seasons in New York. And treats you with the courtesy of a hostess at a party—even to letting you share the corner of her chair.

She must have been a great satisfaction to the young woman who waited on her. She knew exactly what she wanted—and she didn't make a fuss about the price. She got one pair of adorable white Chinoiserie lamps (and knew how to pronounce the word, too) for her new white room and white shades to go with them. And a pair of lamps with white parchment drums for shades, with colored French porcelain soldier bases for Douglas's room. With drum sticks, too. Boom, boom! And carved wooden vases painted white to go along with the rich rugs and hangings of the drawing room. And what is more—she knew the difference between antique and modern Porcelain and Italian and French. She liked the antiques best.

"I just love old things," she said. "I think all women do. Our guest house is going to have lots of English antiques in it. I love early American things especially. I should like for us to have a house in New England, furnished with old treasures. Perhaps we will some day!"

Doesn't that sound as if Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks were going to go right on occupying "Pickfair" as they have since the beginning? Oughtn't that satisfy the questions of all the people who have been hoping that happy days would come again to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks?

If indeed they have ever been away!

Arrowsmith

Continued from page 31

bided her time and went out and got a fresh pack of cigarettes for Martin, and a roast beef sandwich and a pint of whisky. Then she left him and went home to bed.

Hours later Arrowsmith, bedraggled and exceedingly weary, dragged himself into Gottlieb's laboratory. It was late afternoon and Gottlieb and Terry were just preparing to leave the place.

When they saw Martin they both rushed to him.

"For the love of Petel!"

"Martin, what is it?"

"Been working," he told them wearily. "Thirty-six hours. Forty hours. Ten minutes. I dunno how long. Couple of weeks, maybe, search me."

He gave Gottlieb his notes. Gottlieb examined them at some length and said:

"Ja! You will begin working in earnest now, Martin. I am very glad."

Twenty-four hours later when Martin had awakened from an exhausted sleep in his bed at home he found a newspaper on the chair beside him. Attracted to the screaming headlines he picked up the sheet and read:

GREATEST MEDICAL DISCOVERY OF MODERN TIMES! YOUNG SCIENTIST AT MCGURK INSTITUTE WIPES OUT ALL DISEASE DIRECTOR TUBBS ANNOUNCED LAST NIGHT.

Martin jumped out of bed and dressed as hurriedly as he could. Leora watched him in surprise.

"What is it, Martin?"

"That cheap publicity-hound Tubbs is the matter! Murder's the matter! Make a fake out of me, will he?"

He left the house, Leora calling after him to wait for her.

At the Institute the reporters were awaiting Arrowsmith's arrival in the reception hall. There were exclamations of "Great stuff, doc," and requests for an interview, but Martin brushed past all of them. He found Tubbs at his desk. Throwing the newspaper in front of him Martin demanded:

"Are you responsible for this?"

"I don't deny the responsibility. I claim it! We can't afford to let anyone steal a march on us! A slight over-statement to catch the public's eye—"

"A slight over-statement! You tell the papers I can wipe out all disease when you know I haven't even cured whooping cough yet, and you call that a slight over-statement."

"I understand your surprise, my dear fellow—"

"My surprise! I'm only surprised I don't twist your fat neck for you. You've made my name smell from one end of this country to the other!" Arrowsmith yelled at Tubbs. "As a quack and a faker and a racketeer. Now you call those reporters in and tell 'em I'm through with you and your front-page science and that I've resigned from your cheap-jack institute!"

At that moment Gottlieb came into the office, waving a medical journal in his hand.

"There's no sense to all this," he told them. "Martin's discovery is not so new as you might imagine. Here in this paper a Frenchman, D'Herelle of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, reports the same thing as Arrowsmith. You got into the newspapers too soon, Dr. Tubbs. You may not be the discoverer of the stuff, Martin, but you may still be the man to test it out!"

MARTIN would certainly get his chance to work out his discovery.



Jerry Tucker, one of the kids who played in "Skippy," has a term contract now.

Sondelius, the old Sondelius who chased plagues all over the hemisphere, was the first to sound the alarm at the McGurk Institute. He was speaking to Gottlieb and Dr. Tubbs.

"Believe me, gentlemen, there is bubonic plague in those islands," he was saying. "Three stowaways, dead as doornails, I tell you, from St. Hubert's Island. A most respectable colony. I haf investigated."

And that's how Sondelius and Arrowsmith came together again—for Dr. Tubbs, having decided that the McGurk Institute was to have the major honors in killing off the plague, had decided to send Martin and old Sondelius off to the islands to see what



Although Beryl Mercer isn't a mother in real-life she's the most convincing screen mother in pictures.

could be done about this miserable epidemic.

The little group that assembled in Gottlieb's laboratory just before Arrowsmith's sailing was a partly sorry, partly happy one. There were Gottlieb, Arrowsmith and Terry Wickett.

"We haf called you in here, Terry and I, to give you your final instructions, Martin," Gottlieb was proud now.

"Yes, chief."

"They are instructions that you had best keep to yourself. Dr. Tubbs would not be pleased with them. They would not look well in the public prints."

"What are they, chief?"

"You agree that it will be of value in epidemics yet to come to know what this stuff of yours is worth?"

"Why yes, of course!"

"If you could give your injections only to half your patients and sternly deprive the other half of them, then you would know. That is the experiment we mean, Martin. What is it, Martin?"

Martin hesitated a moment. "I couldn't do that."

Terry jumped at him. "Why couldn't you?"

"Sit by and watch half my patients die? It wouldn't be human!"

"You're just a country doctor, after all!" Terry was acid.

"We are not asking anything of you we would not ask of ourselves, Martin," Gottlieb told him. "And we do not ask this of you as a man, nor yet as a doctor, but as a scientist!"

"Yeah, but I'll have to face both men and doctors when I get there!"

"We scientists have had doctors and men to face before and stood our ground while they reviled us. And men and doctors have had good reason to be grateful that we did stand our ground. I am counting on you, Martin, to put your scientific conscience before your human sympathies! I am counting on you as a seeker after truth! Are you going to fail me?"

There was a moment's pause and then:

"All right, chief. I see your point. I'll try not to fail you."

They shook hands all around. Terry warned Martin to keep his notes up to date and clear and Martin realized that this was because of the fear of his dying that they wanted to know exactly what he had accomplished. It was a big venture he was embarking on.

Gottlieb, Terry, and Leora came down to the boat to see them off. Sondelius promised to drink the old doctor's health in rum. Leora came to Martin and kissed him. Then the steward came around and asked which cabin the trunk was to go in.

"Why, in Dr. Arrowsmith's cabin, of course," she told him.

"Whose trunk is that?" Arrowsmith wanted to know.

"Mine," Leora said simply.

There was a short argument and the boat sailed—with Leora aboard!

IT WAS night when the steamer St. Buryan sailed over the glassy water near St. Hubert's Island. The yellow lights on shore that were reflected in the water, were from the little town of Blackwater, one of those hit hardest by the plague.

As the three descended the steep stair into a launch they were met by a clean-cut, crisp-spoken man in a spotless uniform. It was Dr. Inchcape.

"We all do anything these days," he informed Martin. "I'm surgeon general on the Governor's staff. The port doctor died a few days ago."

On shore the little group marched down the narrow street. The school was turned into a hospital with a hundred cases in it, Inchcape informed them. The patients became delirious and tried to break out. He also added that there were a thousand cases on the island at the moment and probably ten million rats.

They were shown to their quarters in Penrith Lodge. It was formerly the port doctor's. He had died there.

"I hope the bug that bit him moved out by now," Sondelius quipped.

Inchcape reassured them.

They all sat around a bit and then went to bed. The next morning they woke to a broiling, flaring, green and crimson day, yet ghastly still; awoke and realized that about them was a strange land, as yet unseen, and before them the work that in distant New York had seemed dramatic and joyful and that stank now of the charnel house.

They walked through the town. They found a street dying with fear. House-shutters were closed, hot slatted patches in the sun; and the only traffic was an empty trolley car with a frightened motor-man who peered down at them and sped up lest they come aboard. Grocery shops and drug-stores were open, but from their shady depths the shop-keepers looked out timidly, and when the three neared a fish-stall, the one customer fled, edging past them.

Down a grim street of coal yards they found a public square, and here was the stillness not of sleep but of ancient death.

The square was rimmed with the gloom of mango trees, which shut out the faint-hearted breeze and cooped in the stale lifeless heat, in whose misery the leering silence was the more dismaying.

"IT'S too hot to walk," Leora said. "Perhaps we'd better go back."

At the Lodge again Arrowsmith was all for starting his work at once, and on his own party first. He got out his needles and loaded them with his serum. First he injected Leora and then himself and then asked Sondelius to come forward. But Sondelius refused flatly.

"No, Martin," he said. "I am a humanitarian with a job to do. My life belongs to the job and must be risked. It's just a matter of conscience."

"Conscience be blowed!" Martin was in a huff. "I've heard all I want of your romantics! I'm boss of this commission and I give orders. What becomes of greenhorns like Lee and me if they cart you off in one of their wagons and leave us to shift for ourselves here? Roll up your sleeve!"

Sondelius was adamant. He wouldn't listen to reason. He would have none of it until "his people," the inhabitants of the island, had been given it. So Martin gave in.

The next day the Governor's council, under the leadership of Sir Robert Fairlamb, gave Arrowsmith a welcome.

"The vacant chairs you see about this table," Sir Robert started, "give you welcome more eloquently than words. We understand that you bring with you a serum to which we may look for our salvation."

"We do not bring you any magical cure for this plague, Sir Robert," replied Arrowsmith. "Our serum is still untried outside the laboratory. We know what we can do with guinea pigs and rats. We have, as yet, no notion of what we can do for human beings."

"Try it on us! Can't you save the rest of us?"

"Eager as I am to save all of you, I am required, before all else, to submit this serum to a scientific test. That is, I shall

divide a group into two halves. To one I shall give injections of our serum. I shall deprive the other half of any injections whatsoever. I shall then watch both halves to see which resists the plague more successfully. When I have done that, I shall know what my serum is worth!"

Those in the chamber jumped to their feet.

"The man's a lunatic. What a proposition! Barbarous—fiendish—it's murder—out of the question!"

"Do you mean to say you couldn't find any other way to test your serum?"

"There is no other way!" Arrowsmith told them.

Sir Robert rose to his feet and with the cold scorn of one who touches no pitch said: "We decline that honor in the name of civilization!"



Doubling in celluloid. Eric Von Stroheim, picture director who is an actor, too.

Martin lost his plea. They wouldn't hear of it and if the island were not quarantined Sir Robert was for driving the group off.

At the door of the council chamber Martin was approached by a young man.

"My name," the unknown said, "is Oliver Marchand. Dr. Marchand. I have my M.D. from Howard University. I've been listening to your proposal, doctor. I need hardly say that it has my complete sympathy, may I offer you an alternative?"

"I wish you would," Arrowsmith told him.

"My district is the native island of Carib, off the coast. My village is the worst infected in the entire colony. We don't attempt to isolate cases there. There's death in every house. If you care to come along with me, I believe I can provide the opportunity you're after."

Arrowsmith listened hard.

"How soon shall we start?" he wanted to know.

Sondelius and Martin packed their things and their scientific appurtenances. Leora, after much arguing, consented to be left behind. In a short while they were off for

Carib and anxious to start experimenting.

When Martin left her at the Lodge, in the leafy gloom high in the hills, Leora felt his absence keenly. They had been so little apart since he had first come on her scrubbing a hospital floor.

The afternoon was unending; each time she heard a creaking she roused with the hope that it was his step, and realized that he was not long gone. Dinner was mournful. Often enough she had dined alone when Martin was at the Institute, but then he had returned to her sometime before dawn. Tonight she had to live up to the butler who served her as though she were a dinner party of twenty.

She sat on the porch after. She knew the direction of Carib. She concentrated on it, wondering if by some magic she might not have a signal from him, but she could get no feeling of his looking toward her. She sat long and quiet.

In the afternoon several days later, the butler heard that his sister had been taken to the isolation ward, and he went down to Blackwater to make arrangements for his nieces. He did not return; no one ever learned what had become of him.

Toward dusk, when Leora felt as though a skirmish line were closing in on her, she fled into Martin's laboratory. It seemed filled with his brimming presence. She kept away from the flasks of plague germs, but she picked up, because it was his, a half-smoked cigarette and lighted it.

Now there was a slight crack in her lips; and that morning, fumbling at dusting, here in the laboratory meant as a fortress against disease, a maid had knocked over a test-tube, which had trickled. The cigarette seemed dry enough, but in it were enough plague germs to kill a regiment.

Two nights after, when she was so desperately lonely that she thought of walking to Blackwater and finding a way to go to Martin, she woke with a fever, a headache, her limbs chilly. When the maids discovered her in the morning they fled the house. While lassitude flowed round her, she was left alone in the isolated house, with no telephone. All day and night, as her throat cracked with thirst, she lay longing for some one to help her. Once she crawled to the kitchen for water. The floor of the bedroom was an endless heaving sea, the hall a writhing dimness, and by the kitchen door she dropped and lay for an hour, whimpering.

"Got to—got to—can't remember what it was," her voice kept appealing to her cloudy brain.

Aching, fighting the ache, she struggled up, wrapped about her a shabby cloak which one of the maids had abandoned in her flight, and in the darkness staggered out to find help. As she came to the highway she stumbled and lay under a hedge, unmoving, like a hurt animal. On hands and knees she crawled back into the Lodge, and between times, as her brain went dark, she nearly forgot the pain in her longing for Martin.

She was bewildered; she was lonely; she dared not start on her long journey without his hand to comfort her. She listened for him—listened—tense with listening.

"You will come! I know you will come and help me! I know. You'll come, Martin dear!" she sobbed.

Then she slipped into the kindly coma. There was no more pain, and all the shadowy house was quiet but for her hoarse and struggling breath.

ON CARIB, Arrowsmith and Sondelius, little suspecting Leora's plight, were making some headway against the plague. They had burned the village, sacked the stores for supplies and taken the Twyford plantation houses for bunkhouses for the natives.

At 39 she laughs at Birthdays

*You can
share the screen
stars' secret*

"Of course I am 39," says Frances Starr, famous stage and screen star.

"Years matter so little nowadays if a woman knows how to take care of her complexion.

"Every actress knows that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap will do wonders for her skin, and I am among the scores of the profession who use it regularly."

Countless lovely stage and screen stars agree with Frances Starr!

*9 out of 10 Screen
Stars use it*

Of the 613 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 605 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. They find this luxurious soap, for their convenience, in the dressing rooms of theatres all over the country!



*"Yes—I am 39"
Frances Starr*

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

Order began to arise out of the chaos. Hospital order of clean white cots and negroes lined up on two sides. Half of the islanders were being inoculated for Martin's great experiment. The other half was to go without the needle.

Martin met Joyce Lanyon there too. She was Twyford's niece, beautiful and anxious to help. She was from New York so there was some bond between the two.

Sondelius, without the injection, had managed to catch some of the fever after a while, and his case, for the first time, was showing symptoms of seriousness. Arrowsmith rushed to his cot when he heard that there had been a turn for the worse.

"What is it, Gustav?"

"I guess maybe it's got me, Martin."

"You wouldn't take your shot before, you'll take it now!"

"At my age, Martin, I was just thinking. I am almost sixty. It is my turn now! Haf you ever thought, Martin, about the jokes God plays?"

Sondelius turned his eyes up at Martin.

"I am not afraid, but just once more I would like to see Fifth Avenue on the day the first snow falls and have one good last drunk. I am very peaceful. It hurts some. But life is a good game. Oh, Martin, let science go! Save these poor people if you can! Save all of them. I did not think people could hurt me so!"

With that Sondelius died.

Later Arrowsmith talked to Joyce about his old friend.

"He used to troupe all over the country lecturing on heroes of health. Well, he was one of them."

"I've always heard that science was so cold," Joyce exclaimed. "But now it turns out to be the most hair-raising melodrama!"

Joyce Lanyon was visibly affected by Martin's work. There was a sort of mutual feeling between the two for the saving of life and they felt it without speaking of it.

On the terrace of the Twyford house Martin explained things to Joyce. He liked to see this lovely woman here in this romantic setting, even though death lay just around the corner.

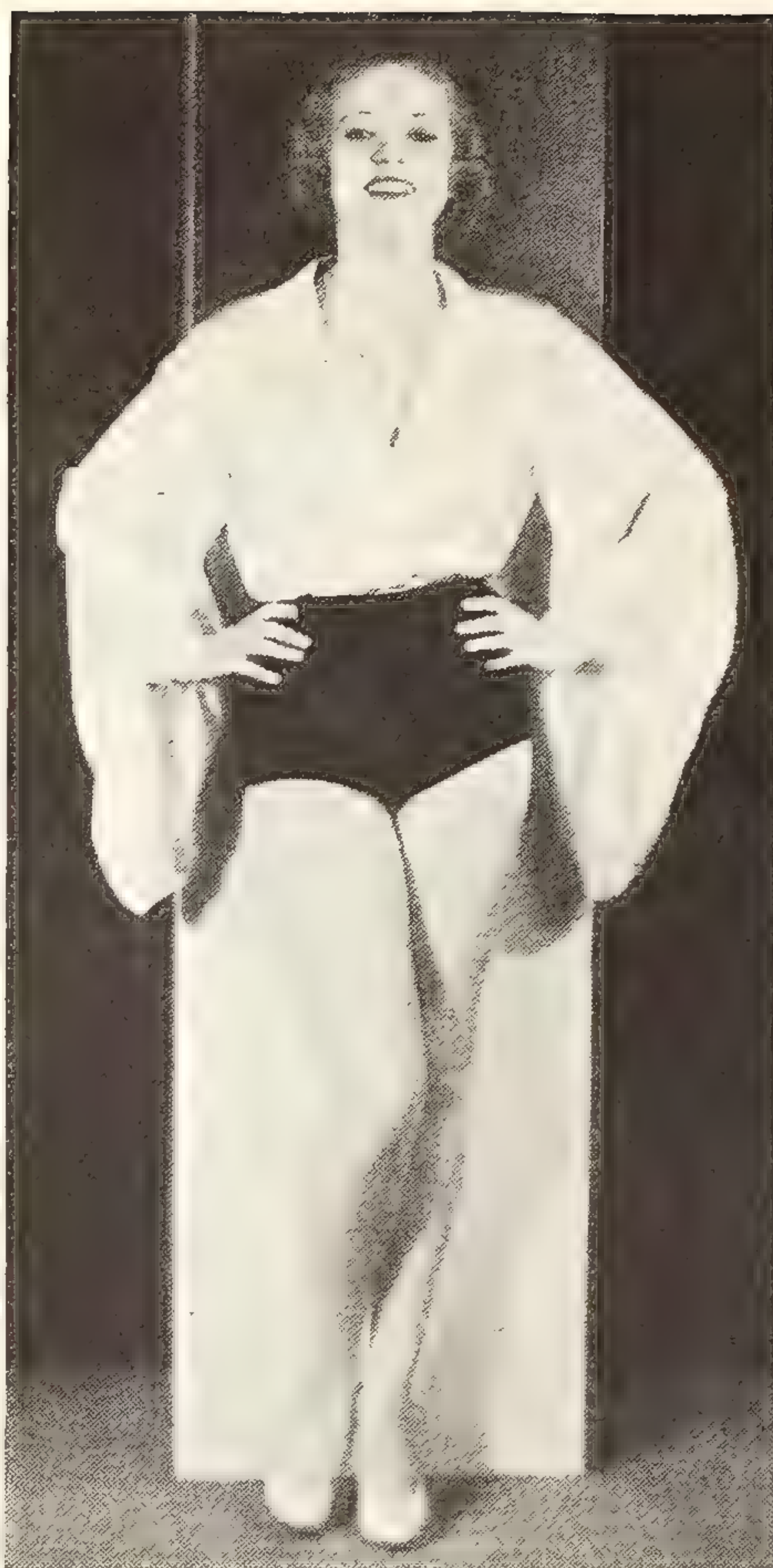
"Don't go in yet. I've never learned about women like you. You belong to the great class of things I've had to give up for work. You make my life seem suddenly empty—but terribly exciting!"

"You're too heroic to mean that. You're stone!"

"I wish I were!"

"You couldn't really care a hang about me. You'd be just curious, that's all. I daresay it's lucky I realize that tonight!"

And with that she left him and went into the house. Twyford came out in a



Frances Dean, one of the more youthful of the Hollywood pretties.

little while with a message that Marchand wanted to see Arrowsmith. Marchand came in with news.

"Something regrettable in Blackwater. The surgeon general decamped."

"Then you'll have to go over, of course, Marchand. And look in on my wife, Marchand, and tell her not to worry."

The next morning the 'phone in the Twyford house tingled persistently. It was for Martin. Marchand was at the other end and spoke in some sort of a jumble and then rang off altogether. But Martin had heard a reference to Leora in that jumble and instinctively he knew something was wrong.

Frantically he banged at the telephone. Twyford ran to him and promised him his motor speed boat immediately. An hour and a half later Martin was rushing up the front walk of Penrith Lodge. Opening the door to the living room he came upon the sight that almost killed him that moment. Leora still lay where she had fallen. Leora—his Leora!

Later, having recovered partially from

the shock of Leora's passing, Martin rushed to the Governor's office. The planters of the island were there as was the Governor himself.

"Give them all serum!" Martin cried with reckless, drunken abandon. "Shoot 'em full of serum! The hell with the experiment! The hell with science!"

IN NEW YORK they were waiting for him at the pier when he arrived. Tubbs was the first to congratulate him on his hollow victory.

"My dear Martin! Never been anything like it! Letters from the Government! You have ended the plague."

Terry Wickett was there too.

"Hello, Martin!"

"Hello, Terry."

"Sorry, Martin."

"Thank you, Terry."

"How was it, Martin?"

"Bungled it, Terry!"

"Afraid you had, Martin."

"What'll Gottlieb say, Terry?"

"You'll find that out, Martin."

But Gottlieb had little to say to his pupil. He was disappointed, confused, and finally collapsed before the crowd of photographers and reporters.

Tubbs was making speeches for Martin.

"And your salary will be fifteen thousand and you are a department head and—"

Terry interrupted with a side word to Martin.

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do because I wouldn't wonder if you'd want to do it with me! I'm going to clear out of this swell joint with all its swell equipment and publicity and build my own lab in the Vermont woods and work and do nothing but work, Martin!"

Then Terry left.

Tubbs was ready to lead Martin into the reception luncheon. But Martin didn't see or hear. His head was swimming with funny dreams in which Leora, Gottlieb, Sondelius and Terry figured. He rose to his feet, groping towards the door.

"Department head, eh? Fifteen thousand a year, eh? Glory, eh? Friendship, eh? And Gottlieb used to say that the man who couldn't make a laboratory out of toothpicks and a bit of string—"

And with a shout of triumph, he whirled a chair over his head and swept all the superb equipment from the work bench.

Running down the long corridor he shouted:

"Hey, Terry! Hold your horses!"

Bursting through the crowd of guests invited to the luncheon in his honor, he saw nobody, nothing. All he could do was to shout over and over—

"Wait for me, Terry! I'm coming with you! Leora and I! We're both coming with you!"

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 65

laughing their heads off at the furious work of Lee Tracy and Robert Gleckler, two of our record-breaking fast talkers.

"Louder, Please," is a dig—and a pretty stiff one—at Hollywood publicity ballyhoo. It is pretty thin in parts, but is certainly a vehicle for explosive laughs and thrills. It's all about Lee Tracy getting the police and the Coast Guards to hunt for *Polly Madison*, the blonde star of Criterion Pictures, who is really sequestered in the Ambassador Hotel. Well, the cops (headed by Gleckler) get sore, and—

The whole show belongs to Tracy and Gleckler. It's not as solid on its pins as

"Once in a Lifetime." But *The Dying American Drama* is putting up a yelp all right!

"The Roof"

Galsworthy dropped his jeans in this play.

A drunken guest sets fire to an old ramshackle hotel in Paris, patronized by English people, because he was peeved at the waiter. We see a honeymooning couple, an elderly English couple and various other Grand Hotelers in their rooms and we see what they did when they've all got to make for the roof when the staircase gives way.

It is all unconvincing and sometimes unintelligible. The fire scene on the roof was just grand. Reminded me of good old Biograph days, when three-alarm fires raged on every screen.

The fellow that set the fire rescues the waiter who peevish him and goes to Harp-land. A scene between Charlotte Granville and Ernest Cossart as an old married English couple in bed was the high-spot of the show. The waiter, Edouard La Roche, was humanly convincing. Henry Hull, Anne Forrest, and a lot of others filled in. For the great Galsworthy, "The Roof" hits the cellar.

"The School for Scandal"

As *Lady Teazle* Ethel Barrymore took her position at last in the great Drew-Barrymore tradition. She has wobbled hither and thither; but she is, I wager, going down to posterity as *Lady Teazle*, just as her great aunt, Mrs. John Drew (Uncle Jack's mother), did.

The Barrymore *Teazle* is a compound of grace, beauty, sophistication and dramatic power. She makes of her an eternal character, a woman who, married to old *Sir Peter Teazle*, can cast longing looks elsewhere, but who, when the moment comes, as it did in the famous screen scene, can ride down her feminine hokum and emerge a woman with a firm grip on herself. Ethel Barrymore did this scene superbly. And she was gorgeous to look upon in her modish eighteenth century hats and gowns.

See "The School for Scandal" and you'll discover where most of our domestic farces and comedies are cribbed from. It is still a brilliant and up-to-date satire. Charles Croker-King was a splendid and vivid *Sir Peter Teazle*. McKay Morris did not grasp at all the character of the hypocritical *Joseph Surface*. The rest of the company was good. But Ethel of the Tribe of Barrymores is the high light.



Hazel Dawn gives an amusing performance on the stage in "Wonder Boy."

"The Laugh Parade"

Ed Wynn is the reverse of Bobby Clark, Eddie Howard and Joe Cook. He is in a class all by himself—*sui generis*, as Mae West would say.

In his coonskin cap, his goggles, his lost-in-the-woods air, his quiet way of dragging an explosive laugh out of your vest he is incomparable.

Never has he ridden higher than in "The Laugh Parade." He is almost the whole show, with due salutes to the Di Gatanos, who stage a whirlwind Apache dance that is savage enough to almost make you holler, "Quit it!" There are also Eunice Healy, who dances well, and La Jeanne Aubert, who is la-la!

"Wonder Boy"

The pictures take it on the chin again in "Wonder Boy," by Chodorov and Barton. This time the New York executives are pounded to a frazzle. And it is one long laugh from beginning to end. For

Will You Give Me 10 Days to PROVE that I Can Give You Perfect Health and a Slender Body?

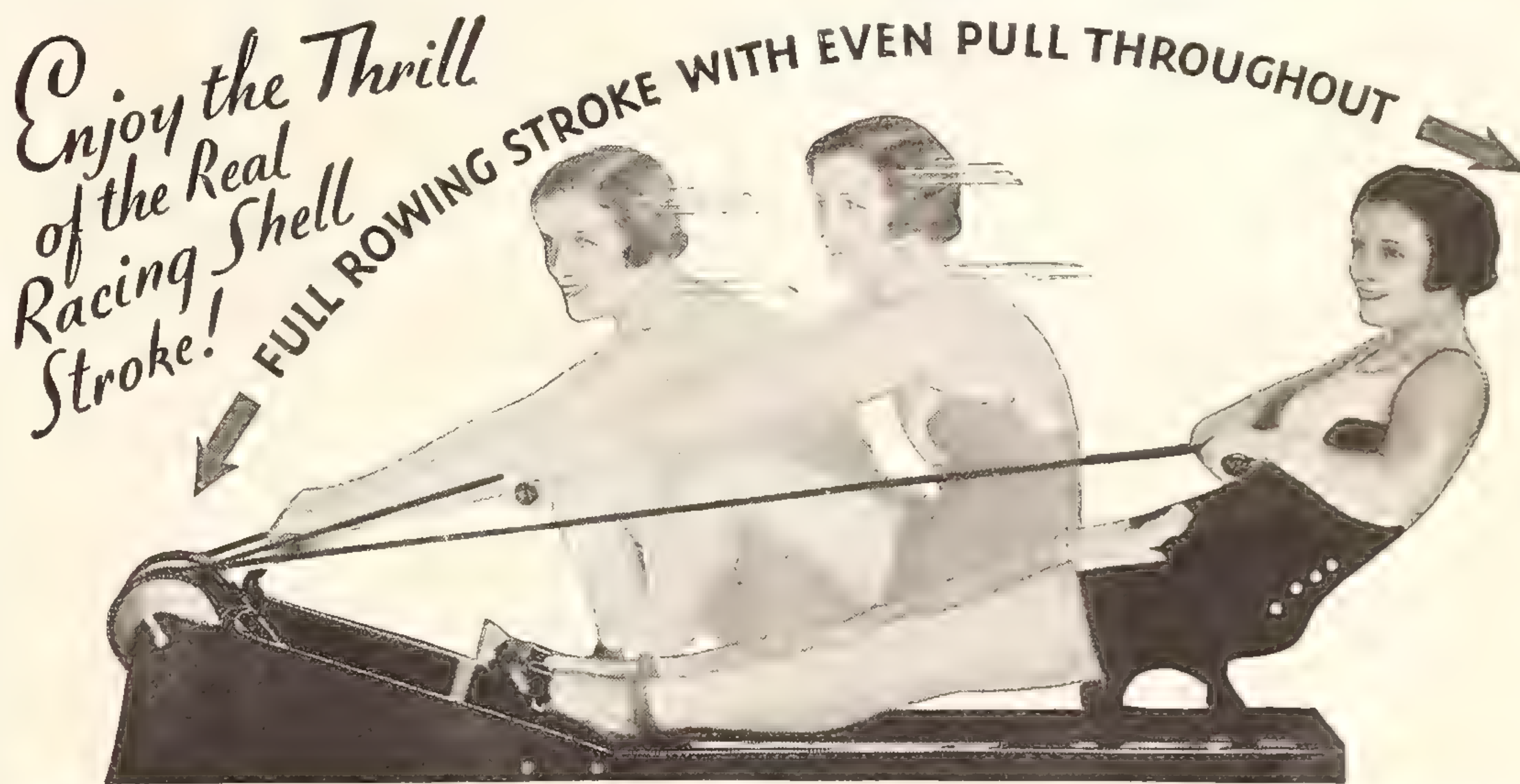
DO YOU want to take off excess weight? To reduce your waistline, hips, legs? Do you want glowing health, sparkling energy? Do you want to build a symmetrical, muscular development? Do you want to keep physically fit, in the "pink"?

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Built Like A Racing Shell



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"I think your 'Conditioner' scientifically correct. There are thousands of men that do not know that such an exerciser exists. They buy those silly, spiral spring and rubber cable affairs."

Dr. S. R. B. (full name and address on file)

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sheer ha! ha! it beats "Once in a Lifetime," although it is not as solid a piece of work. No one will laugh at it more than the picture people.

The saga is about a boy who wanted to be a dentist. The Paragon people tried to make a picture star of him in fourteen uproarious scenes, but *Pete Hinkle* flopped at the Capitol, and so the Biggie of the Paragon Pictures Corp. turned to a Russian dancer as the curtain goes down. Ballyhoo! Hooey! Applesauce! It's a corker!

This is an all-star show, with the big

medals going to Gregory Ratoff, Hazel Dawn, William Challee and Jeanne Greene. Will they have the nerve to film this?

"Counsellor-at-Law"

Elmer Rice's latest is an entertaining play and is sure Hollywood-bound. It gives all the low-down on the New York lawyer, *George Simon* in the hands of Paul Muni is a sizeable and human creation.

Simon is an East Side boy who has risen to Untermyer heights. His office is a riot of good and evil of all sorts of people,

Communists, chorus girls, poverty-stricken women, and one fellow who runs off with *George's* wife. *George* is about to take the leap from the 108th story when he gets a 'phone call from U. S. Steel—a big case! He grabs his secretary, and hits the old trail—a "Front Page" idea.

Paul Muni is the show, surrounded by a long line of most excellent actors and actresses, of which the best are—almost everybody in a company of twenty-eight. This play glows with life, but sprawls and dawdles a little.

Accents!

Continued from page 55



Pola Negri was hailed by London critics as a "super-linguist." When she speaks her mind, as in "A Woman Commands," she can unloose a varied flood of language to give even the bland Roland Young a headache.

correct pronunciation of an English word new to her. Before embarking on a scene, she, too, like Garbo, rehearses her part with almost parrot-like persistence. When she is sure the words and pronunciation are correct, she concentrates on the delicate nuances of their meaning before speaking for the microphone. She is very quick, and everyone likes teaching Dietrich new words.

Languages come easily to the foreign stars; it is the control of the larynx which calls for long practise. Paul Lukas enjoys excellent throat control, and to combat his foreign accent he listens patiently to radio announcers by the hour, carefully selecting those whose English is the most desirable. He can imitate the manner of speech of all our very nicest and most cultured radio announcers. Of course, in a picture like "Strictly Dishonorable" he still uses the accent, but you will note how cleverly he has it under control and how distinctly every word gets over. But when talkies first came, they had an English double to speak for Paul in "The Wolf of Wall Street." Paul knew no English at all then. His next picture will be "No One Man."

Pola Negri went to England itself to defeat her accent. She can, when she will, speak perfect English, with scarce a trace of accent. So much so that London critics

hailed her as the super-linguist.

Lil Dagover, German screen sensation, found that being "discovered" by Warners entailed the mighty problem of mastering English in a few weeks. And Lil annexed an English tutor and concentrated forthwith with amazing success. She still studies with this tutor between scenes, going over every tiny nuance of the words she must speak. Of course, she still has an accent—enough to lend piquancy—but she knows how to take care of that for "mike" purposes. Lil is delicious, as you'll discover when you see her in her first American picture, "The Woman from Monte Carlo," with Walter Huston and Warren Williams. She also has a diabolical sense of humor and adores acquiring startling American slang and springing it on people unexpectedly. If she has some original pronunciations of these, never fear the naughty girl knows all about it. And, like so many of these charmers, she speaks five languages perfectly—when it suits her.

Both Lupe Velez and Fifi Dorsay can speak good American when they want to. Both these girls, however, know the value of a *soupcou* of accent under certain provocative conditions. Lupe will lapse into an accent at just the right moment, after gabbing away in American for several

minutes, the sly minx. As for Fifi, one suspects her of deliberately cultivating the accent and reminding herself not to forget.

Bela Lugosi, whose "Dracula" brought the highest box office returns of any picture at Universal for the year, tells how, when he played his first English part on the stage in "The Red Poppy," he knew no English whatever. He learned lines like a parrot. Later, when he had to take many bows and there were calls for a speech, he didn't even know what the audience was yelling for. He didn't dare speak for fear of giving himself away. But he hired a tutor right after that and his English has long since been well nigh perfect. He still practices daily to keep the accent in check.

Tala Birel, Universal's new find, says her dad is Viennese, her mother Polish, and she herself was born in Rumania, so she spoke three different languages from babyhood. Now languages are a sort of hobby with her. If she can live in a country even the shortest time, she just absorbs the language without more ado. When she first went to England on location, while making a German picture, however, she felt her English was a bit inadequate for the screen, so she struck up a friendship with some English electricians and mechanics and they delighted in adding to her learning. Often, on this account, Tala gives an English word just a slight cock-



Here is Bela Lugosi, as seen by his compatriot, Geza Kende, the famous painter.



Tala Birel, born in Rumania of Central European parents, speaks good English, but with a slight Cockney accent!

ney flavor. In Hollywood she went to the man who taught Joseph Schildkraut his excellent English, Francis Fay, who makes her utter every single word dozens of times until he is satisfied. Tala still has enough accent to add piquancy, but there is no ridiculous mispronunciation of words. She also has a keen aptitude for reproducing all sorts of sounds.

Ramon Novarro, having lived so long in Los Angeles, has never had to study English. Indeed, his English is often vastly superior to the American brand.

Lots of English-speaking players have awkward accents that need correcting, too. For instance, a southern accent is most unsuitable in many rôles. On the other hand, Cissie Loftus, the English actress who is a master of dialects, as also is Elsie Janis, coached little Sidney Fox in that engaging southern accent which she used in "Strictly Dishonorable." It is quite a knack, slipping into these dialects. Remember how difficult Mary Pickford found the southern tinge in her first talkie, "Coquette"?

When an American actress essays a foreign accent for a rôle, it is not often a success. These foreigners seem more clever at acquiring our tricks of language than we are at theirs.

Leo Carillo, who has lived in California all his life and yet is pure Spanish, has the gift of imitating pretty well any accent, even English cockney. Warner Baxter, pure American, on the other hand, is one of the few who can simulate a Spanish dialect, without being a real Spanish scholar. That's why he has been such a hit in the "Old Arizona" and "Cisco Kid" type of picture.

Dolores Del Rio has been improving her English right along, but fortunately in "The Dove" her Spanish accent is pleasantly suitable. But Dolores can speak almost without a trace of accent now when she cares to.

Olga Baclanova had great difficulty learning accentless English. Which is one of the reasons she lost out at Paramount when talkies came in. Now, however, she has improved so remarkably that she is appearing in an English stage play in Los Angeles.

Dr. Mario Marafioti says the Latins have a much easier time with voice projection and accents; they seem to have a natural-born gift for singing correctly, for instance.

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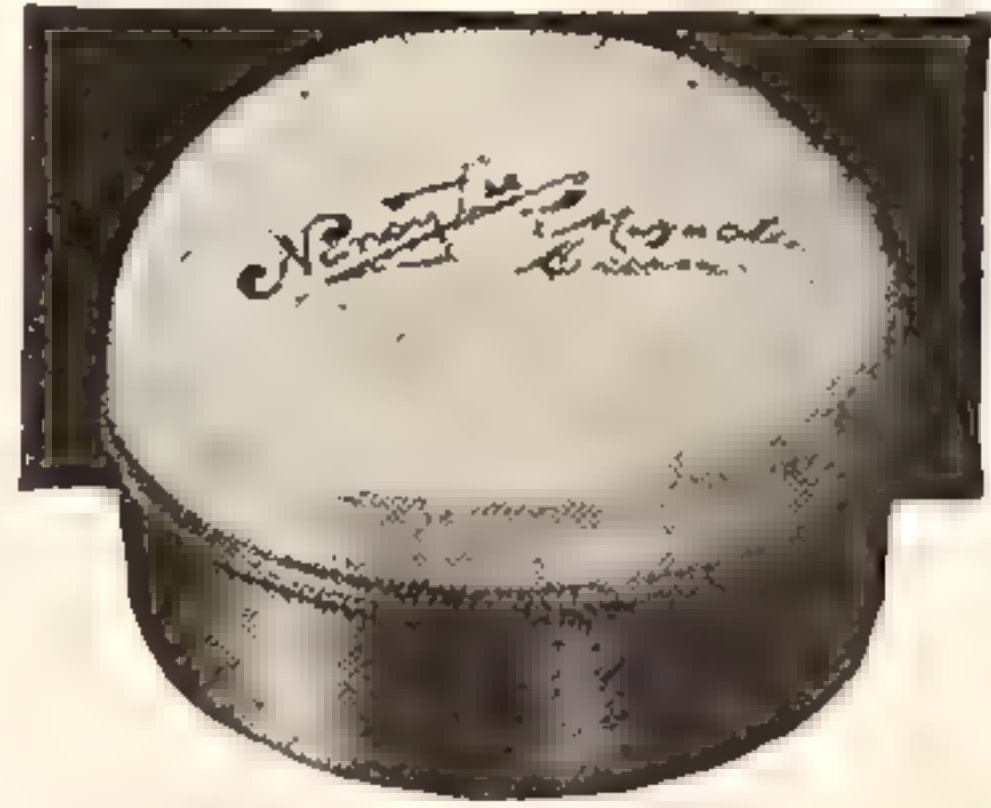
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Complete Fictionization in March Screenland

GARBO AND NOVARRO'S

"MATA-HARI"

Garbo and Novarro at their superb best in this glamorous romance of the famous dancer spy. Love, divine love reared to dizzy heights and tragedy, stark and cruel, culminating before the guns of a firing squad provide gripping material for a great fictionization of this outstanding film. Surely you'll see the picture but first read the story—complete—in



Illustrated at top of page: Garbo taking a final farewell of her blind lover before she faces the firing squad. Above: Garbo, as the famous dancer, with her lover in a boudoir scene.

March
SCREENLAND

But the Russians, Scandinavians, Germans usually find it far more difficult, since those languages are so largely produced by chest sounds as distinct from head sounds. It is this chesty, nasal manner of voice projection that spoils so many American voices, and which have startled foreign audiences when issuing from the lips of lovely American maidens.

There is no necessity for voices to be flat and monotonous. Voices can acquire personality and charm by a correct understanding and utilization of the throat, the teeth, the lips, the tongue, all of which contribute to tone and enunciation. Some

voices have a natural lilt to them, as, for instance, Helen Hayes' voice in the first scenes of "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Little Janet Gaynor is getting more character into her speaking voice all the time.

Of the men on the screen, Conrad Nagel is considered as having the finest, richest voice. Conrad makes many public speeches, too, often being selected by the industry to represent it at big civic banquets, mainly on this account. Anything Conrad says seems twice as interesting because of his rich voice. Lawrence Grant, the Welshman, also has a rich speaking voice. Leslie Howard is regarded as having the best dic-

tion and nuance of any actor playing lovers' rôles.

Although Jack Gilbert's original speaking voice on the screen proved so disastrous, all the faults have been corrected now and he should be able to live down "One Glorious Night." Jack's experience is the outstanding example of what a poor screen voice can do to an otherwise fine screen reputation. The Walter Hustons, the James Cagneys, the Clark Gables, the Clive Brooks, and the Doug Fairbanks Juniors, would not have fared anywhere near so well, had not their speaking voices suited their individualities.

Ol' Man River's Step-Child

Continued from page 89

children, turned on its side and scores were drowned. Irene's father was among the city officials who previously condemned the boat and in the subsequent investigation, honors were heaped on his head. But her mother could not think of the honors; she could think only of the scores of tots who were drowned. And she hated the rivers and feared more and more the visits of her own two babies to the grandfather who built boats. It was with trembling in her heart that the mother would caution her two children, when the time came for the annual visits with Granddad, not to go too near the river.

Like most children, the dare of defying parental wishes dwelt in Irene's heart until one day she and her brother joined a group of their river urchin friends and went swimming in the Ohio. A treacherous undertow swept her beyond her depth and she fought a silent struggle for breath and life, too frightened to scream and too weak to wage a successful battle. A passing fisherman saw her plight and rescued her, a shaking, tearful little girl who vowed never again to disobey her parents and who stared with distended eyes at the water that had nearly ended her stay on earth.

She has never overcome the fear that overtook her that day. The occurrence was fifteen years ago but today, when Miss Dunne determines to fight off the phobia and visits the ocean or a pool, her arms and legs become powerless and she is overwhelmed with a desire to get out of the water.

When she was about ten years old, Irene visited friends of her grandfather, a family living near Memphis. It was at this time that several river kidnappings had taken place and parents had been warned to keep their children away from the waterfront. The family Irene was visiting owned a motorboat and one day the children slipped aboard to play. In a game of hide-and-seek, Irene left the boat and boarded a craft alongside. While she hid beneath a tarpaulin, the boat was mysteriously freed of its moorings and drifted away from the dock. When she finally peered from her hiding place, Irene had floated several hundred yards down the river.

Her screams attracted the attention of the other children and they, frightened, ran home and confessed to their parents that Irene had been taken away on a strange boat. Pandemonium followed. The police were informed and the river patrol started in search of the kidnapped child. Within a few minutes most of the city was aware that another girl had been stolen.

The police overhauled the runaway boat a few miles below the city and returned craft and girl safely. Of course, the kidnapping theory was laughed at but once again had little Irene discovered a reason



He's little, but he can play big scenes. This is Buster Phelps, one of Hollywood's sizeable army of kid stars.

to stand in mortal fear of the water.

"Despite my fears, rivers and oceans have a strange fascination for me," Miss Dunne says. "I get a tremendous thrill when I go yachting. When I crossed the ocean, I experienced a great kick. But whenever I went to the ship's side and looked down into the water, I almost ran back to the safety of my stateroom."

Miss Dunne loves to recall the days of her childhood—the part of her childhood spent on the waterfront.

"I can remember some of the river kids I played with," she says. "My two particular chums were Mickey O'Brien and his sister, Molly. Mickey had more freckles than any kid I ever saw and his proudest boast was that he could swim the Ohio, which at that point was half a mile wide. Molly was about seven and she

could swim like a fish. She had a swimming suit made from a flour sack from which the four corners had been cut, as well as a hole in the top. Through these five openings protruded Molly's arms, legs and head. When she plunged into the water, the improvised suit held air and she looked for all the world like a balloon with arms and legs!

"One day I took a beautiful new doll to the shanty-boat on which Mickey and Molly lived. Some way, it fell overboard and Molly dived after it without pausing to remove her dress. Her mother was terribly angry and gave her a spanking. I was so sorry that I insisted Molly should keep the doll. 'Because,' I explained, 'it would have drowned if you hadn't rescued it, so now it belongs to you.' Molly's tears dried up immediately and she took motherly possession of the doll. At home, I had to explain I had lost my toy because I dared not confess I had been to the river front."

Whatever fear she may have of water, Irene does not lack grit. A recent picture contained a scene in which she was called upon to fall from a yacht into the ocean. The director, who understood her fear, offered to secure a double.

"Will a double make the scene realistic?" Miss Dunne asked.

"Well, no, not quite," the director admitted. "With a double, it will have to be taken in a long shot, which will not be as effective as a closeup."

"Then I'll do it," Irene said. And despite the fact that fear nearly paralyzed her heart, she stood on the yacht's deck and fell backwards into the ocean. The sudden expression of fright that twisted her face was not acting. Irene Dunne was scared!

Expert swimmers may scoff at her fear, but let it be here explained that many humans are possessed of phobias of one sort or another. Some fear high places; others cannot bear to be locked in a small room or underground tunnel. Miss Dunne's fear of water is as unconquerable as the next woman's hatred of snakes or spiders.

But some day, when she has tired of her screen and stage career, she intends to return to the shores of the Mississippi, or else she will live beside the broad Pacific. She will build a home that will face a great body of water and from the safety of her living room, she will gaze and satisfy the haunting fascination that centers in her heart.

She will have children of her own, she says, and one of the first things they will learn will be the art of swimming. She will see that a competent instructor attends to this phase of their childhood.

"I am not going to have my children afraid of water," she says quietly. "They will love the rivers and oceans."



A pair of Jacks! The Messrs. Cooper and Searle examine the script of "Sooky," the Percy Crosby story in which they will soon be seen with that other seasoned trouper, Bobby Coogan.

Just Among Us Kids

Continued from page 33

avarice, even in the movie world.

Jackie Searle is a California boy, who started as a radio buddy at three years of age. Two years ago he crashed the talkies, since then he has been in all the kid pictures put out by Paramount, and was peculiarly successful in that picture first released as "Let's Play King" and later changed to "Forbidden Adventure," which was a skit on movie children. He's in the sixth grade, and he wants to become a baseball pitcher by and by. He already has fifty-two pictures to his credit.

Dickie Moore is just five years old now. He and George Ernest, another cute baby, have just won long term contracts with Warners. Dickie is really an old-timer all the same. His first part was with John Barrymore as a baby in "The Beloved Rogue" when he was eleven months old. That happened because a United Artist production manager happened to be making a social visit to the Moores—another break. Since then he has been employed most of the time, his latest pictures being "Seed," "The Squaw Man," "Star Witness," "Union Depot," and "Manhattan Parade."

Dickie's first ambition was to be a garbage man, but now he thinks a traffic cop's job might be more interesting. He hates to go to bed. He likes the school on the lot. He rides a little tricycle and tags people for speeding. He adores dogs and wept bitterly when his pet ran away. He adores having the dentist clean his teeth!

George Ernest is ten years old and a natural organizer, has just founded a strictly invitational club which he made the boys assist in building, for which they swipe

lumber, bits of linoleum, and old drapes. The dues are a penny a week; members bring their own lunch. George also works on toy airplanes. He's Danish and has two sisters and two brothers all older than himself—a very homey family. He's in B. 5 at school but he has three *bêtes noires*—to help wash dishes, to eat spinach and to get dressed. His three passions are chocolate cake, baseball and football.

Delmar Watson is a clever, cunning youngster—one of many little Watsons working in pictures.

Jerry Tucker, another of the kids who won glory in "Skippy" is the son of a boxer-manager, and was born in Chicago. He played lots of bits in pictures before "Skippy" won him a contract.

Studios try to keep the details of contracts for child players a dead secret—because mothers get mad when some other lambkin gets higher pay than their own sonny boy.

Besides those under contract, lots of children are free-lancing and doing very well, thank you. For instance, Wynonah Johnson, a woman writer, has seven sweet children, three of them almost constantly employed in the movies. Dickie Winslow, who appeared in both "Seed" and "Tom Sawyer" is one of her bright babes; Carmencita Johnson, age 7, is seen as Greta Garbo in her childhood, in "Susan Lennox"; and the baby, just a year old, is in constant demand, as for instance in Billie Dove's "The Age for Love." Remember how the father wakes up the baby and it cries and cries—that's Wynonah's baby, a cooey angel that everybody loves.



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color?

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Junior Coghlan and Leo Carrillo get "wised up" on a scene which they are about to play in "Racetrack." The directorish-looking gentleman is James Cruze.

Now, Dickie and Carmencita get \$150 a week when they are working, which is in about four pictures a year for several weeks. The baby gets anywhere from \$7.50 to \$25 a day, according to how long mama has to hang around between scenes. When Dickie Moore played in "Seed," before he was under contract, he received \$200 a week. His contract is understood to be twice as good as that. It is interesting to note that both Dickie Winslow and Junior Coghlan, playing the same sort of

rôle with the same number of lines in a Bobby Jones golf picture, received \$75 and \$25 a day respectively. One of the mamas, you see, was less good at bargaining. Many bright children receive \$100 a day for two or three days' work. That was Junior Durkin's fee before he was under contract. It is said to have begun at \$500 a week rising to \$4000 a week in a couple of years.

Actually these movie children are amazingly well disciplined. They know that if

they cut up and become a nuisance, it will be back to the suburbs for them. They are a good-tempered bunch of youngsters for the most part, very philosophical, and well aware that temperamental outbursts will make them decidedly *persona non grata*. And they can act. Consider dear little Marilyn Harris in "Frankenstein," the baby the monster drowns. She only has a bit, but you'll never forget it. Or the bright galaxy of kids in "Over the Hill," Tom Conlon, Nancy Irish, Julius Molnar, Joe Hachey, and again, Marilyn Harris. Are they worth \$150 a day? You bet they are.

The studios declare that children from theatrical families are invariably better disciplined than those from non-professional homes. However, Wynonah Johnson is a newspaper woman and her children work all the time, because they are such well-behaved youngsters.

If they are ever going to be spoiled, it usually comes after the success marked by fat contracts. Then so much depends on the quality of the home and parents in the background. The spoiled smart alec youngsters are, however, happily rare. And there are clauses in contracts to protect studios against that, so parents find it highly worth-while to keep the home influence right.

Child stars, however, are not allowed to wallow in spending money. Jackie Cooper, for instance, gets about \$3 a week and has to coax for every dime beyond that.

Tad Alexander, seen with Will Rogers in "Ambassador Bill," being a newcomer, gets only 50 cents a week. Jackie Searle is a plutocrat on \$5 when he starts making a picture, and not another dime until it's finished. Then he celebrates. Even in his palmiest child-actor days, Jackie Coogan had to get his spending money in occasional dollars, not even a regular allowance. Bobby Coogan doesn't know anything about money yet—but he'll learn. Brother Jack's fortune, in trust for him, is said to be nearly \$5,000,000.

Not Too Tough!

Continued from page 34

solemn little group walked Cagney himself, and climbed up on a stool at the lunch counter.

It was like looking at a corpse, the executive said.

Spellbound, they waited to hear if the corpse would speak. Then Cagney's voice came to them, in modulated scholarly tones:

"I'll have a tomato salad with mayonnaise and a pot of black tea," it said.

You could have heard a gnat whisper in the lunch room!

There is, so to speak, a mayonnaise and black tea side to this Irish Cagney. It is evidenced to you perhaps first in his exceptionally long blonde eyelashes and large blue eyes, and silky red hair that might have been his mother's pride and joy.

You get another bit of it when he quotes you a line or two from "John Brown's Body" by the poet-novelist, Benet. Or when he analyses a sequence in one of the Russian pictures. Or when he points out that the humor of Rene Clair's excellent picture, "Le Million," was essentially Gallic, and therefore forever impossible of emulation by the Anglo-Saxon.

You get still more of it when he talks about his own brand of art, his own acting, sketching for you some of the reasons for the change in public opinion which has made it possible for such former heav-

ies as Wallace Beery, Chester Morris, Clark Gable and himself, Cagney, to slip across the thin dividing line which separates villainy from heroism.

Intelligently, he tells you what speech has contributed to this effect, giving as his reason that speech shows the man, reveals the well-springs of his inner emotional make-up as action alone never can do.

"When you hear how a man talks," he says, "you get a notion of how his mind works. And when you know how a man's mind works, you realize something of his similarity to yourself. Once that's accomplished, you can't bring yourself to hate everything the villain does, because if you do you begin to hate yourself, knowing that you yourself are capable of the same action. Circumstances alone have made the difference."

And if that isn't shrewd reasoning, then the old French proverb which reads that "To understand all is to forgive all" is a lot of applesauce.

Perhaps by this time you are thinking: "The fellow is one of those so-called highbrows."

Nothing could be farther from the truth. How can anyone be highbrow who played over a vaudeville circuit for five years? How can anyone be highbrow who began his career upon the stage as a chorus boy in a cream-tart called "Pitter Patter?"

His sports are boxing, punching the bag, swimming, playing tennis and baseball, and driving his car—none of them very highbrow.

I have said he drives a car. He does. But his wife has to tell him when to put water in the battery, when to have it recharged, when to fill the tires, where oil goes, and what spark plugs are. It's all a Chinese puzzle to the heir of the Cagney fortunes.

"I don't know what makes my watch run, do I?" he asks. "Why should I have to learn about this juggernaut?"

And as a consequence he had to have his Cadillac roadster pushed about to get it started for a period of almost a week before he discovered that the battery was dry. Then his wife had to tell him.

She helps him in other ways.

Together they slip into the neighborhood theatres where his pictures are playing to listen to the reaction of the audiences.

"How do you explain the fact that women like your pictures?" I asked. "You must admit that you're not exactly the type the story books glorify and make feminine hearts got pitty-pat."

"It's because women are more or less fascinated by brutishness," he answered. "Listen some night at a prize fight. It is always the women who are thirsty for blood, who yell for a knockout. They

wouldn't hurt a fly, but there is something about pain which attracts them, which makes them want to stay and see something even while their instinct warns them that they shouldn't."

But his attraction for women, so far as I have been able to discover, has not made Mrs. Cagney jealous. And he can't be so very brutish at home, for there have been absolutely no rumors of his ever having bashed a grapefruit in his wife's face.

It seems to be one of those marriages about which you hear almost nothing, because it's so commonplace successful.

He compares New York people to those in Hollywood with some advantage to the latter.

He had heard about Hollywood's wild life, he had read about it; but when he sought it, it just wasn't there. An obliging technical man from one of his sets took him to a party one night where, he was assured, he would see the wildest life in Hollywood.

He didn't find one familiar face there. It seemed to be a gathering of studio underlings, prop men and extra girls, and a sprinkling of technical people.

And as a wild party it was about three times as tame as the ordinary after-the-show gathering of the most ordinary vaudevillians. Now he spends most of his time when he isn't working at home, and all my assurances that there really are wild times to be had in Hollywood were of no avail.



James Cagney "grifting" a smoke from a studio hand, between scenes.

"It's just Keokuk-on-the-Los-Angeles," he said.

There still exists in Hollywood, and especially among old-time motion picture people, the superstition that stage actors imported from New York like to speak lines. Cagney certainly is a stage actor, and he is from New York. He has played in such hits as Maxwell Anderson's "Outside Looking In," "Women Go On Forever" and in the "Grand Street Follies." And with Joan Blondell, he was the hit of George Kelly's play, "Maggie the Magnificent."

But it doesn't follow that he likes to speak lines merely for the sake of speaking lines.

I sat by him while he pored over a bit of the script of his present play, "Taxi," at the Warner lot in Burbank. Burbank lies in the San Fernando Valley, which has a penchant for heat. The day was hot, the stage was hot, and it would have been comfortable to sit and merely loaf between calls to appear on the set.

But he was going over the lines, mumbling them, and between them mumbling something that sounded strangely like "Ten-twenty-three"—but I can't be sure.

Of this much, however, I am sure. I saw him go over to Director Roy Del Ruth, saw them put their heads together, saw Del Ruth nod in agreement a number of times as Cagney talked.

And when they shot the scene, which was a long love scene with flowery lines, most of the talk that I had read in the script was left out, and instead of acting the love scene with talk, he acted it with motion and a gag.

He took Loretta Young in his arms and jiggled her about a bit, whistling; and as they danced he slipped a ring on her hand, which lay lightly on his shoulder. She saw the ring in a mirror behind him and stopped dancing to look at it. Then she looked at him, still speechless. He kissed her.

It became all at once a natural, simple and delightful little scene, and perfectly in character. And it revealed something of Cagney's intelligence.

To the casual observer Jimmy Cagney appears to be a happy-go-lucky Irish boy set down in the sunshine and *papier maché* of Hollywood. The close observer will find a serious-minded young actor who would like to play on the stage in London, because there is to be found the most critical and discerning audience in the world; and who works hard at an art in which success is sometimes found by the lucky, but which, nevertheless, has its own rewards for those who put in long hours and hard labor mastering its intricacies.



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THE woman who lets headaches upset

her plans must have her eyes and ears closed to certain facts about aspirin. There is always swift comfort, and never any harm, in genuine aspirin tablets that bear the Bayer cross. Doctors have said so; men and women everywhere have found it so. Any headache—from any cause—is always relieved by one or two tablets. And lots of other aches and pains. Neuralgia. Neuritis. Rheumatism. Nagging pains. The pain from colds which make you "ache all over." Sore throat. Systemic or "muscular" pain. Bayer Aspirin can spare you lots of needless suffering! Just be sure you get the genuine.



The Truth About Cosmetics

Continued from page 98

the lashes upward. By the way, they make that in two sizes now. They also make a pomade, "Kurlene," to promote the growth of the lashes. This comes in a small jar for \$1. The Kurlash people, devoting themselves to the eyes, also have a special tweezer they call "Tweezette;" a liquid tint for the lashes, "Lashtint" (black, brown or blue); and eye-shadow, "Shadette," in blue violet, brown or green. Lash-tint also comes in cake-form. All of these Kurlash products are \$1 each.

If you will keep make-up and dust out of your lashes, and massage Kurlene well

into the roots, you can encourage their growth splendidly. Persistence is necessary, however, in the growth of lashes—but there's never any use in being discouraged. Get right after them.

If you're just bewildered by all the many different perfumes, you'll be safe in buying "Feu Follet" made by Roger and Gallet. Ask for "Flame of Folly" if you don't know how to pronounce the French. Its charm, however, is perfectly understandable in any language. In fact, it says a great deal to the senses—and that's a universal tongue. *N'est ce pas?*

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND

Vocal Girl Makes Good

Continued from page 62



Louise Dresser, one of the foremost screen mothers, is guaranteed to increase the consumption of handkerchiefs whenever she hits her stride.

the kind of part I had. How can anybody be convincing as a sly, slinking charmer in Algeria?"

And of her still better acting in "Street Scene," which won her wide critical approval: "It was a lucky thing for me that I was among such a grand bunch of actors. You couldn't go wrong with that cast to back you up."

As a singer, yes. As an actress, decidedly. But as a critic, she leaves a lot to be desired.

It was while Estelle was relaxing from the ardors of picture work that someone decided, without bothering to seek her opinion, that her low, vibrant voice should have a future if set to music. So she was dragged, kicking and screaming (though on key, be it said) to the studio of Francis Stuart, that veteran voice teacher who has had a hand in the development of many of the current operatic magnificos. Her singing voice, surprisingly enough, is soprano, and better in the higher registers than in the lower. After one audition *Maestro* Stuart told her that she definitely belonged, and every one else who has heard her has agreed; and some day, perhaps, Estelle herself may come around to their way of thinking.

If Miss Taylor should choose the path of musical comedy for a season it will be merely a return to an old love, for her

first acting experience was gained on the stage. When she was eighteen, after an early unsuccessful attempt at marriage with one Kenneth Peacock, she decided to fulfill a childhood ambition to act, and came to New York from Wilmington, Del., her birthplace, to enter the Sargent Dramatic School. Her debut on the stage was made in "Come On, Charlie," with Lynn Overman. After continuing for a time in minor stage parts she found her way to the Coast, and before long was being seen in such pictures as "The Ten Commandments," "Honor Bound," "Singapore," and "Don Juan," the last-named with John Barrymore. Her later rôles in such outstanding pictures as "Cimarron," "Street Scene" and "The Unholy Garden" have brought her into still greater prominence as a featured screen player. "Carmen" would merely be one more logical step forward.

However she may choose between the two well-carpeted paths that now stretch out before her, Estelle's future is, for the time being at least, no cause for great concern. As to marriage, she isn't knowing about that. But her brimming spirits, her still abundant youth and her general unsuitability for the cloistered sort of life will probably settle that question for her. Estelle, in short, gives the lie to another old proverb—for it would never take nine Taylors to make a man!

Confessions of Mickey Mouse

Continued from page 53

so much of that endorsing idea, though of course I've been approached since I became famous. But I think maybe I'll let them use my signature on my favorite brand of hats—they're so nice to sleep in. I wouldn't take the money, of course; my idea is to use it to start a fund for the abolition of mousetraps. Talk about hobbies, that's mine. You know what they say about the man who makes a better mousetrap than his neighbor—that the world will beat a path to his door? Well, my idea is to change the slogan to: 'The world will beat him senseless.'

"How do I do all those acrobatic stunts like jumping rope with my tail and taking off my head and carrying it under my arm? Well, that would be giving away the secrets of the trade—but anyway, Walt taught me all of 'em, and believe me it was a grind. But it's a cinch when you've learned how. Look!"

With one step he had crossed the room and was running up the wall. He trotted carelessly up to the ceiling, where he did a brief tap dance, ending by stretching his tail down to touch the floor and sliding down it fireman fashion.

"Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, just try it some time!"

"Things aren't so bad with me at that," he added after a moment's reflection. "No use kicking, especially when I think of all the deserving mice who haven't even got a job. I'm well taken care of, and have my career, and all—except one thing." A shadow passed over his face.

"What's that?" I asked sympathetically.

"Why, it's those danged extras who support me in my pictures," he said slowly. "I mean especially the fellows who furnish the menace, whose job it is almost to get me on the screen. Well, how do I know but that some big bruiser of a hungry dog

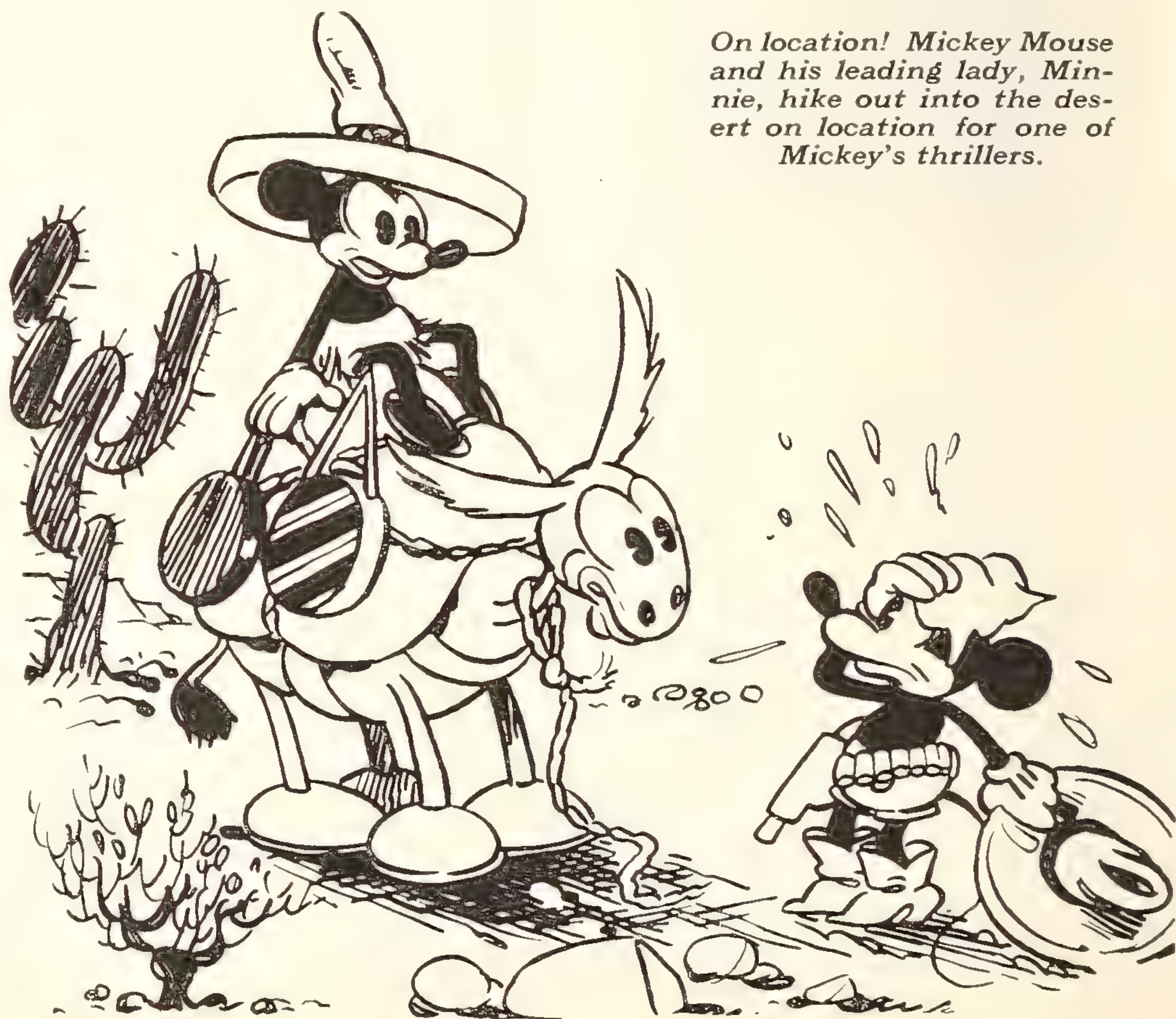
or cat won't get absent-minded and actually finish me some time while we're shooting? I interview every applicant for a part personally, give 'em intelligence tests and everything, but suppose sometime—just suppose—Oh, golly!"

"MICK-EY! MICK-EE!" came a voice

through the thin wall of the den.

"Sh-h-h! They've missed us," said the boy star. "Come on—and you won't blab on me, will you?"

He unlocked the little door, we glided through and out from behind the protecting tapestry, and busied ourselves looking at



the books on the nearby shelves. A quiet-looking, bespectacled gentleman strode over and grasped Mickey firmly by an ear.

"Where have you been, young fellow?" he chided, trying not quite successfully to suppress a smile. "Playing hookey again, eh?"

"Wh-why, no, Boss," said Mickey, "I was just showing this visitor my first editions."

"Has he been filling you up with all that bunk about his love life?" laughed Mr. Disney. "Mickey is an awful roué, isn't he? Come on now, old timer, you've got to rehearse that scene where you play a saxophone solo on an elephant's trunk."

"So long," waved Mickey. "And say," he added in a whisper, "drop in again next week. I'm getting in a new stock of fromage—genuine stuff, right off the shelf!"

Garbo and Novarro Together!

Continued from page 21



A scene from "Mata Hari" with Greta Garbo in the shadow of a Javanese idol.

retire and live comfortably ever after. But Ramon, who has supported himself ever since he came to this country at the age of seventeen, a poor Mexican youth knowing few words of English, would never be content to retire.

"I want to be a director," he says. "I like the screen better than the opera or the stage. Much has been published about my desire to go into grand opera. Of course, I love music and singing. But I have come to the conclusion that pictures offer the best outlet for any talent I have.

"Already I have directed foreign versions of my pictures. Mr. Thalberg has promised that next year I can direct an English speaking picture. I shall probably not appear in it, as I find directing and starring a little too much to do simultaneously. I hope to act for a few more years. But, when I see my standing with the public slipping, I want to be prepared to bow out quickly and step into a directorial berth. No face lifts or pathetic attempts to hang on for me!"

If "Mata Hari" goes over big there is a chance that we may have a new pair of screen lovers. Garbo and Novarro may be the perfect pair, surpassing such other famous couples as Garbo and Gilbert, Gaynor and Farrell, Colman and Banky.

John Gilbert is the only actor who has ever worked with Garbo in a succession of pictures. Their screen love almost developed into a wedding. They got to the point of taking out a marriage license, when Greta backed down. Since then she has shown no personal interest in any of her heroes.

Is there a possibility that Ramon did his love scenes in "Mata Hari" so well that Greta will become really interested in him? The two of them have such a great deal in common. When the cameras started to click they forgot everything else, throwing themselves wholly into their work. And, if it's of any importance, they made all the love scenes first—before getting around to the rest of the story!

Gilbert failed to mean anything permanent to Garbo because he is totally different in temperament from her. He is the typical American who likes crowds, gayety, noise. Ramon is no more like the average American than is Greta. He craves solitude, and lots of it.

They say, the Hollywood gossips, that Garbo was in love with Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director who got her her contract and then, a flop himself, went back to Sweden and died. But all hearts will heal with time. It has been more than three years since she showed the flicker of interest in Gilbert. Must her lonely life not pall sometimes?

Ramon has never been in love. That is, as far as Hollywood knows. He outlined for me such a definite philosophy on the subject that I almost suspect he has loved and lost! If he has been hiding a broken heart all these years, perhaps time has healed it and through the magic of camera love he may find the woman who will bring him happiness.

"I do not believe in trying to hold love," he told me. "The dramatic declaration which most every man or woman makes to his or her sweetheart when the other one has grown cold: 'I gave up all for you!' is the most foolish statement I have ever heard. That shows that one has loved selfishly.

"If you really love a person you want them to be happy. Their joy is paramount, rather than your own. If they tire of you and want to be with someone else, you will gladly sacrifice and relinquish. You get your reward in doing for them. Every day that you are helping your loved one you are getting your enjoyment. Be honest and not selfish.

"Anyway, suffering and grief make us appreciate happiness. There is no such thing as earthly happiness, to be truthful. All of us have something to worry about. Money, fame, position, sexcess—even with them you still are unhappy. The best we can attain is a sort of inner peace. A clean body and a clean mind seem the best road to it.

"I think we take ourselves too seriously. What are we but little bits in a great phenomenon? We should realize that we

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are all in God's hands. Life, to me, is like being afloat on the ocean. It is better to put your faith in God and drift than to struggle defiantly and drown. Surely, I believe in making an effort. But I am sure we are guided by some power above us."

Garbo's sweeping disregard of Hollywood adulation shows even more eloquently than words that she agrees with Ramon. She is the only feminine star in the history of the colony who has refused to be fêted and entertained. Serene and indifferent, she reigns supreme. Individualism is a fetish with her. Personal habits, likes and dislikes, are strictly her own affair. Let others blindly follow fads. She will have none of them. And her whole career has been based upon a naïve faith that all will come out right if it is so meant.

Certainly no two people are as agreed on the value of the simple life as Greta and Ramon. Long, solitary walks and energy-giving sun baths constitute her daily routine. Ramon arises at seven a.m. every morning, including Sundays, and takes a cold shower and exercises. He will admit that he doesn't always feel like it, even

as you and I! But he insists that it's the only way to get results. System! Concentration! Success! Just like that.

I had hoped I could get him to tell me more about how it felt to be working with Garbo. But he is a true gentleman. (One more reason why she likes him better than any other actor she has ever worked with.)

"The first day both of us were nervous," he admitted. "After that we got along fine together. I admire Greta's artistry even

more, now that I have acted with her. People have no idea how painstakingly she figures out lines and situations.

"And," he added significantly, "*I admire her far too much to displease her in any way!* You know how she resents having those who know her make printed remarks about her, no matter how complimentary. Therefore," he fenced off my queries with that charming smile of his, "I will kindly not be asked what I think of Miss Garbo's personal characteristics!"

I came away from him, however, with the impression that he thinks she is grand. He wouldn't answer such silly (but interesting!) questions as: How does it feel to be Garbo's screen lover? But he praised her acting and sportsmanship in no uncertain terms.

Wouldn't it be a super-romance if these two love-shy idols *really* fell in love? If you like them well enough in "Mata Hari" to demand repeat performances of their screen love scenes, perhaps they might take their work so seriously that—oh, well! It would be a thrilling combination, wouldn't it?

See Page 12 for the announcement of the winners in SCREENLAND'S Star Shadow Contest

Richard Dix Tells Why He Married

Continued from page 23



Merely a sedate handshake! The dignified Dixes—Richard and Winifred Coe—are one bridal couple who insist on exercising restraint whenever there's a camera anywhere about.

would come of their being seen together. Only their families knew of their intentions. Needless to say, both sets of parents highly approved of the match.

You may suppose that as important a star as Richard Dix would have plenty of time to get married, but you're mistaken. The studio, not dreaming of his bridal plans, demanded his time more than ever. He had to be at work every day. Then came a short lay-off. That was their chance!

Rich chartered an airplane and the whole wedding party eloped to Yuma. (Dorothy Mackaill, June Collyer, and Mary Astor recently went to the same city to be mar-

ried. California has a three-day marriage law, you know. Imagine a movie star trying to get a little privacy when the reporters are warned in advance!)

"Accompanying us were Winifred's mother, Mrs. W. Scott Coe, of San Francisco; my father, E. C. Brimmer; my sister-in-law; and J. Walter Ruben, who directed my last two pictures and who was our best man. We were married in the county courthouse.

"And then the trouble began! We had a three-motored plane and intended to get back to Los Angeles early the same evening of the day we left. But as we neared Palm Springs we ran into an awful fog.

Added to that was a terrific head wind. The pilot radioed to Los Angeles for instructions. By that time I was consoling myself with the fact that the wedding had taken place before we got up there in that predicament. The way we were tossing about it looked as though our marriage had been made on earth but was going to end in heaven!

"The pilot was instructed to land. So we had to make a forced landing near Palm Springs. Men made an impromptu field by turning their automobile headlights on a bumpy piece of land. So with only those dim lights and the airplane's landing lights we tried to come down to earth.

"The first time the pilot tried it the ground threatened to cooperate in a manner not at all to our liking. We tried to land a second and a third time, unsuccessfully. The fourth time we made it. Whew!

"The rest of the honeymoon was enjoyed on land. We managed to get several cars at Palm Springs and drove on in to Los Angeles. Then Winifred and I spent a week at my ranch. The happiest week of my life, or need I add that? Wasn't I glad that I had kept the ranch's location a secret? You bet!"

This one week is the only honeymoon they have had so far. Rich had to get back to work, and week-end trips to their mysterious hide-away must suffice in place of a real wedding trip. They are living at the Ambassador for the time, too engrossed in each other's company to settle down to house-keeping for a while yet. They intend to rent a home in Beverly Hills as soon as they can get around to picking one out. Winifred is the type who wants everything just so and she has all sorts of wonderful plans for an ideal house which will suit Rich's every whim.

This marriage marks the beginning of a new chapter in Richard Dix's life. He has had a colorful one since the day he horrified his family by quitting college to adopt the drama. His brother was attending Johns Hopkins University and Rich was slated to follow in the elder son's medical footsteps. But he was stage-struck and insisted upon picking his own life work.

When he ended his college course he got himself a job in a St. Paul architect's office,



A book, a dog, an easy chair—must be a pipe around somewhere. What more comfortable diggings could a fellow want than John Arledge's retreat in his new Beverly Hills home?

and attended a drama school at nights. Eventually he got a regular job in a local stock company at fifteen dollars a week. His family were not at all impressed and predicted a dismal future if he persisted in his foolhardy course.

Rich, full of youthful ambition, went to New York feeling sure that he would conquer Broadway. Instead he soon found himself glad to get jobs in second-rate companies touring small towns. He did this for three years until he decided to take a chance on conquering the Los Angeles rialto. Fate was considerably kinder and if he had failed to make a dent on Broadway's heart he made up for it somewhat by becoming the matinée idol of Los Angeles. For two years he was leading man for the Morosco Stock Company.

The first time he thought of the movies his hopes were squelched by Charlie Chaplin's assertion that he wouldn't do at all. Charlie said Rich would not screen well. Fortunately, First National did not pay any attention to the comedian's opinion and

in 1921 Rich was signed for his first picture, the lead in "Not Guilty." A two-year contract with Samuel Goldwyn followed, during which he built up a name for himself in comedy dramas.

His first opportunity to do a real drama on the screen was "The Christian." He went to Paramount and for five years was outstanding there, gradually changing from a juvenile into a seasoned actor. When the powers-that-be at Paramount forgot his stage training and doubted his talkie ability, Radio grabbed him. They made a mint on his marvelous characterization in "Cimarron" and have promised him more fine rôles. His latest is "The Lost Squadron," which looks like another hit.

Today Richard Dix is at his zenith. Success and the perfect companion are now his. Hollywood is truly glad that its favorite bachelor has at last found the girl of his dreams. He himself answers the question of "Why did you finally marry?" with this old, but ever-new phrase: "I fell in love."

Montgomery's Mask

Continued from page 54

treed shoes of every kind and description. That shoe container was one of Bob's own ideas.

There are two rooms and shower in Bob's suite. He was graduated from the one room without shower when he was made a full-fledged star. The walls are cool green. The woodwork is soft ivory. The draperies at the little windows are a conventionally patterned and heavily glazed chintz. The furniture is comfortable and severely plain.

Rows of little elephants march around—on tables, on the dressing shelf, across the bookcases. There are ashtrays and boxes filled with cigarettes everywhere. And books. Dozens of books. The only pictures on the wall are gay old English hunting prints in plain, narrow walnut frames.

The whole place is young and clean and gay like Bob. But over the dressing table hangs a leering, red-haired, horrible mask

of no one in particular. Just a mask which seems to mock the entire place. Bob likes that mask. He found it somewhere and carried it from his one-room dressing quarters to his new studio home.

Bob sat in a low chair, his long legs crossed, smoking with slow, deliberate puffs. The telephone rang incessantly. People were forever knocking at the door and saying things or bringing in telegrams and parcels. Bob greeted everything with his well-worn flippancy, then settled back into seriousness and the chair.

"What a life," he sighed for no particular reason. "People think actors have an easy time of it. Well, we do at times. But, compared to us, the goldfish lives a life of cloistered privacy. I feel like a perpetual Exhibit A. And I like it. That's the funny part!"

"When I first came to Hollywood, I made up my mind that, if I ever did reach

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Bob Montgomery with the leering mask that grins down at him from his dressing room wall—symbolic of the mask behind which Bob himself habitually retires.

any success, enough so that people were interested in me, I'd make a sharp line between my personal and professional affairs. I'd talk about my work and things like that, but not about my own private life.

"But you can't do it, because your two lives get so mixed up that you can't tell them apart. You say to people outside the profession that you envy their privacy, their ability to go places and buy things and eat and dance without being noticed. But deep down in your heart you know that, if all that attention were taken away from you, you'd miss it like fury. It grows on you."

Bob grinned with the admission. After all, he's only twenty-odd and plenty human.

"The other day I was up at Reg Denny's mountain place. There's one spot where Reg's friends can go and get away from the entire world. I got a hurry call to report immediately to the studio. It happens that I know one of the county motorcycle policemen. He met me in one of the little towns on the way back. Traffic was thick and I had to make time, so he offered to clear the way for me and take me in."

"That was a real thrill. He rode in front of me, sounding his siren, and we passed everything between the mountains and San Bernardino. I felt like a king, or, at least, a president. It had been only three days before that I had informed my friends that I was going into the mountains to get away from people. I had to laugh at myself."

That explains the leering mask over the dressing table. Bob is determined not to take himself seriously. He is going to laugh at himself and to continue to do so.

But Bob takes everything else seriously. Particularly his work. When he first came to Hollywood, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer put him in one picture after another, sometimes in two or three at once. He jumped from the leading rôle opposite Norma Shearer to a brief bit in a Buster Keaton comedy.

He uttered not one word of complaint.

"The more pictures I'm in, the more people will see me and the better for me," was all he said.

He laughs and clowns and is the life of the party on the set, but he always knows his lines, he has carefully worked out the action of the scene, and he is unfailingly punctual. His wardrobe is always in perfect condition, and the director or his harried assistants never have to hunt around to find Bob when they need him. He is there, waiting.

When he first came to Hollywood, he rented a little, furnished bungalow and found a business manager to take care of his money. He drove a cheap car and turned his check over each week to this manager, living on an allowance of twenty dollars a week for spending money, which included gasoline, cigarettes, lunches and recreation. Saturdays he always borrowed a dollar or two to last until the Monday check from the trust company.

After he was made a star he moved into a larger house in Beverly Hills, rented furnished, and bought a higher priced car. His allowance for spending money was doubled. That is all the difference which stardom made in the living conditions of Bob.

"At best, an actor is only in the bigger money for a comparatively short time," Bob said, "and he's a fool if he doesn't capitalize on those few years. There's a long, long time stretching ahead of him after his heyday is over."

Bob doesn't talk much about his ambitions or his plans. He goes ahead in his own way, laughing a lot and thinking a lot. He never blows up or gets temperamental. Even when he first came to California from New York with the incoming horde of stage people seeking the gold of the talking pictures, when he suffered the slurs and snubs of the close-bound movie colony, he merely smiled and said nothing.

He didn't criticize Hollywood and its customs, queer as they may have seemed to him. He didn't pretend to know a lot,

having come from the New York stage. He kept his mouth closed, listened to direction, learned his lessons in a screen technique utterly foreign to him, was pleasant and courteous to everyone. And he emerged as one of the scant half dozen or so who stayed to reach stardom.

Now, sitting in his dressing room, he can talk about those years with a smile. But he is frank to admit that there were times when he wanted to throw the whole thing up, to pack his trunk and go back to the stage. He made few friends and clung to his old New York companions, Elliott Nugent, Chester Morris and a few others. He hid his unhappiness and fear under a mask of bravado and flippancy.

He used plain, common sense and won.

"I have learned one thing and that is not to expect anything, just to take things as they come," Bob fished for a fresh cigarette. "For two years I looked forward to my first trip back to New York. I planned and dreamed of going back. Then, when I did get the vacation, I was sick almost all the time I was there. I caught cold on the train going East and developed a swell case of the flu. So I spent my vacation in bed with New York roaring outside the windows. Then I made up my mind that I'd never plan again."

The telephone bell rang. Someone knocked at the door. Bob grinned and put on his mask. He wisecracked over the phone. He made flippant remarks to the person at the door. He called foolish nothings to Joan Crawford who was passing the open windows. He disappeared for a moment and returned, dragging Reg Denny with him.

The show was on.

Over the dressing table that horrible face grinned down at the goings-on.

And Bob Montgomery grinned right back at it!



Where a girl can raise a thirst! Ann Dvorak, playing the feminine lead in the forthcoming "Sky Devils," goes to the pump for refreshment between scenes.

Neil Hamilton's Magic Corner

Continued from page 86

don't want them to notice—the hand that really holds the coin.

This is the secret of misdirection, on which all tricks depend, from the simplest coin "vanish" to the most elaborate state illusion. Houdini used to say that if he could grip the audience's attention firmly enough and hold it on himself, they could walk an elephant behind him on the stage and the spectators wouldn't notice it.

With this in mind as the first lesson, I am going to describe a little trick that is perfect at the dinner table, or at a gathering of friends.

"I would like," the performer remarks, "to borrow a half dollar—not because I haven't got one, but because it's always better to take risks with the other people's money."

He drops the handkerchief over it, so that the middle covers the coin, then with his other hand, grips the coin, through the handkerchief, holding it by its edges.

"Will you hold it as I am doing?" he requests one of the company. When this is arranged, he holds the glass of water under the handkerchief, and below the coin.

"Drop it," he instructs.

The coin is heard to drop in the glass—but when the handkerchief or napkin is whisked away it has vanished.

The performer can find it on the floor, in another person's pocket, or under a napkin on the table—or pull it out of somebody's sleeve.

In the next issue I will explain the exact method of doing the trick, which I believe



Color combination—red and gold. Helen Mack, red-haired young film "debutante," gets an earful from the blonde Minna Gombel.

When he gets it he passes it to another spectator for examination, and meanwhile fills a tumbler, preferably a small one, with flat bottom, with water. Then he takes a napkin or handkerchief, and exhibits it.

"No holes in it—nothing but a laundry mark," he comments, and then takes the coin, holding it at the tips of his fingers.

is one of the most effective small tricks, and perfect for the amateur as it requires a minimum of sleight-of-hand, and only a move that the most unpracticed can easily master.

How is it done?

Think it over—and see if you can explain it yourself.

Hoots and Hoorays

Continued from page 11

can't he sing more in pictures like "The Pagan," "In Gay Madrid," and "Devil May Care"?

Without Novarro's singing, his pictures scarcely seem Novarro pictures.

Charles Markum,
81 Ward Street,
Worcester, Mass.

KEEP THE PLOT BOILING!

Why is it that the critics seldom, if ever, give us a real criticism of the stories of

photodramas? They always find some fine point in each picture to exalt, such as the scenery, acting, costumes, or some such feature. The story is the thing; and today more than ever we need good stories. Some of the finest of talent, and huge sums of money, are spent on entirely worthless plots. The critics have it within their power to create the general atmosphere of motion picture productions.

Let the critics take more interest in the story, the foundation of each picture. If

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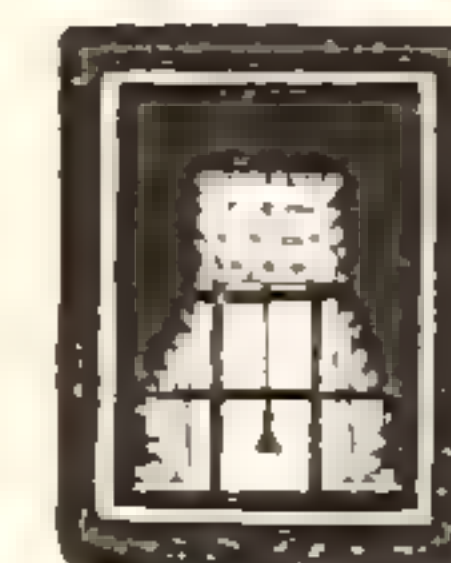
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they insist that we have better stories, we undoubtedly shall have them, as there are plenty of writers waiting to create original stories when they can find a friendly reception for them.

Wilson Irving,
40 St. James Park,
Los Angeles, Cal.

ANOTHER "YOUNG" ACTOR

Speaking of new men, how about the very handsome young man who played Sally Eilers' lover in "The Black Camel", and Dr. Claudet in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"?

Come on, give Robert Young a big hand!
Jeanette Gilham,
40 Maddox Drive,
Atlanta, Ga.

THE UNACCOUNTABLE GRETA

Greta Garbo—the name itself is suggestive of an exotic personality, mystery, romance, and something more.

It is that *something more* that makes Garbo what she is. It is nothing definite, nothing we can point out. It is not beauty; there are thousands of beautiful girls in Hollywood. It is not charm; practically all the actresses are charming. Then what

is this thing that makes her appear different? No one knows. We can only sit and worship. Yes, we *do* worship her.

I can never understand why Garbo fans fear a usurper to her crown. There are, without doubt, many good actresses, but they just can't compare with this quiet person with a name untouched by the long tongue of scandal. She stands on a pedestal all her own. She is beautiful, alluring, glamorous, exotic, mysterious—but what of it? The main thing is, she's GARBO.

Mae Delgrego,
747 Dixwell, Ave.,
New Haven, Conn.

Revuettes

Continued from page 6



A new Alice—and her name is Doll! Her work in "Her Majesty, Love," and "Safe in Hell" shows lots of promise on Alice's part.

Short Features:

BARS AND STRIPES. Columbia. Your old pal Krazy Kat leads a military parade of musical instruments. Krazy is comical, and the music is snappy.

BEAU HUNKS. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This is

good. Laurel and Hardy, with a screamingly funny story, do a burlesque on the Foreign Legion theme.

BEHIND THE MICROPHONE. Paramount. Authentic inside stuff on radio broadcasting, showing how a dramatic skit is projected over the ether. Well done.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT. Vitaphone. Ripley, the big believe-it-or-not man, trots out some interesting oddities of North Africa. Novel and engrossing.

CHINA. Educational. An amusing Terry-Toon with a new slant, based on an Oriental idea.

FREE AND EASY. Vitaphone. A ventriloquist comedy that starts out great but sags badly. Edgar Bergen, the voice-tosser, is good.

ONE MORE CHANCE. Educational. Despite a slight story, Bing Crosby's expert crooning makes this an agreeable short.

OUTPOSTS OF THE FOREIGN LEGION. Educational. At last—some Foreign Legion scenes actually taken in Africa! An interesting Multicolor film.

PACK AND SADDLE. RKO-Pathé. Grantland Rice gives us a Sportlight with rather limited appeal, showing the joys of deer shooting in the Rockies. If you're a huntsman you'll enjoy it.

PAJAMA PARTY. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Don't let the title alarm—or intrigue you too much. Everything's on the up-and-up, and Thelma Todd and ZaSu Pitts make a funny comedy team.

SCRATCH AS SCRATCH CAN. RKO. Clark and McCullough as a couple of insurance agents corner their victim in a gym, and a hilarious workout results.

SEALED LIPS. Universal. One of the Shadow Detective Series. Packed with thrills and action.

SKIMPY. Tiffany. A Chimp comedy. Has a few laughs, but falls below the usual Chimp standard.

SELLING SHORTS. RKO-Pathé. Louis Bartels does his familiar wiseguy act in a funny film about a traveling salesman.

THE FLY GUY. Pathé. An Aesop's Fable about Mr. Fly, Miss Fly and the Big, Bad Bug. It's amusing.



Charlie Ruggles, one of the funnier laugh-generators, lets out a chuckle—with just the suggestion of a hot potato in his mouth.

THE MUSICAL MYSTERY. Vitaphone. A novel take-off on famous book characters, with music and the Albertina Rasch girls for good measure. Nice entertainment.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY. Vitaphone. A picturization of Kipling's poem. Good travel film, out of the ordinary.

Casts of Current Films

Continued from page 99

Marian Marsh; Fedor, Donald Cook; Preskoya, Carmel Myers; Karinsky, Charles Butterworth; Serge Bankieff, Luis Alberni; Bartag, Andre Luget; The Father, Boris Karloff; Fedor, as a boy, Frankie Darro; Olga, Mae Madison.*

"THE GUARDSMAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adapted by Ernst Vajda from Ferenc Molnar's stage play. Continuity by Claudine West. Directed by Sidney Franklin. The cast: The Actor, Alfred Lunt; The Actress, Lynn Fontanne; The Critic, Roland Young; Liesl, ZaSu Pitts; 'Mama', Maude Eburne; A Creditor, Herman Bing.

"THE PHANTOM OF PARIS." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Adapted from the novel "Cheri-Bibi" by Gaston Leroux. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: Cheri-Bibi, John Gilbert; Cecile, Leila Hyams; Costaud, Lewis Stone; Herman, Jean Hersholt; Bourrelie, C. Aubrey Smith; Vera, Natalie Moorhead; Marquis Du Touchais, Ian Keith; Dr. Gorin, Alfred Hickman.

"THE RULING VOICE." First National. From a story by Rowland V. Lee and Donald W. Lee. Screen play by Byron Morgan. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: Jack Bannister, Walter Huston; Gloria, Loretta Young; Mary Stanton, Doris Kenyon; Dick Cheney, David Manners; Burroughs, John Halliday; Sneed, Dudley Digges; Bailey, Willard Robertson; Gregory, Gilbert Emery; Malcolm Stanton, Douglas Scott.*

"THE SIN OF MADELON CLAUDET." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "The Lullaby" by Edward Knoblock. Directed by Edgar Selwyn. The cast: Madelon, Helen Hayes; Carlo Boretti, Lewis Stone; Larry, Neil Hamilton; Dr. Claudet, Robert Young; Victor, Cliff Edwards; Dr. Dulac, Jean Hersholt; Rosalie, Marie Prevost; Alice, Karen Morley; Photographer, Charles Winninger; Hubert, Alan Hale; Roget, Halliwell Hobbes; St. Jacques, Lennox Pawle; Claudet, Russ Powell.

"THE SPECKLED BAND." Warner Brothers. From the story by Conan Doyle. Directed by Jack

Raymond. The cast: Dr. Rylott, Lyn Harding; Sherlock Holmes, Raymond Massey; Helen Stoner, Angela Baddeley; Dr. Watson, Athole Steward; Mrs. Staunton, Nancy Price.

"THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME." Universal. Dedicated to the memory of Knute Rockne. From a story by E. Richard Schayer and Dale Van Every. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: Bucky O'Brien, Lew Ayres; Jim Stewart, William Bakewell; Truck McCall, Andy Devine; Wasp, Harry Barris; Coach, J. Farrell McDonald; Frank Carideo, Frank Carideo; "The Four Horsemen," Don Miller, Elmer Layden, Jim Crowley, Harry Stuhldreher; Assistant Coach, Nat Pendleton; Peggy, Sally Blane; Adam Walsh, Adam Walsh; Bucky O'Connor, Bucky O'Connor; Moon Mullins, Moon Mullins; Art McManmon, Art McManmon; Al Howard, Al Howard; John O'Brien, John O'Brien.

"THE WOMAN BETWEEN." RKO. From the play by Irving Kaye Davis. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The



Juliette Compton sees herself as others see her. Wonder if she's as pleased with herself as we are? You'll see Juliette in "No One Man" with Carole Lombard and Paul Lukas.

cast: *Mme. Julie*, Lily Damita; *John Whitcomb*, O. P. Heggie; *Victor Whitcomb*, Lester Vail; *Doris Whitcomb*, Miriam Seegar; *Helen Weston*, Anita Louise; *Mrs. Black*, Ruth Weston; *Barton*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Buddy*, Lincoln Stedman; *Mrs. Weston*, Blanche Frederici.

"THE YELLOW TICKET." From the stage play by Michael Morton. Directed by Raoul Walsh. The cast: *Marya Kalish*, Elissa Landi; *Baron Andrey*, Lionel Barrymore; *Julian Rolfe*, Laurence Olivier; *Count Nikolai*, Walter Byron; *Mother Kalish*, Sarah

Padden; *Grandfather Kalish*, Arnold Korff; *Melchoir*, Mischa Auer; *Orderly*, Boris Karloff; *Fania*, Rita La Roy.*

"TOUCHDOWN." Paramount. From the novel by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt. Directed by Norman McLeod. The cast: *Dan Curtis*, Richard Arlen; *Mary Gehring*, Peggy Shannon; *Babe Barton*, Jack Oakie; *Paul Gehring*, Charles Starrett; *Tom Hussey*, Regis Toomey; *Gehring*, George Barbier.*



How do Dancers Manage?

The professional engagements of a dancer make no allowance for the trying time of a woman's monthly sickness. Menstruating must not interfere with her easy, effortless performance.

There was a time when a stage career was closed to any woman whose periods were too severe. But this handicap has now been removed. Women of the stage (and a million others) use Midol.

What is Midol? It isn't some sinister drug. It isn't even a narcotic. In fact, it is as harmless as the aspirin you take for a headache. But one little tablet stops all discomfort five to seven minutes after it is swallowed! And if you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you won't have even that first twinge of periodic pain.

So, the time of month doesn't bother the dancer who has learned to rely on Midol. She is always in line, on time, on her toes and smiling. This merciful medicine protects her from the possibility of such pain for hours at a stretch. It brings complete comfort, and it does *not* interfere with the natural, normal menstrual process. So, it's folly for any woman to suffer at any stage of her monthly period. Any drugstore has the slim little box that tucks in your purse. Just ask for Midol.

Ask Me!

Continued from page 100



Wallace Ford, whom you saw in "Possessed," keeps up the good work with his performance in "This Reckless Age." Wouldn't you like to hear him sing, "Ye Scots Who Ha' Wi' Wallace Ford"?

V. M. The actor who played *Bruce* in "Not Exactly Gentlemen," was David Worth. Richard Dix and Miss Winifred Coe, a San Francisco society girl, were married Oct. 20, 1931, at Yuma, Arizona. Dix gave his name as Ernest Carlton Brimmer, age 37. Josephine Brimmer, his sister, was bridesmaid. Don't miss the real story of the Dix romance in this issue.

Just a Fan. I haven't any information on Eddie Garr, the RKO vaudeville performer you ask about. If he should go Hollywood, I might get the low-down on him. Robert Frazer's films of 1929 were "Sioux Blood," "Women I Love," "Careers," "Drake Case" and "Frozen Justice." Robert was born in Worcester, Mass., on June 29, 1881. He is 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 168 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes.

Thelma G. M. Thanks and many of them to H. M. C. of Newport for the principals of the cast of "One Exciting Night," a D. W. Griffith production of 1923. Carol Dempster, Henry Hull, Irma Harrison and Porter Strong were featured. Carol Dempster has retired from the screen; Mr. Hull is on the stage, and Mr. Strong died in New York in 1924. Miss Harrison plays occasionally in D. W. Griffith pictures.

Jim Woo C. You tell me if I keep up my good work in the "Ask Me" department I'll find myself an editor some day. Can I depend on that? I've been looking for an editor for a long time. The studios that employ child players have teachers

provided for them, embracing all the grades up to a certain limit. Jackie Coogan has been attending a military academy when not in pictures and Bobby Cooper is in school on the Paramount lot.

Burton G. B. When extras were called to appear in a scene of "Tonight or Never," Gloria Swanson's next picture, one of the players proved to be Nick Caruso, a cousin of the late Enrico Caruso, the greatest operatic star of all time. Nick has been in pictures for two years. With the exception of Allison Skipworth, all of Gloria's supporting cast were in the original Broadway production. Gloria is now Mrs. Michael Farmer, and has gone to Europe with her new husband.

Curious Sally. What this world needs right now is a one dollar laugh for a nickel, but if you can catch me you can laugh at me for nothing. Una Merkel gives us a lot of laughs with her quaint perky little Merkelisms and droll way of poking fun at her film partners. Una was born about 23 years ago in Covington, Ky. She has blonde hair, blue eyes and is 5 feet 3 inches tall. She played with Janet Gaynor in "Daddy Long Legs," with Elissa Landi in "Wicked" and in "Terror by Night" with William Collier, Jr., and ZaSu Pitts.

Pentland C. The stars do not lay such stress on age as we fans do so when I fail to give the exact date of their birth, please don't hold that against me. Joan Marsh, real name, Dorothy Rosher, was born July 10, 1914, in Porterville, Cal. She is 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighs 104 pounds. Sylvia Sidney was born Aug. 8, 1910, in New York City. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 104 pounds and has dark brown hair and blue-green eyes. Mary Doran was born in New York City but the year isn't mentioned. She is 5 feet 2½ inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and has blonde hair and brown eyes. Marguerite Churchill was born Dec. 25, 1911, and if I'm wrong, call me down. Her latest release is "Ambassador Bill" with Will Rogers.

Lisabet L. Here's a suggestion for you on themes played during the showing of features and serials—make a mental note

of Director, Words and Music, Camera-man, Ensembles, Author, Editor, Scenarist, Dialoguer, Titler, Costumer, and so on down the line. If everything goes well, you may have time to tuck away a good nap before the action begins. I haven't been able to get the name, if any, of the music used in the serial, "The Vanishing Legion," with Harry Carey, Edwina Booth, and Frankie Darrow. I'll keep on trying and will slip you the good news if I hear it.

George S. Many a picture has had the acting line-up changed almost with the batting of an eyelash, so don't feel you are not correctly informed as to the movements of your favorite stars. They are assigned to a rôle, then taken out, titles changed at will and we are not consulted, but who cares, we see our favorites in some grand pictures, don't we? Tom Keene is not in "Suicide Fleet." Bill Boyd, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason are featured with Ginger Rogers and Harry Bannister in the film. John Wayne appears with Buck Jones and Susan Fleming in "The Range Feud."

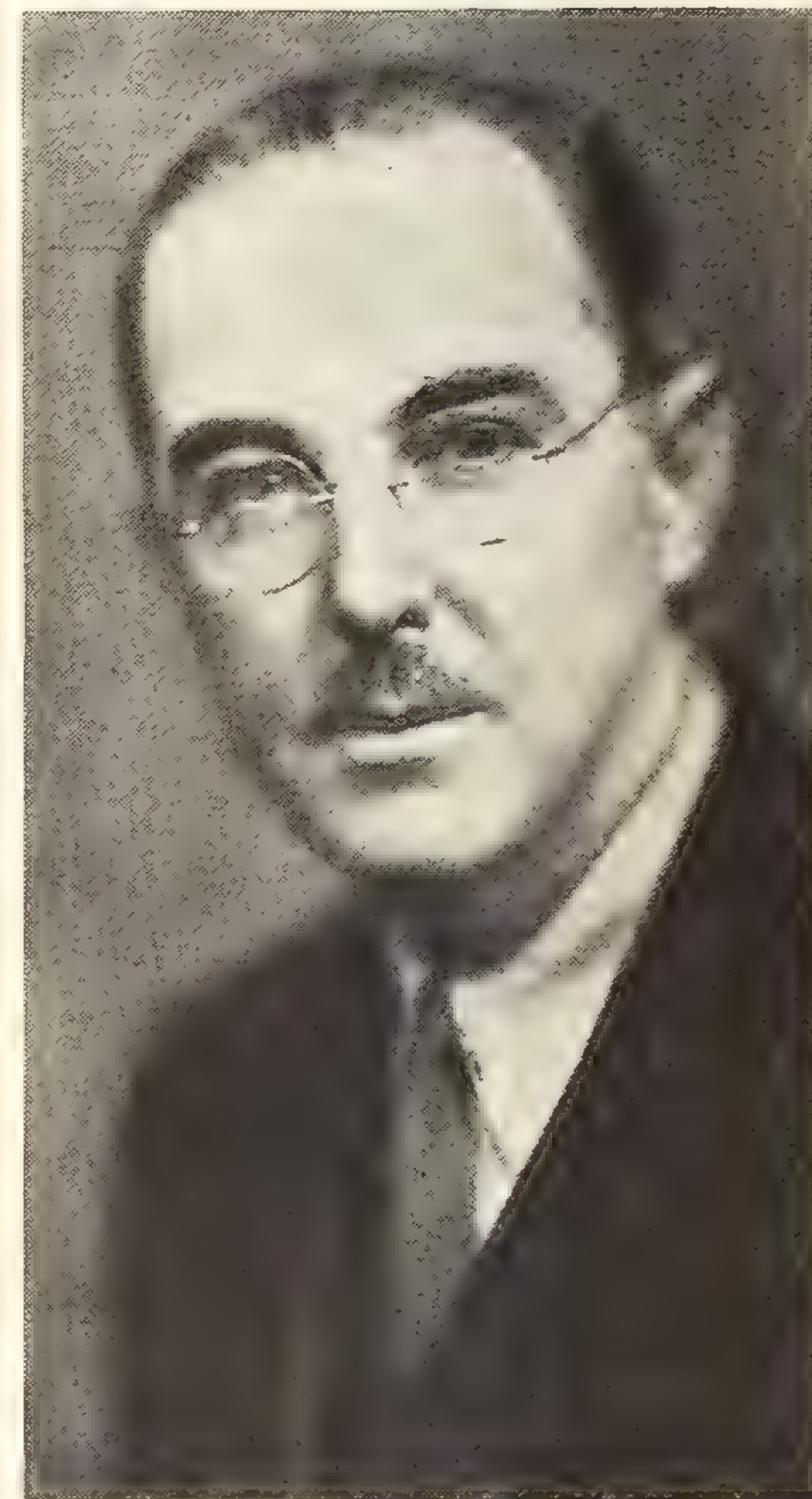
Colin G. You are the first to ask about Ruth Hall but you won't be alone in your thirst for information about the promising young lady for just let SCREENLAND start something and you couldn't quell the riot with machine guns, and who wants to? In the December 1931 issue, you'll find Ruth making good as a dancer in Joe E. Brown's latest picture, "Local Boy Makes Good," with Dorothy Lee, Edward Woods, Edward Nugent and others. The film is from the play, "The Poor Nut."

Margie, Mary Brian Fan. Hollywood is not unlike any other town; happiness and heartaches, big money and no money at all—it's a gay life if you don't lead it. Mary Brian is holding her own very nicely, thank you, and she has not forsaken jumping gelatines. She plays with Leo Carrillo, Noah Beery and Russell Gleason in "Homicide Squad," her most recent release. It is true that Lew Ayres and Lola Lane were married on Sept. 14, 1931.

Dorothy C. I have no cure for the heart trouble you enjoy when Anthony

Bushell appears on the screen and it may cause a sharp twinge when I tell you he is happily married to Zelma O'Neal, the little red-headed cut-up of stage and screen. They've been married since Nov. 22, 1928. Anthony was born in Westerham, Kent, England, about 26 years ago. He has blonde hair and blue-grey eyes. He attracted a lot of attention on the New York stage in 1927 when he played with the late Jeanne Eagels in "Her Cardboard Lover." He made his film début with George Arliss in "Disraeli." He was splendid as *Lieutenant Hibbard* in "Journey's End."

Dorothy D. The class in pronunciation will please stagger forward. Joan Crawford's first name is one syllable, Joan.



Stuart Walker, stage producer, developed many screen actors and actresses.

Janet Gaynor's is accented on the first part, *Jan-et*, and Mickey Mouse is said with a quick catch of the breath and a stitch in the side. Joan Crawford attended Stephens College for Girls for a year and was a pupil at St. Annes Academy also. Harrison Ford, Bardson Bard (Ben Bard), Leslie Fenton, Gloria Hope and Charles Farrell played with Madge Bellamy in "Sandy" in 1926.

Chas. M. W. As we no longer publish fan club news, I'm sorry I can't refer you to a Jack Holt and Buck Jones Club. Any other information about the stars, I'll be most happy to give. Marie Dressler's next picture, "Emma," will be from an original story by Frances Marion. In the supporting cast are Barbara Kent, Richard Cromwell, Jean Hersholt and Dale Fuller.

Cuban Rose. Welcome! Rex Bell and Clara Bow are 26 years of age; Miriam Hopkins is 29, and Tallulah Bankhead and Pola Negri do not give their ages. Roland Young and H. B. Warner appear with Pola Negri in her next picture, "A Woman Commands." Karen Morely, M-G-M stock player, will be in another Greta Garbo starring vehicle when she plays in "Mata Hari." Karen made her film début in "Inspiration" with Greta. She plays in "The Cuban Love Song" with Lawrence



"Smile, now!" Dorothy Dix, the peppy little actress who plays opposite Ray Cooke in the "Torchy" comedies, does some directing in her spare time. She's teaching Ginger, her fluffy playmate, how to face the camera.



Strange doings in the gas-house district! A whole crowd of men with queer-looking machines come around to listen in on Regis Toomey's and Marian Marsh's conversation. The picture is "Under Eighteen," Marian's first starring film. Watch for it!

Tibbett, Lupe Velez and Jimmy Durante. And incidentally, Jimmy's first screen entrance was with William Haines in "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford." I'm still laughing.

Sunny, of South Africa. You are bubbling over with curiosity ever since you became a film fan and I'm bubbling over with eagerness to welcome you to my department and ask you to come again. And that makes us film friends in a big way. Dorothy Lee is not related to David Lee, the tiny actor who played so delightfully with Al Jolson in "Sonny Boy." Dorothy's real name is Marjorie Millsap. She was born in Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1911. She is 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 95 pounds and has curly brown hair and blue-grey eyes. She was married in 1930 to James Fidler, a writer. They are now divorced. Bert Wheeler, one of the trio of Wheeler, Woolsey and Lee, has been married twice—the present wife is Bernice Speer. They have one child. Robert Woolsey was born Aug. 14, 1889, in Oakland, Cal. His wife is Mignon Reed, non-professional. Maurice Chevalier is 32 years of age. He has brown hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. And have you noticed his contagious smile that lifts one out of the this and that? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford have no children. Joan's latest film is "Possessed," with Clark Gable. Doug Jr.'s new picture is

"Union Depot," with Joan Blondell.

The Heavenly Twins. A couple of ah's and yeah's for that one! "Possessed" is the final title of Joan Crawford's new picture. She heads a cast which includes Clark Gable, Wallace Ford and Skeets Gallagher. Nils Asther and Jimmy Durante have been added to the cast of M-G-M's adaptation of "Her Cardboard Lover" with Buster Keaton heading the list. This is Nils' first rôle since his recent signing of a long term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Vivian Duncan is Mrs. Asther, and there's a very ingratiating baby girl in the family.

Richard McG. Here we are all dressed up and every place to go and searching high and low for a record of the picture you ask about. Sorry to disappoint you. Jean Arthur is not on contract to any one studio but time flies with Jean for a nice fat part is always just around the corner for her to catch. Her latest releases are "The Virtuous Husband" with Elliott and J. C. Nugent and Betty Compson; "Ex-Bad Boy" with Robert Armstrong, and "The Lawyer's Secret" with Clive Brook, Richard Arlen, Charles Rogers and Fay Wray. Jean may take a flyer on the stage.

H. M. Whoopee. Are you one of the Rover boys or an Elsie Dinsmore girl? Constance Bennett was 26 on Oct. 3. Clark

Gable is 30, William Collier, Jr., is 28, and Maurice Chevalier is 32.

Kathryn, Conn. Jeanette MacDonald is not married to Bob Ritchie but is thinking of it—and seriously. Billie Dove's hobbies are dancing, yachting, motoring, and travel. Leila Hyams is 26; Dorothy Jordan is 21; Evalyn Knapp, 23, and Joan Blondell doesn't tell. You want to know all about Jack Oakie's latest flame—he has so many "latest flames" you can't pin him down to any particular one.

Leonard, N. Y. City. All the boys in the world must be movie-minded to judge from the number of letters in this month's mail. Joan Blondell, Lilyan Tashman and Natalie Moorehead are three gorgeous blondes. Edwina Booth was born 25 years ago in Provo, Utah. Her real name is Josephine Constance Woodruff.

C. A. B. So you've been a movie fan for years; as far back as the Bronco Billy days when movies were silent and the admission was five pennies and the packed-in audience all talked at once. You deserve a crown or a new feather in your cap. Marie Dressler *did* play Marion Davies' mother in "The Patsy," and Dell Henderson was Marion's screen father.

Betty B. I'm not able to quote salaries of the stars but I hear they are paid in a great big way. Olive Borden was a star,

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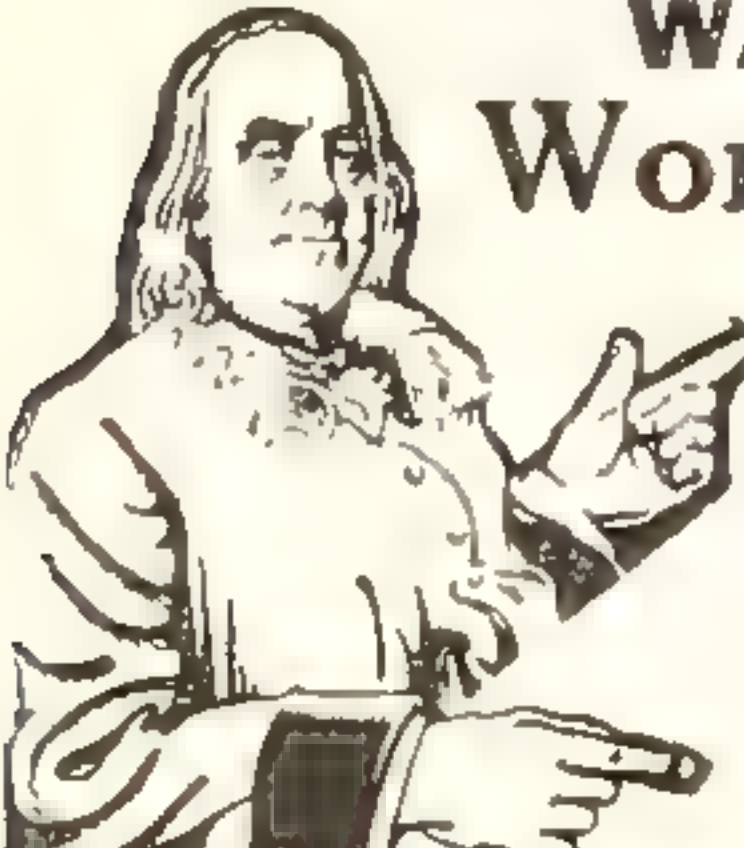
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Blondes, blondes, blondes! Dorothy Hall is another one—but not "just another one"! She's from the New York stage, and she's good!

then a featured player, but marriage put a stop to her film work. She was married on March 28, 1931, to Theodore Spector. And the latest is that her marriage is on the rocks. Too bad.

N. H. H. What do you fans do with all the birthdays I give you? Here's another collection to paste in the hat. Marjorie Beebe was born Oct. 9, 1909, in Kansas City, Mo. Leatrice Joy, August 19, 1897, in New Orleans, La. Monte Blue, Indianapolis, Indiana, in 1890; Stan Laurel, June 16, 1895, in Ulverston, England; Charlie Chase, Oct. 20, 1893; and Edward Everett Horton was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but fails to tell the date.

Virginia H. You'd like to have a joint celebration and family reunion on August 20 of each year with some cinema star and who's the fortunate candidate? Sorry, but my 20th's are all out, but how would June Collyer and Leatrice Joy do, with Aug. 19 as a close second? Did you see "Forbidden Adventure" with Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl and a new kiddie, Bruce Line? Here's a private tip-off from Miss Vee Dee—keep your eyes on that new boy, Bruce—if he's given a chance, you'll hear from him. Adorable child, or I don't know my line.

Andrew F. V. I hope you didn't place any fancy bets on my answer to your inquiry about the name of the style and maker of the shirt, collar and tie that John Gilbert wore in his picture, "Masks of the Devil." If you did, you're going to be a heavy loser. I've searched high and low for that shirt, collar, and tie, but John must have mislaid them. Ruth Elder and Roscoe Karns played with Richard Dix in "Moran of the Marines." Roscoe was Richard's pal. There's a Mrs. Richard Dix now, you know.

Emma D. T. The romance of Gary Cooper and little Lupe Velez has gone into the they-knew-each-other-when period. Alack and a-day and how's your Aunt Minny? Gary is 30 years old and Lupe is about 21 or so. Alice White is now 24. Rumor says she is engaged to Cy Barlett and who am I to stir up an argument with Old Lady

Rumor? Charles Rogers is not married. His latest release is "The Road to Reno" with Peggy Shannon and Lilyan Tashman.

Cleopatra of Seattle. Pleased to meet you but where's Mark Anthony? The rest of the world, even as you and I, want to know about Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez. As near as I can gather the moss off the rolling stone, Lupe loves Gar-ee as much as can be expected after they have agreed to go their separate ways. In other words, as far as I know they are not speaking. Gary is in "I Take This Woman" with Carole Lombard. Lupe is in "The Squaw Man" with Warner Baxter. Her next will be "The Cuban Love Song" with Lawrence Tibbett. What a break for the little Lupe. And for Larry. You'll see Mr. Cooper in "His Woman" next, with Claudette Colbert.

Mitzi L. Another recruit from the Broadway stage is Monroe Owsley, the Phillip Craig of "Honor Among Lovers" with Claudette Colbert and Fredric March. He played with Ann Harding in "Holiday," with Gloria Swanson in "Indiscreet," and in "This Modern Age" with Joan Crawford. Atlanta, Ga., was Monroe's birthplace. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 156 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes.

G. T. and J. P. The "other women" in the cast of "Today" with Catherine Dale Owen and Conrad Nagel were Sarah Padden, Judith Vosselli, Edna Marion and Julia Swayne Gordon, but I think you refer to Judith Vosselli—she was also in the cast of "Inspiration" with Greta Garbo.

Ruth G. I'm sorry I can't arrange the starring teams as the fans would like. The producers seem to have a system all their own and I haven't as much influence with them as all that. Ramon Novarro's leading lady in his last release is Madge Evans, who was a well-known child actress. Dorothy Jordan plays opposite Robert Montgomery in "Shipmates," and with Thomas Meighan and Hardie Albright in "Young Sinners."

B. L. John Gilbert's leading lady in his last two films has been Leila Hyams: "Gentleman's Fate" and "Phantom of Paris." If John is given the proper story



Billy Bakewell buttons up his overcoat for wintry weather. But his smile remains as sunny as ever.

and a good director, the fans will do all the fancy shouting. Go to it, John, we're for you!

Miriam. I haven't any stars' birthdays for January 15 to offer you, but how will Kay Francis on the 13th and Bebe Daniels on the 14th do? Norma Shearer has two perfectly good blue-grey eyes, and Barbara Stanwyck does not limp, within or without pictures. David Manners was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, on April 30, 1902. He is 6 feet tall and has light brown hair and green eyes. David was married to Suzanne Bushnell. Among his latest and best pictures are "The Millionaire" with George Arliss; "The Last Flight" with Richard Barthelmess, Helen Chandler and John Mack Brown; and "The Miracle Woman" with Barbara Stanwyck.

Jacques. I fully agree with you about Una Merkel—she is one of the clever comedienne of the screen, with her delicious southern drawl. Give us more of Una, Mr. Fox. She was born 23 years ago in Covington, Ky. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 110 pounds and was on the screen about seven years ago but gave it up for the stage. She made her first talking picture in 1930, appearing in "Abraham Lincoln." Since then she has made "Daddy Long Legs" with Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter, "Wicked," with Elissa Landi, and her next is "She Wanted a Millionaire." Betty Bronson's new picture is "Lover Come Back" with Constance Cummings and Jack Mulhall. You wouldn't know your favorite as the little vamp in her last release—not the *Peter Pan* of Betty's type by a couple of hi-hos, not to say ho-hums!

Emily. As you have been a movie fan of long standing or long suffering, did you say?—you are entitled to know the real names of your favorites. Clara Bow, Robert Montgomery, Charles Farrell and Ronald Colman are just that in private life, but Greta Garbo is Greta Gustafsson, John Gilbert is John Pringle, Ann Harding's family name is Gately, Ramon Novarro was Ramon Samenigos and Richard Cromwell is Roy Radabaugh to his home town folks.



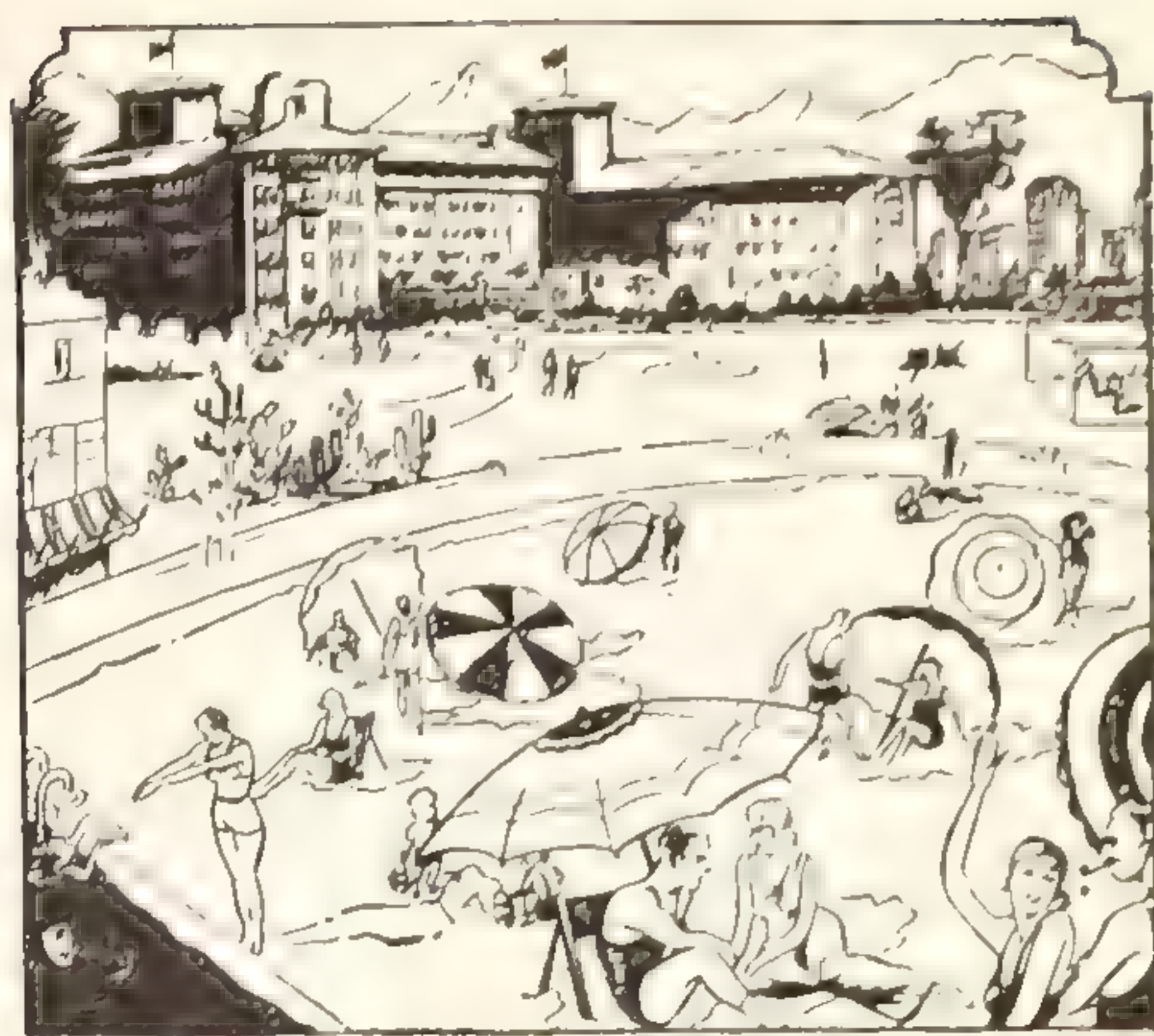
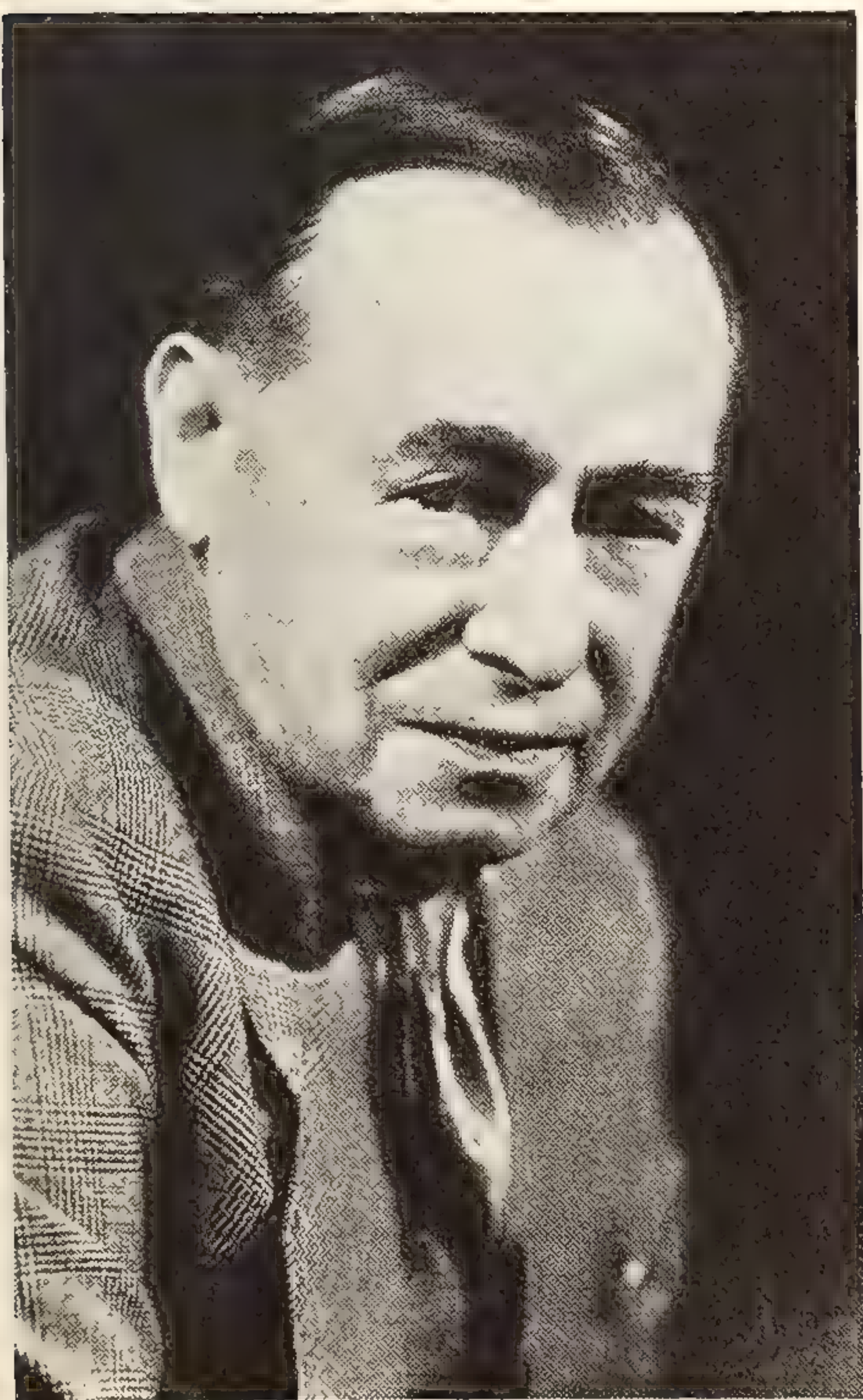
Winnie Lightner, whose engaging nonsense has enlivened many a picture, will be seen soon in "Manhattan Parade."

Jeanette T. The women in "The Vice-Squad" with Paul Lukas were Kay Francis and Helen Johnson. Barry Norton played the male lead in "Fleetwing." Barry is 27 years old and still a bachelor. His last picture was "Dishonored" with Marlene Dietrich. Phillips Holmes was "discovered" by Paramount executives when he was a sophomore at Princeton University. They were filming a Buddy Rogers picture, "Varsity," when Phil was cast for a minor part. "Varsity" was Paramount's first talking-sequence release. Phil is one of Hollywood's youngest film players—he was just 22 on his last birthday, July 28. In two years he has risen from a player of minor rôles to the job of heading all-star casts. He appears with Sylvia Sydney in "An American Tragedy" and with Nancy Carroll in "The Man I Killed."

Babe F. Warren Hymer played with Edmund Lowe in "Born Reckless." He was *Big Shot*, but he did not appear in "The Unholy Three." You have him confused with Ivan Linow. Musical films are coming back, as evidenced by the emphatic success of "The Smiling Lieutenant" with Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert and Miriam Hopkins. Miriam was born in Bainbridge, Ga. She has silvery-gold hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet tall and weighs 100 pounds. She is the wife of Austin Parker, well-known writer. Her first film was "Fast and Loose" from the stage play, "The Best People." Miriam's new film is "Twenty-four Hours."

Flower from Egypt. How did you find your way over here? Now that you have been introduced to SCREENLAND, how's the sphinx and the rest of the folks? Richard Jones directed "Bulldog Drummond." Renee Adorée has been ill for many months but is making a slow but complete recovery. The Hollywood players all read this department in the magazine and why not? Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. was born Dec. 7, 1907, in New York City. Joan Crawford's real name is Lucille Le Sueur. Lew Ayres was born Dec. 28, 1909, in Minneapolis, Minn. Greta Garbo won the Honor Page in the April, 1930, issue. The first all-talking picture, "The Lights of New York," was a Warner-Vitaphone production, and a pretty crude affair, comparing it with the 1931 variety. But they had to start somewhere.

William Collier, Sr., veteran of the stage, is creating a nice reputation on behalf of his screen work.



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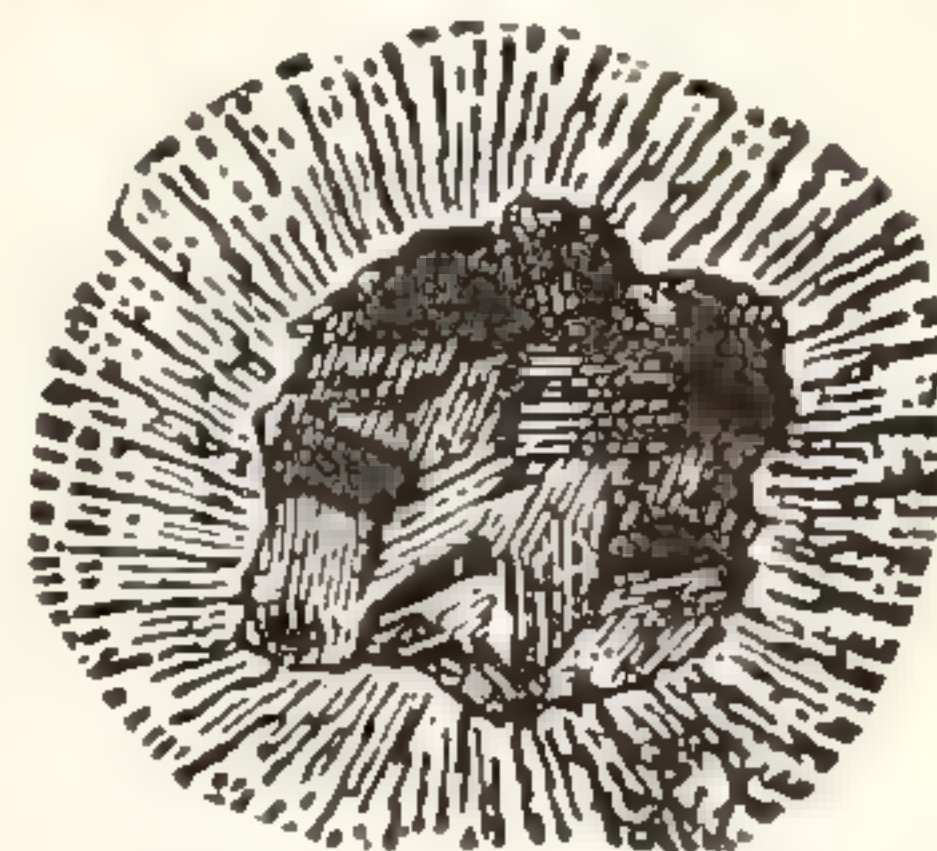
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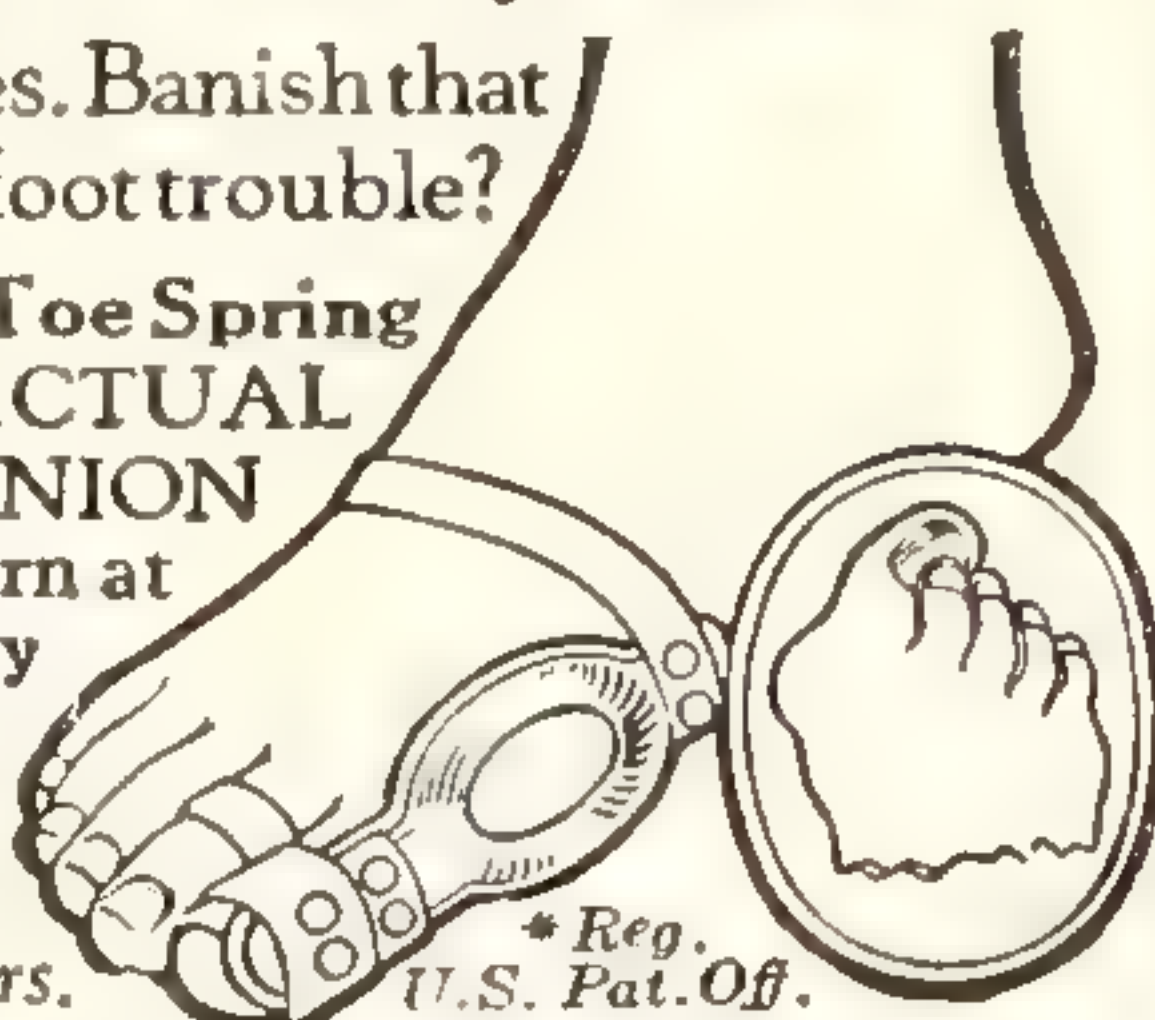
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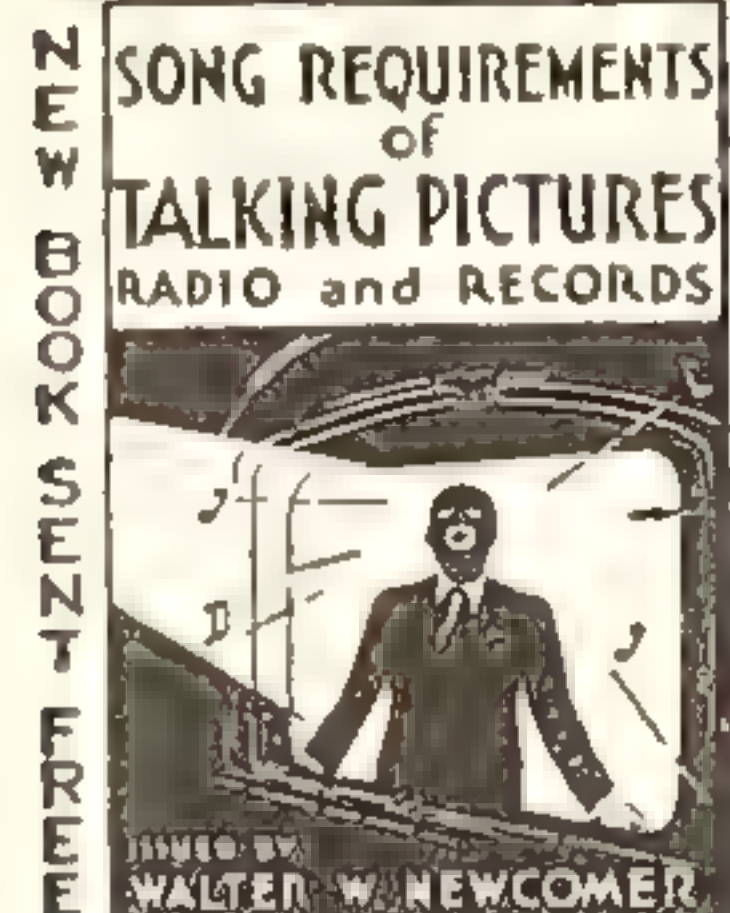
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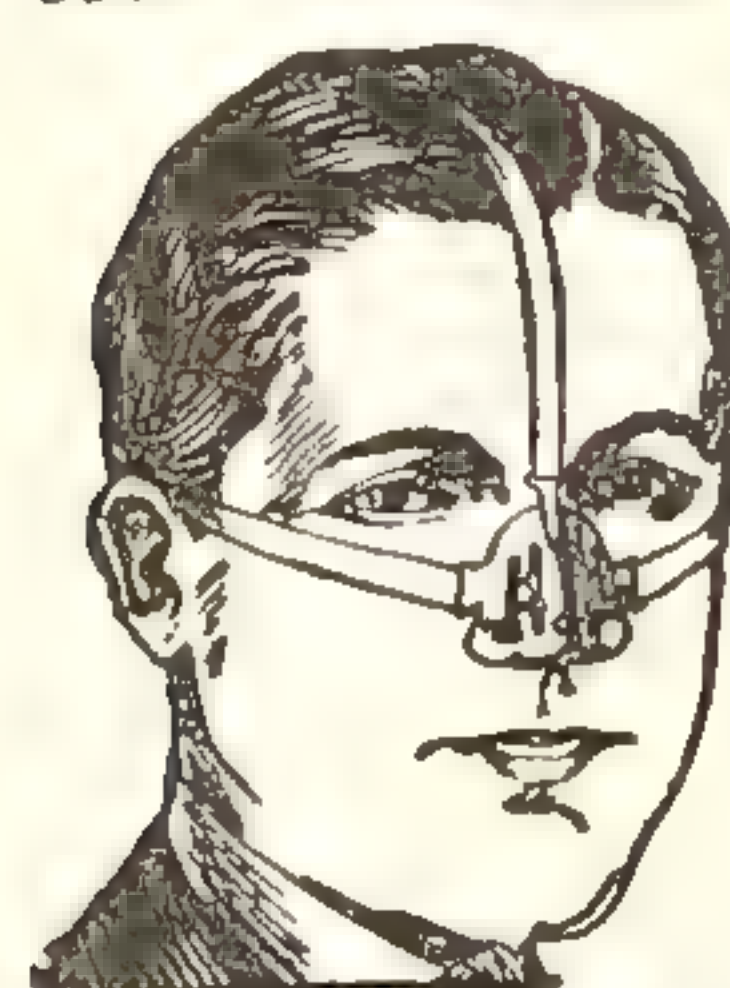
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Lizbeth Anne. If you'll refer to page 96 of September SCREENLAND, you'll find a long list of Sept. birthdays of the stars, headed by that courageous little Renee Adoree who is making such a splendid fight to regain her health. Esther Ralston, in private life, Mrs. George Webb, is the mother of a blue-eyed, dark-haired baby daughter, born on Aug. 10. Name, Mary Esther Webb. Remember Esther in "The Southerner" with Lawrence Tibbett? She intends to resume her screen work in a short time. Lupe Velez is called *Loopie* by her friends.

W. Brunet. The last work of that master director of the screen, F. W. Murnau, was "Tabu," a haunting, dramatic romance of the South Seas, made with a native cast.

The musical score was by Hugo Riesenfeld, another master of his art. A highlight in the film is the singing and native hula dancing. Lillian Gish appeared in "Broken Blossoms" in 1919, and in "Way Down East" in 1920.

Hopeful and Anxious. If Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter could hear the praise you bestow upon them, they'd be covered with confusion—but you aren't the only fan who can throw lilies and orchids at them. SCREENLAND's Editor is not a man but a kind-hearted girl who is ever and anon giving deserving players a boost up the ladder of fame. Warner Baxter's latest releases are "Daddy Long Legs" and "The Cisco Kid." Janet's next will be "Delicious" with Charles Farrell.

Write to the Stars as Follows:

Continued from page 9

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Norma Shearer
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone

Norma Talmadge
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence

Raquel Torres
Lester Vail
Lupe Velez

Roland Young

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta
Mary Astor
Evelyn Brent
Sue Carol
Joseph Cawthorn
Ricardo Cortez
Betty Compson
Lily Damita
Bebe Daniels

Dolores Del Rio
Richard Dix
Irene Dunne
Jobyna Howland
Rochelle Hudson
Arline Judge
Arthur Lake
Ivan Lebedeff
Dorothy Lee

Eric Linder
Phillips Lord
Everett Marshall
Joel McCrea
Jack Mulhall
Pola Negri
Edna Mae Oliver
Laurence Olivier
Roberta Robinson

Lowell Sherman
Ned Sparks
Leni Stengel
Hugh Trevor
Bert Wheeler
Hope Williams
Robert Woolsey

Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, California.

Robert Allen
George Arliss
John Barrymore
Richard Barthelmess
Joan Blondell
Lillian Bond
Joe E. Brown
James Cagney
Ruth Chatterton
Bebe Daniels

Irene Delroy
Doug Fairbanks, Jr.
Gladys Ford
Kay Francis
Ruth Hall
James Hall
Walter Huston
Leon Janney
Evalyn Knapp
Fred Kohler

Laura Lee
Winnie Lightner
Lucien Littlefield
Lotti Lodi
Ben Lyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Mae Madison
David Manners
Marian Marsh
Marilyn Miller

Ona Munson
Marian Nixon
Dorothy Peterson
Walter Pidgeon
William Powell
James Rennie
Otis Skinner
Polly Walters
H. B. Warner
Edward Woods

Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson
Hardie Albright
Luana Alcaniz
Warner Baxter
Joan Bennett
Humphrey Bogart
El Brendel
Marguerite Churchill
Joyce Compton
Donald Dillaway
Fifi Dorsay

Ann Dvorak
Sally Eilers
Charles Farrell
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
Warren Hymer
Richard Keene
J. M. Kerrigan
Elissa Landi
Cecelia Loftus
Edmund Lowe

Myrna Loy
Sharon Lynn
Helen Mack
Kenneth MacKenna
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Thomas Meighan
Conchita Montenegro
Lois Moran
Greta Nissen
George O'Brien

Sally O'Neil
Will Rogers
David Rollins
Rosalie Roy
Spencer Tracy
Elda Vokel
Linda Watkins
Marjorie White

Sisters Under the Chin

Continued from page 61

why she is guarding her beauty now for more good times to come. That's why she cleanses her face thoroughly before she goes to bed to sleep at least eight hours. And that's why she has thrown her pillow away. Good-night! Sweet dreams that can all come true!

And by the way, don't forget to come to me with all your personal beauty problems. I'll be glad to help you.

State the problem as briefly as possible, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope so that my reply will be sure to reach you.



He looks at home—and he is! Dick Arlen takes a few sniffs of the verdure surrounding his house at Toluca Lake, Calif. Dick is the Mayor out there, you know—the other five or six inhabitants gave him the job!

Arlen Minus Makeup

Continued from page 83

that rôle. However, I enjoyed making 'Touchdown.' That's the sort of picture I like. Norman McLeod, the director, and I worked day and night on it. Joby was swell, too. Some of the best gags in the picture were supplied by her. (Joby, of course, is the Missus.)

"McLeod and I were in the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and we've been buddies ever since. Norm and I are going to make an air picture after I finish 'Wayward' with Nancy Carroll. It's a good story and I'm looking forward to it."

Dick, in case you don't know, is a man of affairs out on the coast, and the press of big events won't let him stay East for long.

"I've got to dash right back to California as soon as I complete 'Wayward.' I have an important political campaign on my hands. I don't know whether you know it or not, but I'm Mayor of Toluca Lake, and have been for the past five years. Charlie Farrell used to be a big-shot, too—he was our Fire Chief. But he did us dirt by moving out of town, and now we can't have a fire!"

"I'm really quite worried about my career right now. My political career, I mean. You see, I'm having keen competition this year from one of the other half-dozen inhabitants of Toluca Lake, and I'm liable to lose the election if I'm not on hand to vote for myself!"

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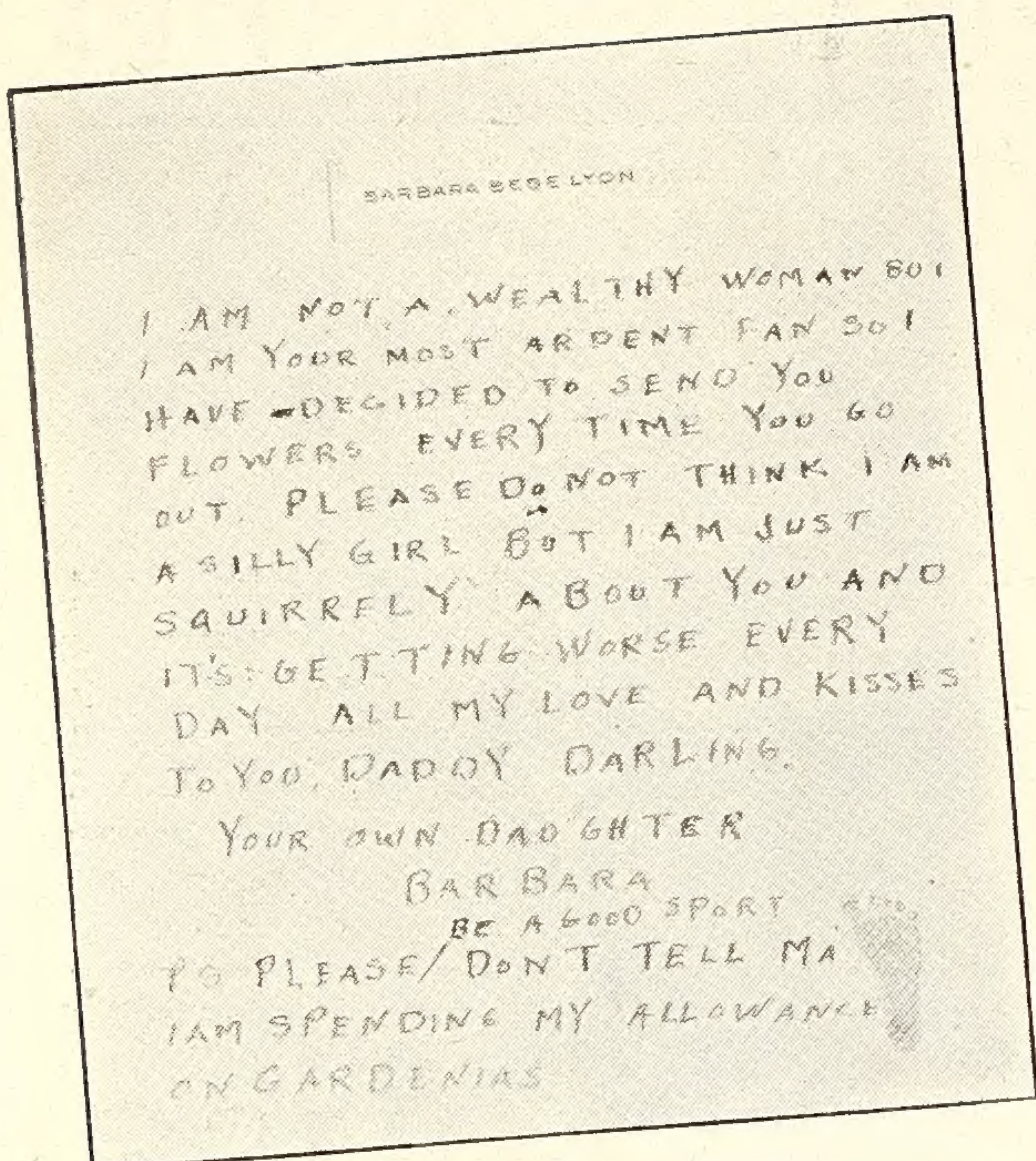
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"The sweetest fan letter ever written!" That's what Ben Lyon called this little note from Barbara Bebe Lyon, his new daughter, which she sent him with a box of gardenias. And it's authentic, too—see the signature in the lower right-hand corner! Of course, Barbara dictated it to her mother in their own secret language, but that's only a detail.



SCREEN NEWS

Continued from page 97

mother, was a witness for Lucy. She is a tiny, fashionable, sophisticated little person, who is very short-sighted but positively won't wear glasses.

"I'm just too vain to wear the odious things," she smiles, frankly.

Imagine the excitement of having two such favored stars as Garbo and Novarro in the same picture! Reports are that Ramon is exceptionally fine in "Mata Hari," a spy story, Garbo's next release. You'll see the fictionization with lots of luscious new pictures, in the next issue of SCREENLAND.

When the stars talk over the microphone at grand premières, all they can ever think to say is "I'm so glad to be here. I know this is going to be a wonderful picture." Even Clark Gable, who had dodged these events hitherto and had waxed sarcastic about the paucity of ideas, found himself saying the same old goulash. But Jimmy Durante, now, the fellow who first delighted us in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," is something else yet again. At the première of "The Champ," at which Vice-President Curtis and Dolly Gann were guests of honor, he gurgled, "I'm awful flustered, I don't know which side of Mrs. Gann I should stand on."

You will recall Mrs. Gann's fight anent her social status in Washington and the matter of diplomatic etiquette. Poor Dolly had to stand a lot of sly joshing on this score in Hollywood.

It doesn't sound very romantic, and then, too, there's the wave of vegetarianism that has swept the country. But Conrad Nagel, of all people, is owner of a brand-new meat market in Hollywood. If only Conrad could be induced to sell the fancy cuts himself, vegetarianism would suffer a violent slump in that neighborhood.

When a young lady walked into a newspaper office to place an advertisement to sell her cottage by the sea, the clerks gasped with excitement. Marion Davies, as you live! But no, it turned out to be Miss Esther Lloyd of Beverly Hills, who is the "spittin' image" of Marion, as the saying goes. But Esther, it seems, really has doubled

for Marion in many long shots so it's no wonder. Now she's going to open a beauty parlor and cash in on the likeness.

When we had our fancy Malibu tennis tournament, Dolores Del Rio put up a lovely bracelet for the ladies' first prize, which was won by a thrilled little fifteen-year-old girl, Bonnie Miller, who played with Gilbert Roland in the finals. Gilbert received the gold pencil and pen put up by Ronald Colman.

They urgently needed a double for Wally Beery recently, and a phone call came to say there was a chap in the county jail who answered the description nicely.

"What's he in for?" demanded Wally.

"For wrongfully impersonating Mr. Wally Beery," he was told.

Now did that fellow get the job, or didn't he?

Brilliant opening of the social season when the Mayfair Club started winter activity. Over 700 people attended, and at least 300 of them were somebody in particular. Just think of all your favorite stars and you'll have the list. Oh, a gorgeous sight—all the stars in new clothes and jewels and their most aristocratic behavior.

Doris Kenyon is proving herself a feminine rival to Lawrence Tibbett. Only recently she gave a very versatile concert in Los Angeles, including Japanese, German, French and English songs. Fine! But don't forget the movies, Doris!

Give thought to your Rouge to have it **NATURAL**

Only if the Color "seems
to come from within the
skin," does Rouge give
bewitching beauty . . .

By Patricia Gordon

ROUGE that appears artificial defeats the very purpose for which you use rouge. Choose, then, the *one rouge* of which it may truly be said, "the color actually seems to come from within the skin." This one rouge is *Princess Pat* — because *none other* possesses the almost magical secret of the famous *duo-tone blend*.

You know, of course, that such color as the cheeks possess *naturally*, shows through the skin, from *beneath*. It has glow, radiance. Actually, it is the blood showing *through* the skin. Unfortunately, few women retain this beauty of natural coloring beyond girlhood's days. Then rouge must be the resort of all.

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If you've used only usual rouge, *try* Princess Pat. A small thing to *do*, surely . . . yet *startling* as to utterly new beauty. Just as though you had blushed, will your cheeks be suffused with lovely, radiant, youthful color. No flat, painty, artificial effect. Instead an adorable *transparency* of skin texture, enriched so magically that *no matter how much color you use* it will seem your *very own*.

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give this "More Than Natural Beauty"

"Duo-Tone" means that Princess Pat rouge is composed of two distinct tones, perfectly blended into one by an *exclusive*, secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a *mystical underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Too, Princess Pat rouge changes on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *individual need*.

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With *usual* rouge you are restricted to *just one shade*—the one that "matches your skin." That *must* be so of "one tone rouge." With Princess Pat rouge,



all eight shades *match every skin*. Thus you select Princess Pat shades at will — to harmonize with your gown — to be brilliant or demure — to be fashionably different.

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Today, secure Princess Pat rouge. Discover what it means to enrich your beauty with color that "actually seems to come from within the skin." You'll adore the effect *that none other than Princess Pat duo-tone rouge can give*.

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